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EDMUND LODER

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SIR EDMUND LODDER, BT.
From a Portrait by H. J. Hudson.

EDMUND LODER

NATURALIST, HORTICULTURIST,
TRAVELLER AND SPORTSMAN

A MEMOIR

BY SIR ALFRED E. PEASE, B^T.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY

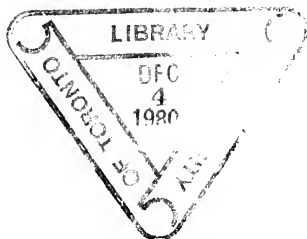
ST. GEORGE LITTLEDALE, CHARLES G. A. NIX,
LORD COTTESLOE, J. G. MILLAIS & W. P. PYCRAFT

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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PREFACE

It is not easy, and generally it is not desirable, to write a man's Life within a year or two of his death. Neither persons nor events can be dealt with in the way which is possible when Time has carried us to a point from which an extended view may be had of the country which lies behind us. Yet, in this case, to have waited in order to compose a better picture was to risk the probability of there being no surviving contemporary of Edmund Loder able or willing to undertake the task. When a man dies who has passed his seventieth year, the majority of his companions have already gone; those who remain are no longer young and what they have to do must be done quickly. Besides, it was a natural desire that his surviving friends should read some history of that happy past in which they had a share.

Only those who have ever attempted to write a Memoir can appreciate all the difficulties which confront the author. There are some which are common to all biographers, but I have had special ones. Those chapters for which I alone am responsible had to be written whilst I was residing abroad, away from local colour and suggestion, removed from all opportunity of conversation with any member of Sir Edmund's family or with a single one of his friends; nor have I had access to my own journals and correspondence nor to a library of any description. One troublesome question always arises in work of this kind, namely, the size and design of the instrument that is to bring a subject into view which has passed beyond the range of unaided sight and is henceforth intangible. If it is to imprint a

full record, only an instrument constructed with a great expenditure of time and care by the most skilful is likely to be anything but unwieldy. It is possible to devise one which contracts into a small field a definite picture, but in such a miniature it is only the most prominent features in the panorama of a man's life and few of the finer ones which can be discerned.

No biographer escapes criticism. A common remark among critics is that the attention of the writer should have been given to greater condensation and selection. In the following pages some of the extracts may appear superfluous to my readers, yet in every case I have had a reason for the quotation. There is not one, I hope, which will not interest someone, and not a few appear because of a belief that if they may seem of little value now they are more than likely to become interesting hereafter. In any case the question of the form in which a Memoir should be presented is one on which there are such vast differences of opinion that an author cannot expect to please all, whatever plan he may adopt.

Loder's early diaries, written when he was very young, already indicate the wide range of his observations and a certain facility in writing. This power of expressing himself he subsequently made very little use of and is one he never cultivated. The earliest journal, which I have had in my hands, was written when he was 23 years old and deals with a transitional period in the history of America, just after the Civil War and during the opening up of the Wild West. I often quote very fully from these and also from the journals of his later travels, yet I have given but a fraction of what was interesting to myself. Whatever others think, I hold that records in which you find the original words in their unstudied simplicity are of more value as history and in revealing character than is the narrative form with attention to literary style. The latter is the easier road to popular

favour and makes a lighter book. Public taste is changeable, and I have thought more of what might interest kindred spirits. We all are aware of the kind of personal histories and reminiscences which command the best market at the present moment. Edmund Loder's life, though crammed with interest, does not lend itself to such treatment even if I could write in that way, and if I could cater to that taste I trust I should not.

It is said that it would be good for us to see ourselves as others see us, but is it certain that it would not be equally good for us to be seen by others as we see ourselves? Most men's deficiencies are recognised by themselves as well as by others, but the majority of persons must be conscious of qualities and of capacities which escape the observation even of their friends. Many Englishmen, and Edmund Loder was one of these, are masters of the art of hiding some of the best and most endearing qualities of the heart. I dare to hope that here and there I have been able to show that deeper and more tender side of Loder's character which he would only discover to those with whom his relations were very close.

Mr. Charles G. A. Nix, Mr. J. G. Millais, Lord Cottesloe, Mr. St. George Littledale, and Mr. W. P. Pycraft have each contributed chapters on certain periods in Sir Edmund's life, or on subjects which I did not feel competent to deal with, and to them I express my gratitude for their assistance. In perusing their contributions there has been one satisfaction, personal to myself. Each of these intimate friends of Sir Edmund's corroborates my appreciation of his character. So that however much my tribute to his memory falls short of what it should have been, their testimony supports mine that Edmund Loder was a remarkable Englishman, and they severally demonstrate that my affection and admiration have not been allowed to exaggerate his virtues nor to magnify his powers.

Sir Edmund Loder's widow, Marion Lady Loder, died

after my manuscript was in the publisher's hands. Without her sympathy and assistance I could neither have commenced nor finished my task. For the help received from other members of the family I tender my warmest thanks.

ALFRED E. PEASE.

PINCHINTHORPE HOUSE,
GUISBROUGH,
YORKSHIRE,
July 30, 1922.

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EDMUND LODER

A MEMOIR

CHAPTER I

EDMUND LODER

“ Sir Edmund was always good to me, always inspiring and always keenly interested in my work . . . he was regarded among us as a LIVING and QUICKENING SPIRIT, a WISE COUNSELLOR and a STAUNCH FRIEND. Truly the world is the better for his having lived in it.”—W. P. PYCRAFT.

THESE few and simple words express what every personal friend of the late Sir Edmund Loder felt about him. It is what many tried to say, or expressed in other language, in the numerous letters written to Lady Loder after his death, not only by his familiars, but also by those who represented scientific societies at home and abroad. It would require more qualifications, especially scientific ones, than are probably possessed by any living man to write Loder's life with an adequate description of the work he accomplished. I claim, however, one—that of being of the number of his intimate friends. Death ends no true friendship. “ Love is not Time's fool.” Loder lives very happily in our memory, and remains such a perennial source of pleasure and comfort to us that it is a natural wish that some account of an inspiring life should be made accessible to others. Besides, he passed through Time a living proof “ That goodness is no name and happiness no dream ” and ever using “ words which are things.”

However inadequate the monument I attempt to raise,

its inscription represents at least my mite "of praise in payment of a long delight."

Friendship is a very distinct human relationship. It may not be the most sharply defined nor the closest of all; yet the closest of all shall scarce do without it. It differs from others in this: that a man cannot choose his friend. A friend you must know, you must love and you must trust; your friend must know, love and trust you in similar degree. Time alone declares if friendship exists, and death but gives some measure of its strength.

When a man dies having completed the allotted span, few are likely to remain who are able to relate the history of his whole life from a personal and intimate acquaintance with it, from first to last.

The friendship between Loder and myself grew out of a companionship which had its beginning in Algeria some twenty-seven years ago. There are older friends of his surviving: The Hon. Arthur Pelham,¹ who shared in his earlier travels and adventures, can date a close friendship with Loder from Eton days. The great explorer and hunter Mr. St. George Littledale can date his from "the seventies." In February 1875 Edmund Loder notes in his diary, when hunting tiger, ibex, sambur and chital in the Neilgherries, "to-day I met a man named Littledale." Among his most intimate and surviving friends are some who were his near neighbours in Sussex: such as Mr. Charles G. A. Nix of Tilgate Forest Lodge, who has contributed a chapter to this biography, and Mr. John G. Millais of Compton's Brow, Horsham, who has also helped me in my work. Mr. Edmund Meade Waldo is another friend of many years' standing; Mr. C. F. Lucas of Warnham Court, Horsham, and Mr. I. S. Oxley of Monks Badcombe were other kindred spirits who were often associated with him in deer-stalking and other pursuits—the latter was a fellow-competitor at Bisley; Sir Robert Harvey, Bt., of Langley Park, Slough, and Sir

¹ Fourth son of the third Earl of Chichester.

Edmund had much in common especially as regards shooting and gardening.

Amongst those who have passed away there was Clinton Dent, one of Loder's constant companions in his undergraduate days at Cambridge. Clinton Dent became a distinguished surgeon and rendered great, and I believe gratuitous, services at St. George's Hospital. Dent was also President of the Alpine Club. Sir Edmund used to recount with glee how he went off to his friend to obtain relief after a hunting accident by having some deeply embedded broken thorns extracted, and was welcomed with "Ah! I have often wished to get my 'knife into you.'"

The late F. W. Maitland, another Eton and Cambridge friend, took high honours in two triposes and was later Professor of Law.

Those I have mentioned were some of his lifelong friends, so that I cannot claim to be one of his oldest.

When Loder and I joined camps for the first time he would be about 43 years of age and I about 36. Now, friendship is "the dear peculiar bond of youth"; it requires some similarity in experience, some identity of tastes and an instinctive sympathy to create between two men in middle life that relationship which gives constant mutual satisfaction and comfort. "For grafts of old wood to take there must be wonderful congeniality between the trees." It is very generally observed that one practical test of friendship between two men is to throw them together in travel, camp life, sport and adventure and to see if it remains unimpaired amidst success and misfortune, the vicissitudes and hardships of travel and the competitions of the chase. Looking back to all our wanderings together and to hundreds of camps I cannot remember a word, a gesture, an action ever disturbing for a single instant the perfect understanding between us. There is nothing which either of us could ever wish to forget. Moreover, it may be asserted with confidence that all those who have been his companions under this test could give similar testimony. Other

travellers may decide whether this is a great deal to say or not ; it is my witness to the sweetness of his nature. Surely it is extremely rare for a man, especially for one ever eager for success, to be without a grain of envy or jealousy in his composition ; yet Loder was one of this rare company.

The most equable tempers are soured at times by long spells of what appears unmerited misfortune or hardship ; I have seen Loder temporarily depressed by continued failure in persistent effort, but I never remember to have seen him out of temper in consequence. No man showed greater satisfaction in his own success nor more anxiety for the success of his companions. Many of the best sportsmen are very competitive ; some of these regard being " first there," obtaining the " best beat " and the " best head " as part of the game ; if they fail, the failure of a comrade is actually some consolation. The tendency of some of these is to become jealous and secretive even when they remain " good fellows " in every other respect, and quite delightful when they have it all their own way. Edmund Loder was not the least like this. He was co-operative ; he placed every discovery, all information, every device at the disposal of his friends. He might grumble at or find fault with a bad guide, interpreter or shikari as he would show appreciation of any man proficient in his *métier*, but he never visited bad luck on his servants. If incompetence reached the point of being ridiculous it generally gave him infinite amusement. Being genuine and just, he attached to himself all who served him, white or black. In addition he had such a full reservoir of interests that when foiled in a main objective, his mind found refuge in the pursuit of other subjects. At no time and in no place could you be dull in his company. The very emptiest desert, with the vault above it, held for him a hundred wonders to be noted and to be discussed. His sense of humour, which was always present, came to the rescue in unpleasant situations.

I have known many great men and can count some of the greatest of the great of my time among my personal friends, yet I have no hesitation in saying that, although Loder passed his life out of the reach of the public eye, he was one of the greatest Englishmen of his generation. For the *many* and quite *different ways* in which he was successful he was the most wonderful man I have known.

I quote a few sentences from the testimony of others, some of which have appeared in print and some of which are taken from private letters of men who have authority to speak.

Mr. W. P. Pycraft in a published obituary notice uses this language :

“With the death of Sir Edmund Loder there passed from amongst us a great Englishman. He will be reckoned among those who were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times.”

Another writes :

“The whole world of Natural Science, as of other spheres in which he was active, will mourn . . . for he was one who bettered every subject he touched.”

Another :

“His knowledge of conifers and rhododendrons was probably unrivalled in this country.”

Another :

“He was indefatigable in entertaining his friends, and no one could pay a visit to Leonardslee without coming away feeling that they had acquired a vast amount of knowledge from his inexhaustible store.”

Another :

“It often puzzled me how Sir Edmund found time to work out in such a minute and thorough manner the many problems he set himself to solve.”

Another remarks on his vast and varied knowledge and says most truly “he carried his knowledge lightly.”

I think the following is a remarkable testimony coming from such a source. It is taken from *The Times* notice of Sir Edmund's death and is from the pen of his neighbour Mr. J. G. Millais :

"It has been my good fortune to know nearly all the most brilliant students and writers who have specialised both in outdoor and museum natural history during the past forty years, and whilst many have done more in writing standard works on various subjects than Sir Edmund Loder, none of them brought to the task more brilliant gifts or were more accurate either in the observations or the conclusions from the works of previous writers. Though I have known Sir Edmund for nearly thirty years and have constantly discussed with him questions relating to zoology and botany I *have never known him to make a single error.*"

A reserved and somewhat abrupt manner, due to his natural shyness, when among strangers has been noticed, yet immediately he felt at home he became delightful company. This shyness covered great sensitiveness and an understanding heart. I often observed in him a gentleness reflected in his voice, when moved by what was beautiful in nature or art and when quoting poetry. With regard to poets he was especially fond of Byron, and found himself expressed in his poems throughout his life. He knew "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*" by heart, and in these introductory pages I shall quote lines which I have heard him repeat or which he has copied into his diaries, for they reveal to us something of his mind and of his heart. He carried with him his Byron and his Shakespeare on every journey, and recited over camp fires or on the march passages he felt beautiful and verses which were quaint or amusing. A great deal of Byron he admitted to be boring, but of Byron's best, "*Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,*" he never tired. In Loder's own copy of Byron many passages are marked. Often a single line such as "*She walks the waters like a thing of life,*" in the stanza beginning "*A sail ! a sail !*"

or a verse for its power of language such as the one in "Don Juan" commencing "Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell," or any lines which amused him such as the description of the fourth day in the open boat when Juan's spaniel "spite of his entreating" is killed and portioned out "for present eating" and the sixth day comes (Canto 2, stanza lxxi):

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
 And Juan, who had still refused, because
 The creature was his father's dog that died,
 Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
 With some remorse received (though first denied)
 As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
 Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
 Devour'd it, longing for the other too.¹

I have been warned that the prominence I have given to Loder's fondness for Byron might raise suspicions among those who were strangers to his character as to his own standard of morality. However ridiculously false any approach to such a deduction would be, the risk of it may justify me in saying this much about Byron: Byron was a sinner and openly confessed he was a most miserable one; he recognises the retribution of Heaven as just, and because he believed in virtue and had a soul almost his whole life was spent in the hell of remorse. Half-maddened by the irreparable ruin that his alleged immoral relationship with his half-sister had brought to this woman, whom he loved the best and to the end, and writhing under the savage treatment of a world he hated for its hypocrisy and cruelty, he perversely took a delight in representing himself as far worse than he was and in outraging society's standard of decency. I presume he thought that the hatred of his enemies became an even more hideous thing when it grew out of falsehood and flourished in a malig-

¹ There are not so many passages marked in "Don Juan" as I should have expected. Most of Byron's ballads are marked, such as "The Isles of Greece" and "Beware! Beware! of the Black Friar, who sitteth by Norman stone." He marked some of Byron's marvellous "Notes," e.g. the one to "Don Juan," canto v, stanza cxlvii.

nance which he deliberately provoked. Let those who judge him for his sins ask themselves if they have done for humanity as much as the poet and soldier who fought oppression and slavery, who gave his life for freedom at Missolonghi, who has opened countless hearts to the noblest aspirations and men's eyes to behold the beautiful and the sublime.

Loder loved the mixture of art, beauty and quaintness in Shakespeare's Sonnets, and quoted and discussed them. He could repeat most of Calverley's verses, and one or two of Calverley's pieces which I have never seen in print, quite equal to those which have been published. Calverley's peculiar turn of genius and humour appealed to him with its touches of pathos and sentiment. Nothing could be more suited to such verses than Loder's voice and cadences used with complete comprehension of the art and quaintness of the poem when he recited such bits as the one beginning

When the young Augustus Edward
Has reluctantly gone bedward,

or Calverley's "Shelter." The last I often persuaded him to repeat to me in arid places, for it is a delicious little pond picture and Loder's voice soothing and refreshing to a hot and thirsty wayfarer. I give it here because I think others, like myself, cannot see it in print without hearing his voice and seeing him by his ponds and water-lilies where were the haunts of his Capybara, Coypus and Beavers. I also see him on his little Barb with a string of camels in the desert.

SHELTER

By the wide lake's margin I mark'd her lie—
The wide, weird lake where the alders sigh—
A young fair thing, with a shy, soft eye ;
And I deemed that her thoughts had flown
To her home, and her brethren, and sisters dear,
As she lay there watching the dark, deep mere,
All motionless, all alone.

Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,
And a boisterous troop drew nigh.
Whither now will retreat those fairy feet ?
Where hide till the storm pass by ?
One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
She cast behind her ; she gave one spring ,
And there follow'd a splash and a broadening ring
On the lake where the alders sigh.

She had gone from the ken of gentlemen !
Yet scarce did I mourn for that ;
For I knew she was safe in her own home then
And, the danger past, would appear again
For she was a water-rat.

Loder's knowledge, acquirements and performances were in reality far greater than he displayed, but he never hesitated to face all comers with the truth. He was invariably right when serious and in a scientific mood, always truthful and had always observed and accomplished the things he stated he had seen and done. There is no false shame in such simple natures ; it is not vaunting when a man asserts "no one has seen or done a thing," for another who *has* seen or done it to say "I have" and to relate facts without exaggeration.

When Loder did not know he said so at once ; he never affected any knowledge ; indeed, he was almost impatient to appear as if he knew nothing about any subject he was not quite sure of. This does not mean that he was a pedant nor that he was incapable of embellishing an anecdote or an exploit, as we all may do in attempts to amuse or in moments of enthusiasm. He had also a remarkable power, as if emanating from a faculty of arranging his memory, of giving or finding at a moment's notice a correct reference. It was as if he had a vast library in his brain and knew the name of every author and volume and the place of each book or paper on its shelves, and could with the velocity of thought take any one down. But it was more than this, for it applied to men and things, so that on the instant he would say "So-and-so in Brazil is the only man who knows much

about this," or "The only specimens of that are in such museums, or such Botanical Gardens."

He recognised the limits to human knowledge and accomplishment; he dismissed and swept aside all that his intelligence proclaimed beyond his reach. He had a curious way of casting out for ever any study he had finished or any pursuit he had dropped.

It was thus with astronomy. For years he had studied with his own very carefully equipped observatory until he had become no mean astronomer. Having "done with it," it was with difficulty you could get him to mention the science; he would scarcely answer a simple question about the stars. If I pressed him for the name of a star he would come, gaze for a minute and blow out "*I suppose* that is so-and-so," turn on his heel saying something about trillions of miles and a million times the volume of the earth. Yet at the beginnings and endings of African nights, it might be as the violet shadows climbed to, or shrank from, the golden crests of the sand dunes with transparent bushes of white-blossomed broom, pale dhrin grass, green and yellow methenon and the sparkling metallic "had," touched by the first or last lights of day, I have seen in him something of that which once lured him to the stars as he repeated to me such stanzas as that which begins "Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven," or

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height¹
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be—
Melted in one vast Iris of the West,—
Where the Day joins the past Eternity,
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!
A single star is at her side and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven;

¹ There is in the great sand-dune region of the Sahara known as the Erg a singular resemblance between the towering sand mountains, on the horizons of that strange desert, and distant alps, for in certain lights their crests glisten white like snow.

and so he would quote stanza after stanza—not always consecutively, but seizing out of his memory any which fitted his humour or the occasion.

Fox-hunting, which he had once delighted in, he “put down” when age and other pursuits decided its fate; just as we do with an old favourite horse or hound. He announced this decision to me in a letter and that he was sending to me his last hunter “Lady Bird,” one of the last two which he had brought to Leonardslee from Northamptonshire. From that day forward I seldom heard him mention the sport, unless it came up in general conversation.

A few years later, in 1901, an accident to his camp equipment caused him to abandon for ever every idea of setting forth again to distant lands. There were several animals he had not obtained and which he thought of making the objects of future expeditions; one of these was the Sardinian mouflon.¹

Previous hunters of the Sardinian mouflon among his acquaintance had sometimes had trouble with the brigands; when not actually held up, as some had been, their sport had been spoilt by these gentry. The expedition had to be then or never, for the brigands which infested the island were that year under lock and key for six weeks or so, and such a chance might not occur again. The information was received from an Italian gentleman, a connection of Mr. Charles Nix, Loder’s neighbour and friend with whom the trip was to be undertaken. At the time appointed for starting, Sir Edmund was staying with his brother and sister-in-law Lord and Lady Rendel at Cannes and was to join Mr. Nix at Nice. Loder had sent out by sea in the *Linnet* his camp kit, favourite tent, rifles, his Byron and his Shakespeare, also his beloved “boto” (of which more anon—page 24) and other old companions. The *Linnet* was burnt at sea in the Bay of

¹ He had at one time and another both the Sardinian and Corsican mouflon, and hybrids between these varieties, in his grounds at Leonardslee, but had never seen either in their native habitat.

Biscay. His kit had been insured and some of it was salvaged in a damaged condition. It remained a joke among his friends that when offered a sum of money or his damaged and till then inseparable companions, his best deer-glass, Byron, Shakespeare and "my boto," etcetera, *he preferred the money*. No doubt Lady Loder, who always dreaded the long separations that these expeditions involved, must have afterwards regarded this catastrophe as a blessing in disguise. When subsequently I suggested another trip he said quietly, "No; all my things are lost or damaged—I shall never go any more." I knew that was final; so he went no more a-roving. He always had the strength of mind to come to a decision and to abide by it. Some might call this trait in his character obstinacy. Whatever it is called, this sharp, short way saved his time and prevented further worry. These pursuits, however dear they had been, were buried without fuss and he turned to other occupations. Some of these were never put down. In early youth he had taken to gardening. As the years passed he devoted himself more and more to his flowers, his plants and his trees—"The tie which bound the first, endures the last."

His daughter Patience (Mrs. W. Otter) in some notes she sent me, to which I shall refer again, thus describes how the garden that had been his delight in the sunshine of youth became his refuge in the last storm of life:

"The years slipped by and after a time Father came to realise that he was not quite so strong as he had been. He had a pony 'Toby' to ride about the Garden, up and down the hills. Toby had to wear a net muzzle—someone asked the reason why—'He eats the shrubs,' Father said. 'But does that matter much? there seem to be a good many,' asked his friend. 'No,' answered Father, laughing, 'it wouldn't, only Toby always chooses the rare ones.'

"The Garden was really his greatest interest, and during those terrible years of war, when the blow fell which broke his heart it was to his garden he went for comfort and found it, I think, and strength as well to take up life

again and to face the world like so many fathers who had given their best."

His daughter says something more about the garden, but I shall leave it for the end of the book.

"All agree that Loder's brain was brilliant, but it was the rapidity with which it, and its ministers his eyes and hands, worked that was phenomenal. Within an hour he seemed to fix in his memory all that was worth remembering out of any volume. He got at the kernel of a question or at the basis of a theory in a flash. When puzzled with a problem he plunged into it and got to the bottom of it, if it had any bottom, at one stretch, long or short, of rapid effort. But he not only *knew*; he *did*."

I had written this in my diary abroad months before I read Millais' article in *Country Life*, in which he gives a much fuller and more exact description of these powers. He says:

"he studied astronomy. . . . When he took up zoology and botany he did it first by acquiring a great library and then reading every book on the subject before beginning to propound his own new theories. His memory and analytical powers were extraordinary and he seemed almost incapable of making mistakes. One wet day we sat in the library at Leonardslee and I gave him a new book on Africa I had brought with me. He kept turning the pages at such a rate that he did not seem to be reading it at all, and when he threw it down after an hour, I asked him what he thought of it. Then he began: 'You will see the author says on page 22'—then followed an analysis of the writer's views, which he proved were completely wrong, as was the case. 'On page 35'—a further long quotation from the book, almost word for word, and his own reason for disagreement. And so on throughout the whole volume, examining every error and praising every good point, as if he knew the whole of it by heart. I confess it amazed me, and though I had read the book twice very carefully, Edmund Loder had read and digested the whole matter in one hour, and what is

more, could remember all about it afterwards.”—J. G. MILLAIS in *Country Life*, May 22nd, 1920.

I have known one or two men with phenomenal memories. One was the late Sir Robert Fowler of Gastard, who knew most of the Latin poets and Homer by heart. He read chapter iii of Hallam's *Middle Ages* three times through, and ever after could repeat it *word for word*; but he was not rapid in assimilating a book. There are some weird kinds of powers; some almost distressing. I was at school with a boy who actually knew the whole of Bradshaw's Railway Guide off by heart—at least I never knew him at fault with the time-table of the remotest provincial station; he was good at games, but the exciting event of his school life was noting the changes in the month's issues of that awful but indispensable volume. But Loder's gift seemed an easy and natural one.

We have already seen that Loder was an astronomer, he understood optics and optical instruments, he was an expert photographer, a great zoologist, a practical naturalist, a botanist, a great horticulturist and arboriculturist, he understood ballistics, was a skilled mechanic and armourer. In addition he was a thoroughly equipped and experienced sportsman, a hard rider to hounds, a good shot with a gun and one of the best with a rifle, a good fisherman; he had been a fine athlete, and till quite late in life was an energetic dancer. Edmund Loder could draw well and knew more than most people guessed about art, music, gems, jade, carving and curios. I have seen it solemnly stated in print that he was “without literary tastes”; this is an error. He knew the insides of countless books and had great powers of discrimination as to their intrinsic merits; he was a good judge too of the accessories to literature, illustrations, processes and the like. I confess I am not quite clear as to what is meant when I hear the remark “he had no literary tastes”; applied to Loder it is only possible to think of it in the

sense that he himself had no taste for writing books ; it is the only sense in which the allegation is true. Millais writes of him thus, though I do not think he kept up his classics to this extent in the years in which I knew him :

“ It was a common thing to hear him quote long passages from Ovid and Horace, and his well-worn copies of such ancient writers were full of comments in his own handwriting on his favourite passages.”

Millais ascribes his not having written much probably to the fact of his being hypercritical of his own work, and deplores the loss to science in consequence. I have always felt that however imperfect a book may be, if it contains something worth preserving for posterity or is of some use to the living, it justifies its existence. But if, as Millais points out, a man cannot tolerate any error and will not take the risk of making mistakes, he is not likely to write at all ; for no man *can* write a book without small mistakes and few write one without an occasional big one. No doubt this view of Loder is true to a certain extent, but my own opinion is that he had not time to give to so slow a process as writing. A pen was too slow a tool for even his own notes and memoranda, and as a rule he used a pencil. A pen was a drag on quick brains, eyes and hands which his eager temperament could not endure for long.

Sir Edmund Loder could not have achieved so much had he been a public man. To men like him, with definite views of what is worth seeing, doing and living for, it must seem that at least half of any public man's time is absolutely wasted. With the exception of attending the local Bench and having been once High Sheriff for Northamptonshire, he took no part in public life. When, in 1888, he succeeded his father, who had represented Shoreham from 1880 till its disfranchisement in 1885, he was offered immediate election to the Carlton Club. This was a somewhat unusual proposal, but he declined it without hesitation. The only occasion in his life, I believe, on

which he appeared on a political platform was once during his brother Mr. Gerald Loder's contest at Brighton in 1889.¹ This brother made me smile when he said "I only once got him down to the House of Commons and then only as far as the lobby." I remember also a single occasion during the years I was in the House when he got as far and no farther than the outer lobby, and had only come to get me away from the place ! This did not arise from any contemptuous indifference, too common nowadays, to public affairs, for he formed very shrewd opinions of his own on questions of the day ; it was attributable rather to an innate shrinking from publicity and from a dislike of being at the beck and call of anybody. Like others who stand aloof from politics he was able to enjoy detached views on many questions, but he was a Conservative and a staunch Unionist. He insisted on having his liberty, and had no taste for public contention and for spending his years "in wretched interchange of wrong for wrong." His political opinions never interfered with his personal relationships. I have heard him argue his point of view, but never once have observed the slightest bitterness, however strongly he felt he was right.

Sir Edmund Loder was essentially a man who is at his best at home. He cared little for society, though he enjoyed such things as a day at Lord's on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow or Inter-University matches. When in town and there was good cricket to be seen at Lord's, he would sometimes persuade me to come with

¹ Mr. Gerald W. Erskine Loder, the fourth of the Loder brothers, born in 1861, represented Brighton for sixteen years. Possessing great ability and a charming personality and being a clear thinker and speaker, he early made his mark in the House of Commons. It is almost certain that had he remained in Parliament he would have come into the front rank. His disappearance from public life was due to reasons of health. Having sat opposite him in the House for some years I can say that his retirement was felt by all parties to be a great loss, for he had won the respect and warm regard of all. He was good all round at sport and games, especially with rifle and racquet, and has travelled too, but is distinguished from his brothers chiefly by his association with public affairs. (See also page 47 for reference to him as a tennis-player.)

him and would make straight for his brother Wilfrid. Wilfrid Loder was sure to be there; he was a great enthusiast for the game, and Edmund Loder would say "We must find Wilfrid, he will know all about it," and when he had found him he was posted up in all the cricket news of the day.¹

Club-life had no attractions for him. He was for over thirty years a member of the Athenæum, but was quite unknown there, and probably did not enter its doors half a dozen times. Yet when something took him perforce into an assembly of kindred spirits, such as the Council Meetings of the Zoological or Horticultural Societies and the Annual Rifle Association meetings, he entered into the business with remarkable zest and effect. Mr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, Secretary to the Zoological Society, writing to me after Sir Edmund's death says :

"He hardly ever missed a meeting of the Garden Committee or of the Council, coming to London specially for them. I think all who served with him would agree that he was one of the most valuable Members of the Council. But it was more by constant advice on detail than by any striking suggestion. His knowledge of gardening and of outside construction was most useful to us. I was especially struck by one quality: A Committee of persons who know a good deal about the subject

¹ Wilfrid Hans Loder, born 1851, was of his brothers the nearest to him in age. He had never been what may be called a "good" cricketer, though he got his XXII at Eton; he made, however, a study of cricket and racing. Of racing he was very fond, not for society and amusement so much as for the science of it, pure and simple. He studied form and kept up the practice of making up his own weights for the principal handicaps as soon as ever entries were published, and his judgment of weights was extremely good. He hunted regularly till within about a year of his death, and was considered the best shot with a gun which the family produced. There were few better shots than Wilfrid Loder at driven grouse. For many years he was one of the lessees of the Hunt-hill Moors in Forfarshire; and for some of this time his brothers Alfred, Gerald and Sydney were associated with the shooting syndicate. In 1889, with 8 guns, they shot 8,200 brace of grouse. Wilfrid Loder was the one "business man" in the family, being a partner in the banking firm of Prescott, Cave & Loder. His death in 1902 made the first gap in the ranks of the seven brothers.

under discussion very often has difficulty in coming to a conclusion. Loder was never like that: he would listen patiently to both sides, make his own suggestions and in a very short time would make up his own mind—and in consequence often that of the Committee.”

In contemplating the vast improvements to the garden and the great change for the better in the arrangements, for the health and comfort of all the creatures in this great collection as well as for the pleasure and instruction of the public, it is pleasant to know that Loder’s heart and hand contributed to this work in no small measure. It is true here as elsewhere that “he bettered everything he touched.”

Loder’s friends have claimed that he was a great Englishman. What do they mean? What is greatness? In the sense of being powerful or famous the word is not applicable. Power and fame may be won or may be fortuitous, may be achieved by merit or reached by trickery or crime. Riding alone one afternoon with the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, I asked him how he had become so famous and so powerful. He liked the question, because he knew I was fond of him and interested in everything which concerned him. In the course of an hour or so he related to me in his own inimitable way the history of his life from childhood, the environments and experiences which had influenced his opinions and his tastes, and of his ascent to the highest place. When he had reached the end of his story he said, “You see I became a big man only through the accident of circumstance.” And so it appeared, if judged by his own account of the events which turned public attention to him. He added a moment after, “And I *like* power—all men like power and enjoy influence.” But Roosevelt was a great man, had the world never heard of him or had circumstances never brought him an opportunity to seize. Circumstances may have brought him into public view, but the public recognised he was a great man as

soon as it observed him—his greatness preceded fame and power. For a man to be great in mind and great in performance, he must have more than ordinary physical vitality as well as great activity of brain. Roosevelt's great qualities, in addition to phenomenal vitality, were, I think, a passion for truth and justice, and a detestation of cant, pretence and humbug; he possessed clean, clear common sense combined with a prodigious memory. The intense love of collecting information—or indeed of collecting anything, from postage stamps and butterflies to pictures and wild beasts—is but a manifestation of the inbred passion for hunting, found in such men as Roosevelt. I am endeavouring to measure Loder's greatness by the standard of men who are generally recognised as great. Loder had all the qualities just mentioned, and also, with Roosevelt, "the genius of taking pains." Mention has already been made of Loder's memory in relation to facts, figures and books, but here is an illustration of how it applied to other things. When he was in Colorado in 1878 he remembered shooting a Prong-horn Antelope in 1873, in strange country, and also the spot where he had hung it in a tree and had had to leave it. Five years after, he went straight to *the tree* and there was the skeleton of his buck. Some men I have known would not have found the tree five hours after.

Whilst Roosevelt, whose eyesight was defective, did not appear to me to be a quick observer, Loder was a very rapid and accurate one; on the other hand, Roosevelt, who despised no source of information, had the gift of collecting and remembering an enormous number of the results obtained by the observations of others, often confirming them by his own, and collating them. Thus Roosevelt with his clear and equitable sense made better use of his knowledge than most original and superior observers, giving to the world at large the harvest of his labour and thought. Loder was long-sighted, but in practice one might say his sight was perfect, save in mist or rain, for he had glasses to suit all distances and pur-

poses, e.g. for shooting he had a bifocal lens for his right eye, enabling him to see a thread line on his back or Lyman sight and also to see his target as well as his foresight; for his left eye he had a simple lens with which to observe the whole field of vision. He was an expert with the deer-glass, but he had what is of importance for success—trained sight. Quick and accurate sight is, given good eyes, largely a matter of experience and practice—knowing *what* to look for, *where* to look for it and *how* to detect it. For instance, an experienced shikari or traveller in the desert is instinctively and half-consciously continually scanning the horizon, and will immediately catch sight of a very tiny flash of light there which an untrained eye would not be likely to notice even if it was looking in that direction, and which if detected would convey no meaning; such an eye would not be watching for a signal. The initiated know *for certain* what the object is, though it is totally invisible to the eye and may be invisible to binoculars—it is gazelle or antelope. I have seen many men puzzled by being told “there is a gazelle” near the horizon just as much as if you told them you could see a rabbit three miles away—certainly no eye could see the gazelle, yet one movement in the sun has betrayed it and sent a heliograph message with a flash of light off the white of its flank or stern. In this sense Loder’s sight was fully trained. Possessing very similar qualifications of greatness, these two men were very different in their outlook on life and in many of their pursuits. One hardly ever heeded the public, certainly not to the extent of caring what the public thought about him; the other thinking almost always, even when out shooting, what the public would think of his success or failure. Roosevelt amused me one day when he knocked down a nasty lion, at some sixty yards’ range in the open, by turning round to me and saying immediately, with a grin and showing his teeth, “That’s one for Wall Street.” I gathered from Roosevelt that nothing would have pleased his political opponents

more than the news that a lion had got *him* instead of his getting a lion—I really believe he felt that with every well-placed shot he laid low one of the corrupt crowd he struggled against. Fancy thinking about Wall Street at such times !

Loder was without even the usual moderate dose of desire for importance and publicity common among English people : he never allowed himself to be coaxed or pushed into any position of power. J. G. Millais says of him that “ he was too English ” ;¹ and further, “ in public he preferred self-effacement. The only time I ever heard him make a speech he was simply a bundle of nerves, and though he knew more than anyone present, he had little to observe ; but,” he adds, “ this does not detract from the charm or even the greatness of English character.” Perhaps Byron indicates his mental attitude towards “ Statesmen ” and “ Sophists ” :

“ Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.”

And

“ Away with these ! true Wisdom’s world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature ! for who seems like thee ? ”

It has been said that Roosevelt was “ too American ” in his love of fame ; yet the world requires great men to serve it in the blaze of publicity, and a man will not perform his service worse for enjoying the limelight in which he works. But does not our faith in Britain rest largely on the knowledge that three-fourths of her greatness and strength lies hidden in the homes and lives of her people of every class, shrinks from public view and is by its very privacy kept clean ? In the great trials of nations, when peoples are put to the test, this latent greatness breaks forth, always with surprise, and is ever

¹ “ Edmund Loder was too English in his natural reserve and so the outside world did not know him.”—J. G. Millais in *Country Life*.

invincible. The unknown warriors save us, unknown teachers have taught us and unknown men have made our country worth living in and dying for. We follow unconsciously more great private examples than public ones, we are infected with inspirations and turn to ideals which emanate from the unprinted words and unadvertised lives of such men as the one I write of.

Although well built, with a tall (6 ft. 1½ in.), agile frame and a youthful freshness which was maintained to the end of his life, Edmund Loder cannot be said to have been physically a strong man. In Cashmere in 1874, in following a wounded bear, he strained his heart, which had been highly tried before in athletic competitions, and from the effects of this he never entirely recovered. In 1915 this heart-strain again showed itself, being brought on by deer-stalking, and he dropped one more delightful pursuit. It seems probable that had he given up deer-stalking sooner he might have lived many years longer than he did.

No one acquainted with Sir Edmund would deny the impressiveness of his personality, though probably no one can define in what it consisted. My own opinion is that it arose partly from an expression in his very light-blue eyes, an expression like no other I have seen, unless it was transmitted to the eyes of his son Robin Loder. I cannot describe it; it was rather fixed, but not staring—it was rather as if, when he looked at you, he was looking inwardly as well as outwardly. But apart from his eyes, the general impression was one of abounding vitality. His vitality was so great that it is difficult to conceive that he is dead. Comparing this feeling with that of others, we find we cannot think of him without seeing him with the inward eye and hearing him with the inward ear, almost as distinctly as if he were actually present. In many cases we strive in vain to conjure up the precise image and the very voice which death has placed beyond our sight and hearing. In Loder's case no effort whatever is needed. My daughter a year after

his death and several years after having seen him wrote to me :

"I still cannot realise he too has gone, he always seems to me such a *tremendously living personality*, so full of vitality. I can always hear his voice and see his eyes twinkle, whenever I think of him. There are not many like him in life."

His own daughter wrote :

"From my earliest childhood's days my Father *stood out as a personality*, a little awe-inspiring perhaps, but a *personality*, and it is as such that I remember him best."

Edmund Loder was a man of simple tastes. As taste differs according to locality and seasons, and *quot homines, tot sententiæ* is true of it, I can only venture my opinion that his taste was good in every direction.

In small things, as in great, it was discriminating and practical. For instance, if an acknowledged independent authority existed to determine such matters, it might declare all Western male attire to be appallingly hideous ; but if it "has to be," then Loder's dress, especially for country wear and travel, were as pleasing as could be in colour and material and certainly right for his purposes, though few men ever gave less time to such things, or put them off and on with greater expedition. He carried time-saving methods into trifles. He held to the Victorian creed in such matters, such as a "uniform" for Church and Town. Whatever moderns may think about it, it saved worry as well as time. On mornings when he had to betake himself by train to the Metropolis, he would present himself before you in his top hat, black coat, dark trousers, overcoat, with an umbrella and a pair of gloves in his hand—strike an attitude which announced "London to-day and properly turned out, don't you think?" It had all gone on in about five minutes and his worry about clothes was over for the day. His evening dress went on as fast, but there was one point about that where I discovered some vanity—

it was as regards his white tie. I do not naturally notice such things, though I once did remark on a man who had one of satin with pink spots on it, and I am no judge, yet when Loder sometimes called my attention to the beauty of his bow, assuring me every time that it was not "made up," I used to gaze at it without discovering anything about it which made it remarkably superior to others, but he several times said to me, "You see it is one thing you learn to do really well at Eton."

However engrossed in work, he stopped at once for meals or morning prayers and went straight to his place. Visitors have remarked to me that he read prayers and said grace at meals very fast. I suppose he did, but the reply to this was "Sir Eddie does everything fast but well"; his voice was always in the right key for prayers, his bearing and expression reverent. For him to have adopted an adagio, or a clerical drawl, or to have done anything for calculated effect would have been an affectation quite foreign to his nature. He had few idiosyncrasies, beyond preferring his soup, his tea and his coffee nearly cold, and the peculiarity of the mixture he put into his water-bottle in hot countries. For many years he rejoiced in the possession of a *cat-skin* "boto" ("my boto") which he had acquired in the Pyrenees, together with skill in the Pyrenean art of allowing the jet of liquid to go straight down his gullet. This bottle throughout its long and ubiquitous career imparted the most atrocious feline flavour to the strongest mixtures he put into it. He would pour into it tea, sour wine, lime-juice and coffee and shake them together, partly in an annually dwindling hope of drowning the cat, but mainly from the conviction that the only way of dealing with a desert or tropical thirst was to make drinking as objectionable as possible. When suffering from thirst on a hot march to distant wells, we would screw up our courage for facing the "boto" by suggesting to each other more pleasing drinks. "What will you take?"—"Iced laager or shandy-gaff, please; and you?"—"Thank you, I'll have

a cold whisky-and-soda with a slice of lemon in it, or a lemon squash." Or we would discuss whether grapes and melons or peaches and green figs made the best base for iced sherbet. Gradually we worked ourselves up to the necessary pitch for contemplating the boto—then he would hand it to me and say "Have a smell at that"; he would laugh with delight to see how a little went a long way and how few ever wanted a second squirt of the nectar loderi.

Without being Spartan he was in all his habits very temperate—he smoked very little, but was the last of my acquaintances who preferred Manilla cheroots to all other forms of tobacco. At meals he was often so absorbed in conversation—and he was a great and interesting talker when in congenial company, and a good listener—that he would sign away with his hand one dish after another.

So far as Edmund Loder acquired fame, it was chiefly amongst the highest class of horticulturists, zoologists and scientists, or among travellers, big-game hunters and riflemen. It is always difficult to place a man in any class, and I am not qualified to ascribe to Loder his in any of these. Even if you have had a long and varied experience of naturalists and big-game hunters it is impossible to be familiar enough with all the best to make fair comparisons. Yet unless we allude to our observation of others in similar spheres of activity whose names and performances are known, how can any idea be given of a man's merits? Probably there are and have been many men who as sportsmen-naturalists had some superior points of excellence and who have scored greater success in the field, but it is difficult to imagine a better combination than Loder was of science with practice—knowledge of natural history and of the game, practical skill, resource, energy, perseverance, experience and good marksmanship; and he had a fine record of success. Possibly his friend Lord Cottesloe, who has as complete a knowledge of the rifle and of ballistics as any living sportsman, may be a

better marksman at game than Loder was. Loder had a fine record of deer-stalking in Scotland and was a deadly shot on a forest, but his brother Mr. Sydney Loder has killed up to now, to his own rifle and all *by stalking*, 1,173 stags in 32 seasons: has any other man done that? It is an average of over 36 stags a season. I have known men more rapid and deadly with their fire at moving and galloping game than Sir Edmund; I never once saw him attempt shooting from horseback at the gallop or otherwise, but for a quiet shot, even if it had to be quick, at any sportsman's range, as a judge of range and target in the field, he was as near perfection as a man may be. His stalking craft, resourcefulness and rapid decision made him a deadly antagonist matched against almost any beast. I say "almost" any beast because there are some animals so clever and with senses so acute that no man is a deadly match for them; such is the old ram of the Barbary breed. By this is meant that an old male Barbary sheep carrying a good head in the Atlas range, being as a rule the sentinel for his flock, will in the *majority* of cases elude the hunter's eye or glass, and if detected or spied will oftener than not escape being stalked, by his situation or by stratagem, and that when shot at will generally present such a poor, and often moving, target that he will more frequently get away than fall to the rifle; yet Loder was successful with this noble game. There are the professional hunters, men of vast experience and skill, some of whom are also excellent naturalists. You meet such men in East and South Africa and elsewhere; but their experience and scientific knowledge are more or less local and confined as a rule to one continent. Their fame, unless they are writers or collectors for museums in Europe and America, hardly reaches the outside world. Wide and varied experience is more likely to be found among amateurs. Even amateurs who had very busy lives, with little time comparatively in which to indulge their passion for travel and sport, have accomplished extraordinary things. A very notable example of

these is Mr. Edward North Buxton, who has, moreover, published delightful descriptions of his many experiences, some of which are quite unique in this department of sport.

But even among amateurs there cannot be very many who, like Loder, in addition to having been a hard rider to hounds, a good fisherman, with a fine deer-stalking record in Scotland, with a capital one of chamois in Europe, having had success with izard and ibex in the Pyrenees and on the Spanish side, had hunted big game all round the world, so to speak, from the days when he stalked American bison on the prairies in the old buffalo days, and to those when he hunted big game of Africa as late as 1908, or who could show a finer and larger number of typical heads and specimens.

"The man in the street," if asked who was the greatest naturalist-hunter of our time, would probably say "Fred Selous," who had been both a professional and an amateur. The fame of Selous arises partly from his gift of describing what he had seen and done and from the romance which attaches to having done his early hunting in distant, and at that time little-known, regions of South Africa. He had been a professional ivory-hunter when there were many others, some of whom I have known as old men, who probably had records quite as good, but had no chroniclers. Selous brought all the lessons of his African experiences to the pursuits which he continued as an amateur. But Selous was not only a hunter, an observer, a collector and a writer, for he attracted attention by his honesty and independence of judgment as a pioneer in Rhodesia, and in the part he took in South African politics, and last but not least by, when old, returning to Africa and laying down his life for his country as a gallant soldier. Selous was not a remarkable shot compared with many Afrikanders; if more reliable, he was slower than most big-game hunters I have known, but he was a hard, persevering, observant and brave sportsman. It is often said that his bag of lions was the biggest that any sportsman had made. I have known

a good many whose bags of lions are larger, and some who were as good field naturalists.

Major J. Stevenson Hamilton, a mutual friend of Loder's and my own, for instance, has killed by himself between 50 and 60 lions, 47 of which he has walked up alone on foot in South Africa. In the three months of August, September and October 1920 he walked up and shot 16 lions in the Transvaal. Major Hamilton has had many experiences in the Sudan and elsewhere, and there are few better authorities on African zoology. Yet Hamilton would say that there is another man living named Fraser, whom I knew in my Transvaal days, whose knowledge is probably superior to that of any man past or present. Fraser is now growing old, but is a man of remarkable physique and with abnormal powers of observation; he has spent twenty years in South Africa and twenty-five previously in India; he can write excellent descriptive letters, sketches and paints beautifully, and has a most intimate acquaintance with the life-histories and habits of South African fauna, yet he never has and never will make use of his knowledge and talents for the benefit of the outside world. The secrets he has discovered and the knowledge acquired in his long life of diligent and intelligent observation in the wilds will die with him. This all goes to show the difficulty of making comparisons.

Where we place men whom we know in any list depends on the qualities to which we attach the higher values. Keeness, skill, courage, endurance, perseverance, powers of observation, scientific knowledge, physical activity, length and variety of experience all go to the making of the accomplished hunter-naturalist. Loder had an outfit of all these qualifications. In regard to one of them he was singular; for whilst he thoroughly enjoyed facing an elephant or a rhinoceros, he avoided lions. In my trips with him he only killed one, very neatly, with his .256 Mannlicher. I sometimes begged him to track up with me fresh lion spoor when the tracks indicated a large

troop; he invariably said "No." Once when I said "Why?" he replied, "I don't want to get bitten; besides, I want to go home after this trip." He was persuaded that anyone who persisted in walking up lions on foot, whatever his skill, would be caught sooner or later, and more likely than not *the first time*; for, said he, "No man except by a fluke can put a bullet into a charging lion's brain, and that's what you have got to do." Loder was made for killing lions, for he had presence of mind and was a sure shot, and the trick is done by getting *close up* for the first shot. Yet he would not try.

All travellers and sportsmen experience occasional defeat and bitter disappointments. Edmund Loder took his with a sporting and philosophic cheerfulness. As I write an occasion comes to my mind when on an April day, under a roasting sun and on burning rocks, he and I met at noonday. We had hunted for a month or more through perhaps a hundred miles of mountain ranges, often seeing wild sheep,¹ but without either of us getting a shot at an old ram. We had worn out all our clothes and boots, we were very red and very thin. That morning we had started before dawn at opposite ends of a long ridge of cliffs and terraces where in former expeditions we both had been successful. But apparently the mountains held not a sheep that day. We sat down in silence and looked over the barren foothills below us to the quivering desert beyond. After awhile I asked, with a groan, the question in Arabic we had so often put to

¹ In the Aures and other Atlas Mountain groups, the Barbary Wild Sheep (*Ovis leirii*, known to the Arabs of North Africa as the Larroui, El Arroui, or Fechstal, to the Chouias and Berbers as Outhathou or Aoudad and to the French as mouflon à manchettes) is extraordinarily nomadic. Shepherds are ubiquitous and nomadic too. Some of them carry guns. Arab hunters lie up or pursue the wild sheep with flintlocks and dogs, so that the sheep are ever on the *qui vive* and migrate from one mountain to another on the slightest disturbance. This sheep is found in certain mountain ranges from Morocco to Tripoli, in certain regions of the central Sahara, also in ranges to the east and the west of the Nile in Egypt and well into the Sudan.

our shikaris when one Djebel after another had failed us : "To which mountain now ? Where shall we go ?" He replied with a loud, cheerful laugh, "Djebel Biskra." This, then, was the climax to our tremendous labours—so we both laughed, went down the mountains, struck camp and made our first march for the shade of the palms and the flesh-pots of Biskra.

Loder made one remark about the failure of this trip :

"We know the game and have done all that can be done and worked ourselves silly—and look here ! Some damned fool will come out from England who knows nothing, and run into a great ram the first day and kill him by a fluke."

He judged right as regards Dame Fortune, for the very thing happened. The "damned fool" was a friend of mine who had never fired a rifle at anything more lively than an iron target as a volunteer in his undergraduate days at Cambridge. He came out to Algeria, and passing through Algiers he bought the only rifle he could find—it was of a very antique military pattern with an enormously long barrel (he said it was a Wetterli)—and with it some equally antique very short cartridges loaded with a solid ball with a pinch of black powder behind. He told me he was anxious to shoot mouflon ; he said this as you might say "I want to get a few couple of rabbits." I explained to him that it required great skill and perseverance to get a shot at all, and that "that thing" was no use. I offered him my mules, shikari and men as well as camp outfit, also a good rifle ; the last he haughtily declined, the rest he accepted, and off he set with a mutual friend of ours to a mountain which I indicated as offering as good a chance as any. Within three or four days, instead of weeks, he was back again at Biskra with a splendid head. He and his companion had quarrelled after two nights in camp over a *pat of butter*, hence their precipitous return. He was much more intent on describing the pat-of-butter

battle than on satisfying my curiosity as to how he had got his mouflon. I had to listen to his history of adventures in the order of his estimate of their interest; the first story was to this effect :

“ — because he was in camp had left all his manners behind—that on the breakfast table, before sunrise, had been placed a beautiful and only pat of butter purchased at the last moment when leaving Biskra, and that — instead of cutting a piece off one end of it, *as a gentleman would*, had jobbed his knife into the middle of it, and when told not to forget himself nor to behave as a cad just because he *was in camp*, he had turned nasty in a most unaccountable way.”

I had the other man's version later—equally amusing, but I got the facts about the mouflon at last. My friend with his Wetterli had reached the top of the first ridge of the mountain at sunrise, and, standing up his full six feet two of height on the skyline with the first rays of the sun blazing in his face and on the two yards or so of Wetterli, surveyed the scene. He at once saw five sheep (four ewes with a ram) bundling and bounding off over rocks and terraces as hard as they could go one after another; they were on a ridge across a deep valley and must have been nearly opposite him when he first came on to the skyline. My friend, still standing up of course, let drive at them, or at what he could see of them against the sun, having just time to get a pull on the trigger (and it required a long and strong pull) ere they disappeared, and he dropped one at *four to five hundred yards' range*—at which distance the great blob on his rifle, that did duty for a foresight, must have blocked out an acre or so of the mountain. Crossing the valley and climbing to the place, he found he had killed the *old ram*—and with a bullet in *the eye*! When I related to Loder the literal fulfilment of his prophecy and within a mile of the place where he made it, he remarked, “Well, a bullet must go *somewhere*.”

Sir Edmund Loder's life was a very full and a very inter-

esting one. A happy life too till the war ended its brightness as it did that of hundreds of thousands of other lives. No doubt as it is with others he came into old age unconsciously with a surprise to find himself already there. Fortune smiled on his birth; he was blest in his wife and in his children, who loved what he loved. Lady Loder added unusual charm and sweetness to a beautiful home, and moreover, being not only fond of but clever with rifle, gun and rod, shared for many years his sport and was ever a most delightful hostess to his friends. To his two children he was devoted. I can almost hear now the daughter and father talking and laughing together, and without an effort the picture comes of a summer evening, his daughter¹ playing the piano to him, he standing by her in the window, with a lovely background of the hills and woods of Leonardslee. He took the greatest pride in his son's success at Eton and Cambridge, and it was a source of the utmost satisfaction to him that similar tastes to his own for natural science developed in his only boy. For some years before Robin Loder died he had reached an age when he became "at once a brother and a son." It is not too much to say that Robin's death, fighting in Palestine, was a blow from which his father never recovered.

I hope in the following pages to give more than an outline of Sir Edmund's life, but the intimate things of a man's home and family, like his inmost thoughts, are his private possessions. Enough will appear to reveal what manner of man he was. He lived and died a member of the Church of England, accepting his religion and duty very simply. He avoided religious controversy as an unprofitable pursuit as well as speculating on "what none yet ever knew or can be known." In 1919 he remarked to one of his friends that useless speculation as to the future life had helped more than anything else to fill the lunatic asylums. He once said to me, "Religion in practice here is included in one word—*conduct*."

¹ His daughter Patience married Mr. Walter Otter, son of the late Mr. Francis Otter of Horsham.

I have heard him repeat :

“ When elements to elements conform
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling but more warm ?
The bodiless thought ? The SPIRIT of each spot ?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot.”

And it is for such as I am among his friends to say :

“ And can I deem thee dead
When busy Memory flashes in my brain ?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again.”

CHAPTER II

THE FAMILY OF LODER

“*Murus æneus conscientia sana*” (the motto of the Loders).

IT was GILES LODER, the grandfather of Sir Edmund, born in 1786, who built up from its foundations the family fortune. The stock from which he descended was an old Dorsetshire family and perhaps originally came from the parish of Loder. During many generations the Loders were settled at Hazelbury Bryan, near Sturminster Newton in North Dorsetshire, and the Registers there carry the records of the family back to the sixteenth century. The family later spread into the adjoining county of Wiltshire, and when Giles Loder finally returned after his career in Russia, it was at Wilsford near Salisbury that he settled down. Judging from his life's work and from the general character of his descendants, I cannot picture him as being anything else but an extremely energetic and enterprising man, endowed with great mental and physical activity. Moreover, a determined man, putting his heart into his work and bent on success. He began his Russian experiences as what in old days was called a “Merchant Adventurer”—Guilds of Merchant Adventurers still exist in England, at least in name. In Russia he had a most successful business career, and on leaving that country continued his activities in London. He married twice. His first wife (the grandmother of Sir Edmund Loder) was Elizabeth, a daughter of John Higginbotham of St. Petersburg. John Higginbotham settled in Russia, having married a daughter of a W. Mashmeyer. A portrait of W. Mashmeyer in the possession of the Higginbotham family exhibits a strong resemblance in face and build between him and his great-

great-grandson Sir Edmund Loder—he is very tall and slim with a somewhat narrow face, and the likeness is there in spite of powdered hair and a light-blue coat with lace frills. John Higginbotham had several children, of whom one, John, married Amelia Schleich, the daughter of the Burgo-meister of Ulm in Würtemberg. This John Higginbotham (Sir E. Loder's great-grandfather) was born in St. Petersburg and lived in his house on the Vassili Ostrov (William's Island) opposite the Palace of Menshikoff. The next house, which is the corner house towards the River Neva, was bought by Giles Loder, and he married his neighbour's eldest daughter Elizabeth Higginbotham, who was born in 1796 (?). Elizabeth Loder had several brothers and sisters. Her youngest brother William Higginbotham, born in 1813 on the day of the Battle of Leipzig, lived to the age of 94 and saw four generations of Elizabeth Loder's descendants. Mr. and Mrs. Giles Loder had three sons, Edmund, Alfred and Robert, Robert being much the youngest. William Higginbotham, their uncle, was but four years older than the eldest of the Loder children, and was much with the two elder boys while they lived next door to each other. Afterwards he went to Dorpat to study German and medicine, and then to pursue his medical studies at the Universities of Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London. From London it was his intention to go to Australia, but his mother set her face against this plan, and through the mediation of his sister Sophie, who held the appointment of English governess to the Grand Duchess Alexandra, the Emperor Nicholas I called him back from London to St. Petersburg and appointed him Court Physician, and special medical attendant to his daughters, the three Grand Duchesses, Marie, Olga and Alexandra. The three sisters were all very beautiful, and Alexandra had in addition a most "lovely and queenly figure." Their mother, the Empress, was a very vain woman and frequently had her portrait painted. But she never stood herself for the figure; the beautiful Alexandra had to pose for her mother, and only the face in the portraits is that of the Empress. At the Empress's

small and select receptions in her salon every evening, if one of the ladies wore a dress a second time, she never let the event pass without some such cutting observation as, "I have seen this frock before."

Sophie Higginbotham had many worries over this frock business, and her wardrobe was so enormous that in these days it would be unthinkable to possess so many dresses.

The Czar Nicholas was very English in his tastes and preferences. William and Sophie Higginbotham were great favourites with him and were the recipients of many favours and presents from him and the Imperial family. In 1844 William Higginbotham co-operated with the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolayerna of Leuchtenberg in instituting the first trained nurses, Sisters of Mercy, in Russia; and fifty years later, at the Jubilee of this Institution, the Emperor Alexander III honoured him with the Star of the Holy Order of Vladimir. This was the last decoration which William Higginbotham received, for he had long before retired from his professional work. In 1881 he was present in London at the Medical Congress as the delegate of Russia and after thirty years again met his nephew Robert Loder. The last occasion had been in 1851, when he and his sister Sophie had come over for the Great Exhibition and when Sir Edmund Loder was quite a baby. At that time there were no, or very few, railways in Russia and William and Sophie Higginbotham travelled with the Emperor Nicholas and the Empress Alexandra in a coach from St. Petersburg to Cologne (? or to whatever the nearest point to the railway may have been), the Imperial family remaining in Germany. Giles Loder's first wife died in 1848, when he was 62 years of age. Of the children she bore him, only one, Robert, survived Giles Loder. In 1849 Mr. Giles Loder married again, Elizabeth, the widow of Captain John Bott, and she survived her husband. Giles Loder's death took place on August 19th, 1871, and his widow died in 1877. During the latter part of his life, his town house was 1 Clarendon Place, Hyde Park, and his country home at Wilsford.

The only surviving son of the first marriage was ROBERT

LODER, born in 1823, who inherited the bulk of the large fortune accumulated by his father. A son named Edmund had died when young, and it was after this favourite brother that Robert Loder named his eldest son, the subject of this memoir.

When once labour and self-denial have laid a good foundation of capital, little more effort and sacrifice are required for the construction of a fortune, and its enlargement, than what is represented by such expressions as avoidance of extravagance, and careful attention to its management and growth. Thus it came about that Giles Loder was able to leave a fortune to his son Robert, who was 48 years of age at the time of his father's death.

In 1847, at the age of 24 years, Robert Loder had married Maria Georgiana, the fourth daughter of Mr. HANS BUSK,¹ and on August 7th, 1849, EDMUND GILES LODER was born at 16 Montagu Street, Portman Square, the home of his aunt, Julia Clara, Mrs. WILLIAM PITT BYRNE, his mother's sister.

It is evident, when we look at the record of Sir Edmund Loder's maternal descent, that he owed at least some of his special gifts and characteristics to his mother's family as well as certain tendencies or preferences in his tastes and pursuits. When his grandfather Hans Busk died on February 8th, 1862, in his ninetieth year, it was said of him in *The Court Journal*:

"He has indeed left few survivors possessing higher classical attainments, a truer love for literature or endowed with sounder general erudition. As a linguist he had not many equals; having travelled much, he conversed fluently in most of the languages of Europe. In early life he resided for some years in Russia and was at one time a member of the Empress Catherine's celebrated Chevalier Guard—an honour few Englishmen have shared. It was at that time accorded only to those who could trace their pedigree in an unbroken line through ten

¹ The father of Mr. Hans Busk was Sir Wadsworth Busk, sometime Attorney-General of the Isle of Man.

descents. He had been on terms of intimacy with most of the literary and political celebrities who flourished in the earlier part of the present century, and he had shared the friendship of Edmund Burke, Sir Philip Francis, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Perceval, Wilberforce and Wyndham as well as that of Byron, Moore, Scott and of many others whose minds were similarly attuned to his own. . . . His son Captain Hans Busk is the well-known originator of England's Volunteer Army."

The last named, Captain Hans Busk,¹ was Edmund Loder's uncle and probably gave his nephew some new ideas and interests. Captain Busk was a prominent man in his day, having original ideas and getting them materialised; he lived till February 1882. He was the author of *The Rifle, The Organisation of Rifle Corps*, and of other writings in aid of the chief work of his life. It is interesting to find "Uncle Hans Busk," when his nephew Edmund was nearly 10 years old, bringing down the Victoria Rifle Corps to "The High Beeches," Robert Loder's country place in Sussex, on May 26th, 1859, to celebrate their 24th anniversary.² I read that Mr. Robert Loder entertained the Corps and that in return "they gave an exhibition of their target shooting and went through some infantry evolutions in the forest on the estate." Also that "Captain Norton, the well-known Peninsula veteran, observed that the corps reminded him of the old 95th (the present Rifle Brigade) in their palmyest days." After this highest of all praise Edmund Loder's little sister Ethel (afterwards Lady Burrell³), aged 6, out of compliment to her father's guests, arrayed in the uniform of the corps, appeared as a vivandière and marched "at the head of the corps with the most perfect self-possession. . . . Deputations from Brighton and various places, where volunteer corps are forming, were present

¹ He was always *Captain* Hans Busk.

² 1859 is the date generally given as the year when Volunteer Rifle Corps were first formed. In 1860 the first National Rifle Shooting Match for Volunteers took place at Wimbledon.

³ Died September 25th, 1921.

and received from Captain Busk information as to the best mode of forming Rifle Corps and Rifle Clubs. He stated that in 1804, when the population of England was only nine millions, we had 341,580 trained volunteers."

Amongst "Uncle Hans'" other services to his country was his work for Life-boats, and not content with Life-boats he set to work to raise a flotilla of Life-ships. The first of these ships, the *Peronelle*, he designed himself. With the *Peronelle* he personally demonstrated her life-saving capabilities under circumstances where no ordinary life-boat could be available or of use. He rescued the crew of a French vessel, twenty miles west of the Caskets; and in very heavy weather saved the ship itself, which otherwise would have foundered, by "frapping" her with hawsers round and round her hull and by carrying out repairs to her rudder and other vital parts.

Edmund Loder's "Aunt Julia" is also an interesting personality, and as she was one of his godmothers is entitled to a place in his biography. Julia Clara Busk was born in May 1819 and married in 1842 Mr. William Pitt Byrne, son of the founder of the *Morning Post* and an intimate friend of William Pitt, after whom he named his son. Mr. William Pitt Byrne died in 1861. "Aunt Julia" before her husband's death had become a Roman Catholic and was a personal friend of Cardinal Wiseman. She wrote many books; her first was published in 1855, *A Glimpse behind the Grilles of Religious Houses in France*. In the following year she published her *Flemish Interiors*, which attained great popularity and would have secured her fame had not she guarded the anonymous character of all her works. Among many of her subsequent books the one which attracted most notice was *Ghcel the City of the Simple*. Her last book, published about 1892, obtained much notice from the Press; this was *Gossip of the Century*. She must have published a dozen books or more, and some, such as *Pictures of Hungarian Life*, were also illustrated by herself.

In passing it is curious to note that Edmund Loder's

wife's father, his father's wife's father, and his grandfather's wife's father were all associated with Russian affairs.

When old Mr. Giles Loder died in 1871 his son Robert was aged 48, with a large family of seven sons and two daughters. The eldest son Edmund was 22 years of age at this time. I gather that whilst Mr. Giles Loder lived he kept a careful eye on his descendants and their future, and that he neither "lived up" to his fortune nor provided the means for any extravagance to his son. Robert Loder appears never to have had a big allowance, for an only son and the heir to such wealth; yet the father provided funds for a style of living suitable to his son's situation and responsibilities and for the education of his numerous grandchildren. I have also the impression that Robert Loder had been brought up under a fairly strict and very methodical regime and that even after his marriage a fatherly hand held the purse-strings. Robert Loder, when he inherited the bulk of his father's estate, while spending freely and benevolently, observed those regular habits and kept to rules without which order and peace are impossible in large establishments, on big estates and with a numerous family. Without method, punctuality and discipline in great households, life becomes too difficult and too complicated to be worth living, and the fortunes of careless men have a mysterious way of disappearing.

Sir Robert Loder was a man of many interests and pursuits. He was an enthusiastic politician; as a Loder would, he threw himself heart and soul into the struggle at election times. On such occasions his energy knew no bounds; he spoke at many meetings and was indefatigable as a canvasser. He stood only once for Parliament and was elected as one of the Conservative Members for Shoreham (the Rape of Bramber) in 1880 and sat until the borough was disfranchised in 1885.¹

¹ It is somewhat interesting to note the course of the political contests during the last years of Shoreham's existence as a parliamentary borough.

In 1876 Sir Percy Burrell, Bt., M.P. for Shoreham, died, and was suc-

Shoreham has often been cited as a sample of a "pocket borough" returning two Members to Parliament. Mr. E. V. Lucas in his charming book *Highways and Byways in Sussex* alludes to one candidate, a Mr. Gould, who about the year 1701, having never been to Shoreham before, "directed the crier to give notice with his bell that every voter who came to the King's Arms would receive a guinea in which to drink Mr. Gould's good health. The fact being made public, the elected candidate, Mr. Gould, was unseated. At the following election, such was the enduring power of the original guinea, he was elected again."¹ I suppose that there is something curious in this story to a younger generation than mine, but to Victorians there is nothing extraordinary at all in it. In my time tens of thousands of pounds, not a few hundred guineas, were spent in the purchase of votes in some constituencies. Up to about 1885, at Northallerton, where elections often depended on a single vote, a railway porter had through long custom obtained the prescriptive

ceded by his brother Sir Walter Burrell, who defeated the Liberal candidate, Mr. Egerton Hubbard, at this by-election. Shortly afterwards Mr. Stephen Cave, M.P., the other Member for Shoreham, announced his intention of not standing again. Mr. Robert Loder was a great friend and had long been a neighbour of Sir Walter Burrell, and was adopted as the second Conservative candidate at the general election of 1880. The result of this election was :

Sir Walter Burrell, Bt. (C.)	2,445
Mr. Robert Loder (C.)	2,195
Mr. Egerton Hubbard (L.)	2,095

After Shoreham was disfranchised in 1885, most of the old constituency was merged in the new division of "Mid-Sussex." Sir Walter Burrell had the first claim to stand for the new constituency, but he decided to retire from Parliament. Mr. Robert Loder therefore had the chance of the seat if he liked to stand ; but after hesitating he made way for Sir Henry Fletcher, who had originally been selected to stand for another constituency. The Burrells, the Loders and the Hubbards were not only neighbours, but closely connected by family alliances ; for in 1872 Edmund Loder's sister Ethel had married Mr. Charles Raymond Burrell (who afterwards succeeded to the Baronetcy) and Edmund Loder himself married in 1876 Mr. Egerton Hubbard's (the Liberal candidate's) sister, Miss Marion Hubbard.

¹ See E. V. Lucas's *Highways and Byways in Sussex*.

right to poll last, a right that had sometimes a pecuniary value of over thirty pounds. There is nothing more remarkable in these methods than those by which, in later reigns than Queen Victoria's, individuals have entered the Upper House of Parliament. And as regards the Lower House, votes are now bought wholesale at the public expense instead of in detail by private expenditure. The only practical question is under which system you get the best Parliament or Government. Future historians, if there are any, may answer this question. A vote used to be "yours" to give, to sell or to keep in your pocket, and was valued and prized; to-day it has become of so little account that in the more advanced democracies of Europe (e.g. certain cantons in Switzerland) the indifference of voters and the disinclination to use their votes have led to the voter being compelled by law to go to the poll—yet under this liberty-respecting provision the authorities have not yet discovered how to force the voter to mark his ballot paper or how to prevent him from spoiling it. Obstinacy remains a powerful defence to the weak, as it is to the horse without a thirst, brought to the water.

Shoreham, though shorn of its ancient privileges, remains an interesting town. Mr. Lucas says its church is "the noblest in the country," and it is alluded to in Swinburne's "noble poem" which begins:

"Strong as time and as faith sublime—clothed round with shadows of
hopes and fears,
Nights and morrows and joys and sorrows, alive with passions of prayers
and tears—
Stands the shrine that has seen decline eight hundred waxing and
waning years."

A poem slightly different to one said to be engraved on a tombstone in the adjoining churchyard, which gives verbatim a dialogue between an infant deceased, aged 8 months, and its parents, from which the following quotation suffices:

" 'I trust in Christ,' the blessed babe replied,
Then smiled, then sigh'd, then clos'd its eyes and died."

Robert Loder attended the House very regularly, but rarely spoke. His interests were chiefly agricultural; he was himself a keen farmer, and as a breeder of shorthorns he achieved success. He was fond of hunting, and for two or three seasons was Master of the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds, but he had at the same time a fondness for greyhounds and a love of coursing which would have shocked John Jorrocks. As a coursing man he probably made his greatest mark in the world of sport.

Below ¹ I give a *few* of the performances of his greyhounds

¹ *Coursing by Mr. Loder*

"Cactus" (whelped 1846; height 23 in., weight about 45 lb.).

Nov. 1847: Was drawn in her second course for the Oaks at Everleigh. In the same month was drawn in the deciding course for the Champion Puppy Stakes at Newmarket.

Jan. 1848: Won three courses for the Fisherton Delamere Cup at Deptford Tun.

Oct.: Ran third for the Druid Cup at Amesbury.

Dec.: Won the Netheravon Cup.

"Czar" (running weight 61½ lb., height 20½ in.).

Nov. 1847: Won the Derby, 8 dogs, at Everleigh.

Feb. 1848: Won the Cup, 16 dogs, at Everleigh.

Oct.: Ran up with Royalist for the Druid Cup at Amesbury.

Dec.: Won the Bottisham Stakes, 8 dogs.

Feb. 1849: Ran up with "Crenoline" for the Altcar Stakes.

Oct.: Ran fourth for Druid Cup at Amesbury, winning 20 courses and losing 5.

At the meeting of the South Lincolnshire Club held on Jan. 30th, Feb. 1st and 2nd, 1867, Mr. Loder's white-and-black bitch "Likely Spot" (by "High Pressure"—"Fly") won the South Lincolnshire Cup, beating "Bobby" (late "Simon Pure"), "Beetroot," "Judice" and "Chemine."

At the same meeting Mr. Loder's blue bitch "Lavender" (by "Rock"—"Gipsy") ran second for the Holbeach Town Cup, beating "Sally Sikes," "Mischief" and "Minnie."

In the Crown Lodge Cup at the same meeting, Mr. Loder's "Lobelia" won two courses.

At the Ashdown meeting on March 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1867, "Likely Spot" divided the Swinley Stakes and "Lavender" ran second for the Rubbing House Stakes.

At the Wiltshire Champion (Amesbury) meeting in October 1868 Mr. Loder's "Light Blue" (by "Don Felix"—"Gipsy") divided the Bulford Stakes.

Among other dogs owned by Mr. Loder were "Landlord," "Landlady," "Linguist," "Lady's Carriage," "Lobelia" (late "Petunia"), "Lady B.," etc.

at two periods. Already when he was very young (1847-9) he had evidently two very good dogs in "Cactus" and "Czar," and some twenty years later in 1867 a number of useful greyhounds which made their mark. This will be sufficient to indicate Sir Robert's activities in this direction.

He enjoyed shooting too and was a good shot ; whether he was as good with a rifle I have not heard, but he probably did little with the rifle until his boys in 1872 persuaded him to take the deer-forest of Amat in Ross-shire, which Edmund and his brother Wilfrid "found" for him. For fourteen years Amat was a delight to all the family and ever remained a place of happy memories. Robert Loder, as one would expect of a Loder, was fond of his gardens, and these were especially famous for their fruit. He had a head-gardener called King, whom I picture, perhaps mistakenly, as of that class who are by a polite fiction the proprietors, and the "families" who employ them merely their visitors—of course always known as "Mr."—Mr. King's hothouses, Mr. King's gardens and Mr. King's grapes. Mr. King was a successful gardener and a constant exhibitor and prize-winner at the Crystal Palace, which was the great Show in those days. Edmund Loder used to tell a story, of which I have been reminded by one of his brothers, which brings back the infectious laugh which followed its recitation—it is not a long one. One day Mr. Loder received this laconic telegram from his gardener: "King first, Queen second."

In 1873 Mr. Robert Loder bought the splendid estate of Whittlebury in Northamptonshire from Lord Southampton. It was a wonderful property in the middle of the Grafton country, and as Whittlebury eventually was inherited by Sir Edmund Loder (and became his "white elephant") I shall give a few particulars about it which may help to explain some later allusions. The park was some 660 acres in extent with the high road running through it. The red deer in the Park were very fine indeed. The stags did not run into twenty points, but the heads were wide and regular, with good beam points, and they carried heads of up to

sixteen points. There were also fallow and Japanese deer, and at one time roe. Later Edmund Loder sent mule deer to his father from America, which quickly died out and also wapiti, which lasted some time. The wapiti withstood cold, but suffered from the damp. It was hoped that they would interbreed with the red deer, but though a wapiti bull ran with the red hinds the experiment failed. The story of the end of the roe deer is as follows, and I have to leave the reader to discover its moral—but the injustice to all concerned, excepting the villain of the piece, is apparent.

One of the roe bucks had become rather tame ; people passing through the Park used to feed it, and eventually it expected to be given something when it came up and “asked” for it. One day a tramp walking through the Park, instead of giving the beautiful little suppliant the usual titbit, gave him a cut with his stick ; the indignant little buck went back a few steps and charged, not very viciously, but sufficiently hard to get his horns into the tramp’s trousers with the result that he tore off a considerable and important area of the commercial traveller’s indispensables. Weary Willie’s chance had come ; he went straight off to a lawyer, and it cost Sir Robert a pretty penny before the matter was settled ; and the roes were banished for ever from the Park. Besides the fine oaks there, there were very high old elms, and the jackdaws out of these provided a special kind of sport and required skill in shooting. Whittlebury had peculiar attractions, and while Sir Robert had his attack of “bricks-and-mortar” fever, he added not a few others. Among these additions were a tennis court (real tennis, not lawn tennis) and a bowling alley. The bowling alley was outside and alongside the tennis court, and was made after the plan of one Sir Robert had seen at Lord Lathom’s. The tennis court fitted into the house ; and in this respect was probably unique, for you could sit in the smoking-room and watch the game through a large glass window, which looked into the Dedans and the court. I have heard one or two

different accounts of the origin of this once famous court, but each claims the birth of the idea in accidental games—just as tradition asserts was the case in the origin of the real Tennis itself. When Edmund Loder's young brother Gerald was at Cambridge (1881 to 1884) his brother Alfred used to come up and stay with him, and the two brothers often went together to the Cambridge tennis courts to see their friends play. One Easter vacation, the lawn tennis court at Whittlebury not being ready, they rigged up a sort of net in a back-yard surrounded with buildings and played a rough sort of improvised tennis, cracking their jokes about "pent-house" and "dedans," the latter title being bestowed on a small shed. Another story, which may be pieced into the evolution of the idea, I had from Mr. Reginald Loder, who told me that one day he and a brother were "playing a kind of squash racquets in an unfurnished bedroom in a wing of the house" (recently constructed, I imagine), when their father came along and caught them. At first he was inclined to be cross, then he watched them play. That evening he asked his son Reginald if he would like a racquets court built. He immediately took the matter up, and at the end of a fortnight this idea was changed to one of a real tennis court. As everyone knows, tennis courts are not to be found in many places, but there was one already in this neighbourhood at Easton Neston, Sir Thomas Hesketh's, some four or five miles away. In any case the court was decided on and the best advice sought for. "Bill" Marshall was¹ an authority on the subject—and I think the Queen's Club Courts were the first he built—and he was consulted. He was a cousin of Julian Marshall, the author of a standard work, *The Annals of Tennis*, a frequenter of the tennis court at Lord's and who reported tennis matches for the *Field*. Oddly enough Sir Robert's foreman builder's name was also Marshall, and this Isaac Marshall was sent to Cambridge to take the measurements of the courts there

¹ I write "was," for he died whilst this volume was in preparation (1921).

and to other places as well. Alfred and Gerald Loder attended to all details, the latter already being a player, having taken up the game at Cambridge. The result was one of the very best tennis courts in the kingdom. It is mentioned in the Badminton Library volume of *Tennis* (1890 ?) as one of the five courts which "most nearly approached perfection with regard to dimensions, light and relative pace of walls and floors."¹

In 1883 the brothers got up a tennis week at Easter, which became an annual meeting, and was attended always by some of the best players and exponents of the game. Amongst such visitors were the champions, Alfred Lyttelton, J. M. Heathcote, Tom Pettit, the great American player. The players during these Tennis Weeks included both Arthur and Gerald Balfour and "Johnny" Cobbold (J. D. Cobbold of Holy Wells). When the Whittlebury Court was opened in 1881, with the first game played by Alfred and Gerald Loder, their brother Edmund would be about 32 years old. Few men would dream at that age of learning this great game, with its demand on every muscle, on quick eyes, enduring skill, resourceful intelligence and continual practice, but he made a start and played. After a few years he gave it up, recognising that he was too old to become a good player. He had, however, acquired a knowledge of the technique of tennis which enabled him to watch matches with interest and pleasure. He never missed the Tennis Weeks and thus saw the game played at its best. Viscount Grey of Fallodon, himself a great tennis-player, having won the Amateur Championship five times, the Gold Racquet at Lord's once and the Silver Racquet at least fourteen times, has told me that the great players from 1878 to 1888 were *George Lambert*, who was champion till *Tom Pettit* beat him in 1885, while *J. M. Heathcote* held the Amateur Championship² for many years. By 1885

¹ The other four were : Mr. Gundry's, Bridport, the Manchester Court, Mr. Cazalet's at Fairlawn, and the newly erected tennis court at Prince's Club.

² At this time synonymous with winning the M.C.C. Gold Racquet at Lord's.

Alfred Lyttelton had beaten *Heathcote* and he held the Amateur Championship till 1896,¹ "and," says Lord Grey, "would have held it much longer if he would have kept in practice. His style was magnificent and he was, I consider, the greatest amateur player there has been." He also adds, "*G. Lambert* till *Pettit* beat him was, I should say, 15 better than any other professional contemporary with him; and *Alfred Lyttelton* 15 better than any amateur, just as *Heathcote* had been before him."

It is sad to think that this splendid court, planned and built with so much labour and skill, exists no more. After Sir Edmund Loder sold Whittlebury, the new owner ruthlessly destroyed it to make more bedrooms! Can the reader imagine a man with the heart to pull down such an accession to a country house? One interesting item of history is worth recording in connection with Whittlebury Tennis Court. Few persons associate Edward VII with tennis, yet when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge in the years 1876 to 1879 and occasionally played in the Old Tennis Court, the marker there used to tell me stories about the then Prince of Wales when he was an undergraduate and a frequent player in that court. The last game probably ever played by King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) would be in 1887, when he came over on October 21st of that year and played a game at Whittlebury, and is said to have enjoyed his game in that beautiful court. The last Tennis Week was held in 1888, some six weeks before Sir Robert Loder's death. Of the brothers Gerald Loder kept the game up till recently, playing at Queen's Club, Prince's, Brighton and Lord's. Besides having played in other English courts and many courts abroad he has seen almost every match for the Championship played in England since the celebrated contest at Hampton Court in 1885 when T. Pettit beat George Lambert and carried the honours to America.

What with the hunting, the shooting, the Park and many

¹ When Sir Edward Grey (now Viscount Grey of Fallodon) beat him and won the Gold Prize M.C.C. Championship.

other attractions, to anyone not acquainted with Sir Edmund's character, Whittlebury would have appeared just the place to appeal to him. But from the first his heart was in Sussex. In the year when his father bought Whittlebury, the news reached him at San Francisco, and in a letter to his father, dated June 24th of that year, he congratulates his father on his purchase and "hopes it will be all he is looking for," and proceeds, "from what I heard of it, it must be a very nice place, but I sincerely hope that in consequence of this purchase you will not find it necessary to get rid of our old home The Beeches." As the years passed, Edmund Loder's aversion to Whittlebury grew. There is little doubt that years before his father's death he had made up his mind, if he survived him, that he would not live there. It was too big for his ideas of a home ; he had better things to do with his money and his time, even had he been able without worry to maintain a great establishment. As things turned out, whilst he was heir to Whittlebury, an estate which his father, in spite of the general shrinkage of agricultural and land values during the eighties, may have estimated was worth something like what it had cost him, he was left with a very different income with which to keep it up from that which Sir Robert had had at his disposal. It took him till almost the end of his life to sell the entire property, and this was of course done at a great sacrifice.¹ It is one thing to possess such a place with a large fortune and another to own it after a widow and eight other children have been provided for out of the said fortune.

It is evident that Sir Robert took great pains to make a fair will. From the expression of his last wishes and hopes it is clear that he imagined he had placed his heir in a position to keep up Whittlebury and to make it a centre where the family traditions could be maintained, and he certainly inserted provisions in his will which he considered

¹ For some years the Comte de Paris, the Duke of Buckingham's tenant at Stowe, rented some of the Whittlebury shootings from Sir Edmund.

would secure a considerable proportion of his fortune going with the title.

It has been said that Sir Robert over-estimated certain foreign interests which his eldest son was to succeed to. However this may be, the intentions of testators have a nasty way of miscarrying, and this has been the fate of some of Sir Robert Loder's in regard to his successors.

Sir Robert did not leave Sussex to go and reside at Whittlebury till 1877. On July 27th, 1887, he was created a baronet; the same year saw the birth of Edmund Loder's son, named Robert after him, and the following year, 1888, on May 27th, he died suddenly at his seaside place, Beach House, Worthing.¹

I seldom met Sir Edmund's mother; the only times I remember seeing her were when accompanying Sir Edmund on his visits to her at her house in Grosvenor Square, on which occasions she and her son were mostly engrossed in conversation. Lady Loder was then advanced in years and I cannot of my own knowledge say much about her, beyond that she struck me as a tall, rather thin lady, very active in body and mind for her age, and with a shrewd understanding of affairs, but evidently proud of her son and glad to have his opinion. In any case I am more concerned with what she was like in the years when she was at the head of a great house caring for a large family and training her children. She appears to have been an excellent manager and housekeeper, and though there was never anything very frugal about it, she certainly ran the establishment in a way that saved her husband a great deal of worry and expense. Mr. Loder left the bringing up of the boys and girls entirely to their mother, and never interfered unless she called him in as a "specialist" to give one of the boys a wigging. I gather too, that, occupied as he was, he did not give a great deal of attention to his children unless they were ill, when he was most sympathetic and concerned, until one after another they earned his notice by some

¹ Beach House, Worthing, was purchased by Sir Robert in 1878, and after his death was the residence of his widow, Lady Loder.

achievement or exploit. One of the younger sons, Reginald Loder, told me that he did not remember attracting much attention from his father until he started to ride, but that when once he could ride a pony well Sir Robert became very proud of him and took him out hunting as a "sort of show piece." At some stage of his childhood Edmund got at his father's heart-strings in some similar way, for he was taken about, and the proud parent, much to the amusement of the rest of the family, could not resist telling even comparative strangers about "my son Edmund" and what the prodigy had said or done. Sometimes in recent years when Sir Edmund had said something clever or achieved a success I have heard his relations and even his children cry out with glee, "My son Edmund"! When thus acclaimed he bowed and smiled in a most amusingly satisfied way. Each of the seven sons in turn must have secured a place in their father's pride as well as in his affection, for each distinguished himself in some way.

Sir Robert Loder always read family prayers himself every morning. Grace was said before and after meals by one of the children, in French, if they were present, and all had to go regularly to church on Sunday mornings. Sir Edmund too, through all his active life and with all his varied experience, held to these habits, and this in spite of a growing, if not a general negligence of these religious customs in the world around him—a change perhaps not so much due to indifference as to a general revolt against formalities with their tendencies to become little else. It is not for one generation to judge another in such matters, but those who have seen the old time and the new, and were thus brought up, will be the last to doubt the value, religious, moral and disciplinary, of these habits. The late Sir Frank Lockwood, an intimate friend of my own and one of the most charming of men, once said something to me on this subject which I have always remembered. Sir Frank made no profession of religion whatever, but when shooting with my father in Scotland or staying with me in Yorkshire I noticed he never missed family prayers, whoever else did.

A few months before he died I was staying with him near his grouse moor and sitting alone with him in the dining-room after dinner, when he startled me by saying: "Do you know, there is one thing I envy you—I have never been religious. I reverence religion, but it is beyond me—I don't understand it, but I would like to have family prayers every day, if I could, but how could I? People would set me down as a hypocrite or as mad. But I see it is good for a family and a household." Perhaps to be quite accurate I should add that during the last year or two of Sir Edmund's life he ceased going regularly to church. But this was not like many of us who have lived in out-of-the-world places a good deal, and much with nature far from the temples made with hands, and who do not feel at home in a church. These are easy to understand, for after all the Founder of Christianity preached his best sermons out of doors and not in the Temple. To many men comes a time when tranquillity, even solitude or silence, appeals to them. Edmund Loder knew these lines by heart:

"All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

"Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal Harmony and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,

Uprear'd of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r !”

But I do not think it was so much this in Edmund Loder's case, for when abroad with him I observed that he took every opportunity on ship-board or in hotels for attending divine service. His heart was affected by an old injury in a way that brings on discomfort and breathlessness, which makes any constraint often intolerable. Again, many sensitive men cannot bear certain hymns and prayers which call up such pain as he suffered in the death of his only son Robin—"it may be a sound—a tone of music—summer's eve—or spring, a flower—the wind—the ocean which shall wound or call up to view the mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many ! yet how few !”

As for Edmund Loder's mother, she was always very fond of him, and to her love was added, as he grew up, a great respect for his steadiness and cleverness. It may be that in after years the close relationship of mother and son suffered to some extent from circumstances, some of which were unavoidable. Though he was a man as liberally tolerant as is possible in regard to the religious opinions of others, his mother's fondness for ritualistic practice and her eventual going over to Rome were a little disturbing. I think, even when young, she had been rather a rigid religious disciplinarian. Her children were allowed no games on Sundays ; they learnt the collect for the day and listened to a dissertation on it. Her husband was very "English" in everything, and preferred the straightforward English Church services, and his son Edmund was like him in this respect. Lady Loder's two sisters, Mrs. William Pitt Byrne and Miss Rachel Busk, had long before Sir Robert's death become Roman Catholics. She spent the winter of 1893-4 in Rome with these two sisters, and whilst there had a very nasty accident, falling and breaking her arm, coming down the steps of St. Peter's. Her son Reginald went out from England and brought her home. Her children often ex-

pected she would go over to the Roman Church, and there can be no doubt that she long delayed this step out of respect for her husband's memory and convictions. This long delay may be accounted for partly by the circumstances attending Sir Robert's death. But some fifteen years after this event the step was taken, and it made her very happy and comforted her in her old age.

I go back to the day of Sir Robert's death. Lady Loder had persuaded her husband to give some thousands of pounds towards the building of a new church at Worthing, where they had their seaside place, Beach House. When the church was completed, there was some trouble over getting the Privy Council to allot it a parish, but on Trinity Sunday, 1888, about a year after completion, the difficulties having been surmounted it was opened. In the early hours of that morning Lady Loder went to Communion, some of the family later and Sir Robert at 9 o'clock. He returned to Beach House much agitated, but took a stroll in the garden with one of his sons, to whom he expressed his indignation at the vestments and incense, and said the service was like a Roman Catholic one and that he would never go there again. What had upset him most was the tinkling of a bell at the consecration. Apparently he felt he had done wrong as a loyal English Churchman in providing funds for a church where illegal practices and disloyal services were carried on. He lunched quietly at home and then went out to the club to write some letters, asking one of his sons to call for him at 3.30 to go for a walk. When the son arrived, as he passed the window where Sir Robert had been writing, he saw that all was not well with his father. He went to his aid, to find that he had had a stroke. Sir Robert died the same night at 10.30.

The story of this day affects me and arouses a sympathy for all who were concerned, but one reason for relating it is that it reveals the depth of feeling and the strength of convictions that Sir Robert Loder had; a sensibility and conscience that would otherwise hardly be realised by those who know members of this family as men averse

to emotional demonstration and as a rule wearing the Englishman's protection of reserve.

I think Sir Robert may be set down as belonging to a class of English country gentlemen, not of rare type in the reign of Victoria, but as a particularly good example of it. A good husband, a good father, a good administrator, exacting good conduct and regular habits from those over whom he was placed, a good and improving landlord and serving his country where opportunity was given, by personal service and a liberal benevolence. His life would seem to have been fully occupied with public and private duties, hospitality and engagements, but so organised as to include many opportunities for agricultural pursuits, for sport and social enjoyment. He was nearly 65 years of age when he died at Beach House on May 27th, 1888. He was buried at Whittlebury. At the time of his father's death Edmund Loder was nearly 39.

I must not omit all reference to Sir Edmund's brothers, of whom he was very proud. It cannot be often that seven brothers, whilst varying in their performance, exhibit such a family likeness as regards ardour, vitality and attainment. Reference has already been made to several of them, and each in turn no doubt will be mentioned in later chapters where they touch this history of their brother, more especially in those places in which outdoor pursuits are dealt with. The Loder vitality is sufficiently demonstrated by the brothers' achievements in "the field." All the seven brothers have been adepts with rifle and gun, and all have records as athletes or as excelling in some pursuit. It is an error to imagine that success in sport is the result of mere physical gifts or can be reached without high moral qualities and a large dose of intelligence.

Of Sir Edmund's two sisters only one survives, Etheldreda Mary, Lady Burrell,¹ the widow of Sir Charles Raymond Burrell of Knep, who died in 1899; she is the mother of the present Baronet, Sir Merrick Burrell. The Burrells

¹ Etheldreda, Lady Burrell died soon after I had written this in September 1921.

and the Loders have been neighbours and friends through several generations. The other sister, Adela Maria, died March 22nd, 1915; she married in 1883 Major-General the Hon. A. Stewart, who died in 1896. Three years after, in 1899, she married Colonel Basil Lloyd Anstruther. Of this large family of brothers and sisters there are still living Gerald, Reginald and Sydney Loder.

CHAPTER III

SUSSEX—THE HIGH BEECHES, WHITTLEBURY AND LEONARDSLEE—BIRTH OF EDMUND LODER

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN the two previous chapters I have attempted to give some idea of Loder's personality and some account of his family; in the present one I intend to allude to the home scenes in which he passed the greater part of his life. We have just seen that Sir Robert Loder left his old home The High Beeches, near to Crawley in Sussex, in 1878 and afterwards resided at Whittlebury until his death in 1888. Up to the time of Edmund Loder's marriage, in 1876, The High Beeches had always been his home. His father having bought Whittlebury in 1873, it was natural that when his son, Edmund Loder, married, he should wish to provide him with a home in the same county of Northamptonshire. Sir Robert purchased a property of about 300 acres near Weedon called Floore, and there his son Edmund settled down with his wife in a not very large house. Floore was their home for twelve years—that is, till Sir Robert's death in 1888.¹ Very soon after his father's death Sir Edmund acquired from his wife's family her old

¹ Sir Robert left Floore to his son Sydney Loder, who let it for some years and then sold it. The High Beeches he left to his son Wilfrid Loder. The present owner is Wilfrid Loder's son, Major Giles Loder.

home, Leonardslee, near Horsham, situated some five miles only from his old home, The High Beeches, and there he lived out his days.

If the following facts are borne in mind it will prevent any confusion in following the course of Loder's life in England ; his three homes were :

For 26 years, 1849-76—The High Beeches, Crawley, Sussex.

For 12 years, 1876-88—Floore, Weedon, Northants.

For 32 years, 1888-1920—Leonardslee, Horsham, Sussex.

70 years.

Thus, for 58 of his 70 years his home was, where his heart always was, in Sussex.

All persons susceptible of sentiment know how the heart clings to the haunts of childhood ; more especially does a child's affection hold close a country home, for nature's beauty appeals in a thousand ways to the fresh innocence and natural instincts of early youth. The High Beeches and the country around, where Loder's childhood was passed, became for him the " one spot " of earth " beloved over all." Here passed the days of youth and of romance, here he found and won the partner of his life, making her home at Leonardslee his own ; to be hers again when he should be there no more. It was most beautiful, he left it yet more so after more than thirty years of loving care, and in return it gave him continual joy of the purest kind. Heaven smiled upon him at his birth in placing him " in a fair ground—in a fair ground."

The High Beeches, with the adjoining property of Dencombe,¹ is a very charming place ; the house stands high and overlooks some eighteen miles of beautiful country with the Brighton Downs and the Devil's Dyke in the distance. Were I writing only for the survivors of Loder's

¹ The High Beeches was bought by Sir Robert Loder soon after his marriage in 1847 ; the property of Dencombe, adjoining, he purchased much later.

own generation my task would be simpler, but it seems almost necessary to say something of "the time and place" in which he lived. At least it generally requires some effort for one generation in thinking of an older one to realise the changes in scene as well as of habits that mark the passage of even fifty years. Many of the things which men of Loder's generation accomplished with great effort are now done with ease, comfort and expedition, but much that was familiar to our eyes in our youth and much that we did can never be seen or done again. What men do now in superterrestrial, subterranean and submarine adventure and exploration were things only in our dreams or creatures of our imagination—the wild and almost ridiculous subjects of our "books for boys." We lived in the days of terrestrial discoveries, and that age with its fascination is practically over. It is not easy for men whose youth was spent in the thrilling years of African, Asiatic, Australasian, Arctic and American explorations to believe that any similar period of adventure and romance can recur. During the seventy years of Loder's life, the whole world, from being comparatively little known and holding innumerable secrets, became well known.

Inland from the sea, Sussex has escaped the ravages of our time better than most English counties. It is hard to believe that it ever was more beautiful than during the first half of Loder's life. There must have been a period, previous to the last century, when the district around Leonardslee suffered severely through the felling of its oaks for the Navy, and of its timber generally to provide charcoal for Sussex furnaces and foundries. But a hundred and fifty years had given time for the recovery from any desolation wrought by the iron industries. Such traces as survive of ironworking in the county add rather than detract from its valley scenery. The uninformed would never guess, for instance, that the chain of ponds and lakes in the main valley at Leonardslee, studded with gem-like nymphæa, reflecting gigantic-leaved gunhera and aquatic wonders of plant life along their borders, had been evolved

out of the old " Hammer Ponds "—the ancient reservoirs which ensured the continual running of the water-wheels which drove the batteries of stamps which crushed the ore.¹ As for the country south and south-east of Horsham and the Forest Ridge, it would be difficult to match it with any other sample of English scenery ; and within it there is nothing better than the property of Leonardslee, where Loder made his home, beautifying it with his consummate knowledge, skill and understanding.

Among our counties, some seem separated from others as entities, and Sussex is one of these. It is in situation, character and history intensely English. Physically too it is distinct, with its long seaboard of chalk and sandstone cliffs, its Downs, its Weald, its inland forests of beech and birch, of pine and fir. Sussex still abounds with picturesque villages and commons, it is rich in old castles, old abbeys, old churches and old parks, in Saxon camps and older forts and " rings " and the vestiges of the Roman and British past. Traversed by the great highways of the world which lead to the heart of our Empire, it yet remains a bit of the Old England, holding here and there some perfect relic, typical of her rural past. It may be that up to the very end of Loder's life, in quiet places, the Sussex oxen were ploughing and some of those ancient troglodytes, the South Down shepherds, were tending their sheep, Pyecombe crook in hand. Some lanes there are still in these days of tarmacadam, into which no noise and stench of motors can enter, lanes of the good old sort which inspired the libel " Soseks full of dirt and myre." Whether a man

¹ I have within the present century seen at the mines in Transylvania and Hungary wooden stamps worked in this primitive way ; in principle the process differs little from that in operation in the mighty stamping batteries of the Transvaal Goldfields. In Transylvania all the processes were very primitive—dogs drew little barrow-loads of ore out of little hill-side drifts ; the ore was then carted by bullocks to where a water-wheel worked iron-shod wooden stamps ; there the ore was crushed and loaded into little einspanner ox-wagons and taken, often many miles, to the Government Concentration works—the miners being paid according to the yield of gold, of silver and of lead obtained from the concentrates.

come from Yorkshire, the Highlands, the Alps or the Andes he may not smile in the presence of a man of Sussex at Gilbert White, not even when he describes the South Downs as a "chain of majestic mountains." The Downs have a beauty of their own. Looking southwards from the wooded highland round Leonardslee, or from the house itself, they form a distant but charming background; there is distinction in their swelling, rising and falling lines as in the colours they put on; "peculiarly sweet and amusing," Gilbert White says.

At Leonardslee, Nature lent herself in every direction to Loder's taste, his humour and his art. A Sussex sky is as sunny as any, if not the sunniest in England.¹ For our latitudes, the air is warm, the mean temperature being but a degree or two below that of the Scilly Isles.² The rainfall is a mean between that of the wetter climates of western and the dryer climates of eastern England. The wild plant life declares it a gardener's soil, for some 1,159 species of wild flowering plants are found within its borders. In spite of deforestation, enough magnificent timber remains to proclaim that it can produce the best.

To men of Loder's nature, mountains and hills, forests and prairies are emptied of more than half their delight if deprived of animal and bird life; even the river and the lake lose their interest without the living creatures in them and about them which belong to them or for which they are a suitable home. To such men even the beautiful Alpine scenery of Switzerland is depressing. To me the great grey snow-topped mountains are a melancholy spectacle associated ever in my mind with the massacre and extermination of all that life which when we were young gave enchantment to them—often to our view, always to the imagination. The lammergeyer and the eagle soar no

¹ Certain stations, such as those at Falmouth, Newquay and Weymouth, boast the highest records of sunshine, but Brighton is not far behind these, with its score of some 1,800 hours of sunshine in the year; and the Sussex *average* is no less than 1,600 hours.

² The mean annual temperature of the Scilly Isles is $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr., that of Sussex is somewhere about 50° to 51° Fahr.

more into the blue above them, the steinbok stands no more a sentinel on the heights, no bears haunt the fastnesses of the rocks, nor wild boars the forests on their slopes. You know that on most of them you might spy all day and never see one chamois nor even a marmot.¹ For the sportsman-naturalist there is little inducement to climb where nature is thus despoiled. Even in the short season of Alpine flowers, these can hardly chase melancholy from places thus emptied of their life. Yet the Alpine Club man and many a tourist find full satisfaction and delight in them, such as the born naturalist and hunter does in other ranges, as grand and beautiful as these. Byron understood the nature of a man like Loder, and I find these lines copied into one of Edmund Loder's journals :

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been :
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean :
 This is not solitude : 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms and view her stores unrolled.”

¹ In Switzerland there still are chamois and they may often be seen, but the system (supposed to be democratic, but which is the very bolshevism of sport) by which they are still kept in existence is horrible in the extreme. A canton is closed against chamois-hunting till surviving stocks or migrants have multiplied sufficiently—usually a period of some seven years or so—it is then declared open for about fourteen days. During these two awful weeks the mountains are covered with men, with rifles and guns, who massacre *everything*, sparing neither age nor sex. Every visible creature, after being cheived from pillar to post and blazed at from every side, having been butchered, the canton is bottled up for another seven years. Foreigners are not allowed to participate in these slaughters and so far have never clamoured to be admitted to the shambles. During the War, 1914-18, quite a number of steinbok, disturbed by the Italian and Austrian mountain fighting, sought refuge on the Swiss side, but the Swiss frontier posts shot them down and thus probably the last chance of the steinbok being re-established in Switzerland was lost.

Since writing this note I have heard that the steinbok is being re-introduced into what is to be a national natural preserve.

So he peopled his park, his hills, his open plateaux, his valleys, his woods, his lakes and his streams with such a variety of creatures as could never have lived in such health and happiness and mixed beauty elsewhere in England. Sussex is fitted for wild life. Red and fallow deer, from old time, have thrived particularly well in Sussex parks. Mr. C. F. Lucas of Warnham Court, Horsham, has some of the finest red deer in England. Lord Leconfield's Petworth fallow deer are said to be the best in England, and roe are there too. At Parham, which belonged to the late Lord Zouche, one of Loder's friends as well as his neighbour, besides the deer there is a heronry¹ with a curious history, an enchanted forest and other wonders. All this was in favour of Loder's schemes, but where else has man ever, in so limited an area, created such a wonderful combination of gardens with natural loveliness and made it the home of such a great number of beautiful, curious and rare creatures?

The Leonardslee estate lies a little south of St. Leonard's Forest, which is well worth seeing. I have ridden through it in various directions with Sir Edmund in order to see his favourite "natural wild stretches," apparently in primeval state, of birches and pines in heather and bracken or where old and seedling trees (usually birches) grew in sweet confusion. A good idea of the Forest can be obtained by taking the road from Horsham to Pease Pottage. As to who St. Leonard was, who gave his name to the Forest and to Sir Edmund and Lady Loder's property hard by, I am not quite clear; perhaps he is the same good gentle-

¹ Lord Zouche was a descendant of Robert Curzon, the traveller and author of *The Monasteries of the Levant*. The heronry at Parham dates from about 1841—the herons coming from Michelgrove, deserting their heronry owing to some of the nest-bearing trees having been felled; the heronry at Michelgrove had only been in existence some twenty years, having been established by the migration of all the Penshurst (Lord de Lisle and Dudley's place in Kent) herons. The original heronry at Penshurst had lasted 200 years, having been started with herons imported in the reign of James I from Corby Castle in Wales.

Lord Zouche died some eight years ago; the present owner, Lady Zouche, is a distant cousin of the last Lord.

man who has attached his name to some of our Yorkshire monastic buildings and chapels. Whoever he was, the Forest is named after him because he killed the Dragon which haunted it; he was wounded in the combat, and wherever his blood fell, there lilies of the valley sprang up. Judging from the lilies he must have been a full-blooded saint and his wounds severe and numerous. It is said too of the Forest that nightingales never sing within it, owing to the curse of a hermit whose nocturnal devotions they disturbed—without vouching for the cause, I am told the fact is there. In E. V. Lucas's book, already referred to, I read his history of a seventeenth century "Serpent" (or "Dragon") that lived in the Forest about 1604, with his transcription of a certificate given by those who "have seene this serpent." The description is very detailed, and a careful consideration of it convinces me that "this serpent" was an escaped cobra. It "is reputed to be nine feete, or rather more in length." "The scales along his backe seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his bellie, appeareth to be red." "He is of countenance very proud and at the sight or hearing of man or cattel will raise his necke upright; and seem to listen and looke about with great arrogancy." "There are likewise on either side of him discovered, two great bunches so big as a large foote-ball" (query, what was the regulation size of foote-balls *circa* 1604?) "and (as some thinke) will in time grow to wings; but God, I hope, will . . . that he shall be destroyed before he grow so fledge." This story reminds me that some years ago a terrified countryman came to see me, asserting that he had just seen at the bottom of a hedge about a mile from my house a frightful serpent about 20 feet long and as thick as his leg; he had fled, and told me he had no idea that there were such awful creatures in Cleveland. I went off to see if I could account for his tale, and discovered that it was a dead python about 14 feet long and that it had been thrown out dead or dying from a touring menagerie. I have seen and killed much bigger pythons than this, and saw one, killed by Captain Elphick

near Kaap Muiden in the Transvaal, which was the longest I have known—about 27 feet long.

The following I take from Sir Edmund Loder's own notes made in 1913, as giving the conditions under which he pursued his hobby of acclimatising rare and beautiful plants and trees.

"Leonardslee is 270 feet above sea-level: 9 miles from the northern slopes of the South Downs and 13 miles in a direct line to the sea near Shoreham. The ground planted occupies both sides of a valley running nearly north and south. It is partially sheltered from south-west gales by trees and by the configuration of the ground. The soil varies considerably in different parts, generally, however, containing sand, mixed more or less with clay. Geologically it is 'Upper Tunbridge Sand' and 'Cuckfield Clay.' The natural growth is heather, bracken and birch-trees."

The following particulars are taken from the same notes:

"Average Rainfall at Leonardslee

1882 to 1912 inclusive 29·65 in.

The greatest Rainfalls in this period were:

in 1903 38·42 in.

in 1912 37·87 in.

The smallest Rainfalls were:

in 1893 23·42 in.

in 1905 24·74 in."

It is said that on Christmas Eve, 1860, the thermometer fell to zero, when bay and laurel trees were killed or much injured and *Photinia serrulata* was killed to the ground. Similar damage was done to bays and laurels in 1894, but not to *Photinia*. In this year, on January 5th, 1894, 28° of frost were registered, and again on February 7th, 1895, without injuring the camellias.

"Much damage is done to young growths of flower-buds and flowers by spring frosts:

17 degrees of frost were registered March 21st, 1899

15 " " " March 29th, 1901

12 " " " March 15th, 1908¹

11 " " " March 18th, 1910¹

13 " " " April 13th, 1913

¹ Technically winter and not spring dates.

“Bracken has been killed at the bottom of the valley by the frosts on June 22nd (the longest day), 1908, and on June 14th, 1911.

“The greatest frosts recorded up to 1913 in recent years have been :

				Degrees
1912	February 3rd	.	.	21
1911	February 1st	.	.	11
1910	November 21st	.	.	12
1909	January 28th	.	.	18
1908	January 11th	.	.	18
1907	January 24th and 25th	.	.	16
1906	December 28th	.	.	18

The highest temperatures have been :

August 14th, 1911	.	.	.	94
September 3rd, 1906	.	.	.	93

The lowest maximum temperature for a year

was June 11th, 1903 82.”

It is not easy to describe Leonardslee, and my account is of a clear picture in my memory, as it was before the war. The main feature is a very long deep valley, narrow and wild at the high end, running down from north to south, deepening, widening and opening itself more and more to the sun. In the bottom a stream flows down through a chain of pools, ponds and lakes, the waters becoming larger and wider as the valley broadens out. In one section of the upper stream and pools the beavers have their home and holts, and there they have built their dams, and here you may see neatly cut stumps of larch and of birch trees which have been gnawed down. Above stream there is a colony of Coypus, giant water-rats, and below the beavers dwell a numerous tribe of the more gigantic Capybara,¹ the aquatic guinea-pig of South America and the largest of all existing rodents, sometimes 4 feet long. This valley is the divide between the highlands to the west and east. On the

¹ Capybara, 4 ft. long and weighing about 10 stone ; as Loder used to say, “the same as his own weight,” for it was curious his weight kept under 11 stone from the time of his running races at Eton till he died.

edge of the western plateau stands the house, commanding an extensive view of the valley, of the lake with its various waterfowl below, of the hills, of woods, and to the right, away over miles of Sussex, to the Downs. On the east side of the valley, where it is widest, the slopes rise from the water with open stretches of grass, heath and bracken among birches, tall old beeches,¹ ancient hollies and pines, till the timber closes thick round the crown of the hill. Here you may watch a herd of Japanese deer or of Indian blackbuck or of spotted axis (cheetal) in repose, or feeding and moving from shadow into sunlight and into shade again; or as you climb the bank you will put up numbers of wallaby, hidden in the bracken, some with baby kangaroo heads peeping out of their pouches—they sit up and watch you with round black eyes before bounding off in great leaps. Beyond the woods on this side is a plateau, a miniature prairie; here I have often seen many animals grazing, various deer, with mouflon, ibex, wild sheep and kangaroos. Beyond the tableland, the grass slopes down to other smaller and shallower valleys and beyond again are the wooded hills. It is from the front of the house, which faces the valley, and from the large windows of the dining- and drawing-rooms, that you can see most of this (not the plateau), or looking left-handed, across to woodlands, spaced and striped with sunlit glades where onwards from late spring are great masses of azaleas and rhododendrons of all colours, shining with white and gold and flecking with flames the dark heather which carpets the hill. In summer other colour is there, for ramblers, climbing briars with

¹ In 1912 one of the beech-trees was 110 ft. in height, girthing 10 ft. 4 in. at 5 ft. from the ground. There were at the same date also the following measurements recorded:

Pinus pinaster, 77 ft. high; *Deodara*, 77 ft. high; *Cryptomeria japonica*, 69 ft. high; *Abies nordmanniana*, 82 ft. high; *Sequoia sempervirens*, 80 ft. high; *Thuja*, 73 ft. 10. in. high; *Larix europæa*, 98 ft. high; and many other very high trees in the grounds. One tulip-tree in 1912 was 97 ft. high and 11 ft. in girth at 5 ft. from the ground. Even some of the rhododendrons have stems girthing over 2 ft.

Viturnum plicatum climb high up into the trees. On the north side of the house is the main entrance; from this side, the first object which catches the eye is an enormous thermometer fixed on one of the great beeches on a lawn opposite the front door. Though a considerable way off, it can be read from the windows more easily than one held in the hand. This was one of Loder's practical devices for obtaining information as to how the temperature was likely to affect his plants and trees. It was of many other uses—no need here to go out and poke the ground in your pyjamas to see if it was a hunting morning. Beyond the thermometer are borders of flowering shrubs, Japanese maples, bamboos and flowers, and behind these rise the rocks of the Alpine Garden, and beyond is the Park. To the right of this lies the valley, and here is the sea of rhododendrons and much else among the high trees. You can leave the house, too, on the east side by a side door, passing tall camellia-trees covered with flowers, and go under the rose-covered pergolas to the homes of the rarer rhododendrons.

It was not long after his marriage that he first met Mr. Mangles, "the Father of the Auclandi cult," and other amateurs of the rhododendrons. He became first a collector of rhododendrons and azaleas, and then as time went on he became more and more interested in the results of hybridisation. After years of experiment he obtained the reward of his labours in producing the most surpassingly beautiful rhododendron of our time, the one which bears his name, as well as many other lovely hybrids. Gardening fascinated him, and is a pure and beautiful joy in many lives. To him it opened his mind to a charming avenue of perpetual interest in his travels abroad and in each garden he visited. He increased his knowledge not only by the study of the best books of which he was a collector, but was in constant touch with the English, Japanese, Dutch and other foreign nurserymen and corresponded with the curators of Botanical Gardens at home and on the Continent. He would spend days

at Kew, Edinburgh and Cambridge or travel to Geneva and even to Mexico to get something new in the way of information or of plants. I remember his making a very complete tour of the beautiful gardens in Cornwall between Falmouth and Penzance, where he was a delighted witness of what could be achieved in that wild and sunny climate with sub-tropical plants and trees. He would go to see what his friend Mr. J. C. Williams at Caerhays was doing, for he had similar hobbies, and like Sir Edmund had made a special study of rhododendrons and narcissi. I have known it said that whilst Sir Edmund Loder would take a great deal of trouble to see something at a distance, he could not be induced to visit some very beautiful gardens and collections near at hand. This I am inclined to believe, though it sounds curious, but he *was* like that: he knew what he wanted to do, and nothing would persuade him to do a thing till it suited him or the inclination came to do it.

The library windows look out to the west; under them is a small colony of the queer little jerky prairie dogs (there is a larger one elsewhere); beyond them an avenue of botanical wonders, sub-tropical shrubs and trees in great variety, leads to the mouflon rocks, and farther west again is more open grass and bracken fringed with high trees—a favourite spot for the great kangaroos, Peruvian cavies, springbok and wild turkeys. I have put up hog deer here too and seen the bush turkey's tall heat-generating nests on the slopes hard by; where are also the emu paddocks and enclosures for ravine deer and other species of the hardier gazelles. This somewhat long description of the grounds in which Loder spent so much of his home life does not give even a list of half the gardens and subjects of interest, and says nothing of the side shows, such as the most complete collection of coniferæ in England. But as most of the animals were sold after Loder's death and no man can tell what changes may come, I wished, if it were possible, to give some slight idea of what the place was like when he was the spirit

of it. I myself feel as if his spirit still was there, for I can think of no corner of Leonardslee without seeing him in it.

I now must turn back to the year 1849, the year of his birth, and follow him where possible through the seventy years of his life. In 1849 Queen Victoria was 30 years of age and had reigned 12 years ; Loder lived through 52 years of her reign.

CHAPTER IV

CHILDHOOD—ETON AND CAMBRIDGE—1849-1872

“ Our first gay stage of life is when
Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye—
Season of bliss ! Oh who wouldn't then
Wish to cry, ‘ Stop ! ’ to earth and sky ? ”
MOORE: *Round the World Goes.*

THE London season was over, and the West End quiet and no doubt sultry, when on August 7th, 1849, the hero of this history made his appearance in this very mysterious world. The precise spot on which he should arrive had been carefully fixed by his parents and relations, namely, 16 Montagu Street, Portman Square, the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Pitt Byrne, the last-named becoming at once and for the rest of her days the new arrival's “ Aunt Julia.” There had been a Giles in every generation of the Loders, so that this name fell to him as of right, being the first-born of the new generation. The name of Edmund was chosen for him by his father, after a favourite brother of his, who had died young. St. Giles's Day, September 1st, was selected for the christening at St. Andrew's Church, and on that day the child, being thus named Edmund Giles, was baptised by the Rev. James Murray with water out of a shell brought for the occasion “ from the banks of the Jordan and which had been blessed by the Latin Patriarch of the Holy Sepulchre.” His sponsors were his great-uncle, Mr. Philip Loder, his Aunt Julia and a Miss Randall. These important preliminaries to the journey of life are usually carefully recorded, but in this case, as in many others, there is very little, if anything, related in writing about Edmund Loder's childhood. There being now no surviving

members of the family very near to him in age, there remains little but the oral traditions which have come down to the present time. These are scanty, but support the dictum that the child is father of the man. His sister Ethel, Lady Burrell, though considerably younger, is to-day the only living witness of his later nursery days. The maximum strength of the nursery party in his time was four. Besides his little sister Ethel and himself, there were his brother Wilfrid, two years younger than himself, and his brother Alfred, six years younger. His sister remembers that there were the usual little disagreements and "scraps" common to all nurseries, but cannot recollect "a cross word from Eddie." Eddie, though high-spirited and vivacious, seems to have been born a philosopher. It is remarked of him at a very tender age, that when he was aware that his conduct merited correction, which it is alleged was not often, he reduced the consequent trouble to a minimum by quietly climbing down from his high chair, saying, "Corner, s'pose." This is characteristic of his attitude towards the disagreeable throughout his life. I have often seen him meet his troubles half-way, or indeed the whole way, when they were the consequence of some misfortune or mistake. He would put his head on one side, with his hand on his hip, and reflecting a moment accept the inevitable and make the best of it. I have frequently heard him make such admissions as "If I had that to do over again I should do it differently," as if he liked everyone concerned to know it. It remained an attractive trait in his character and an attitude too where there was risk of friction that was very disarming and very conciliating.

Sliding down banisters is one of the forbidden delights of very small boys. The steep staircase outside the nursery door at The High Beeches was, however, temptation in an entirely irresistible form for a child so full of life and so fearless as Eddie Loder. Unfortunately the run was too precipitous to do the course with full abandon without the danger, after passing the post, of bumping into the door of his father's sanctum. When the bump did occur, the

father promptly emerged with a slipper and applied it to what had bumped his door and sent Eddie upstairs. But the boy, like the one who suffered pain more amidst ships after too much plum pudding, considered the game was "worth it."

There are events which happen to us at three years old, and even earlier, which we recollect more or less distinctly. Sir Edmund Loder always asserted he remembered being present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, but without any exact recollection of what happened. The funeral of the Iron Duke was on November 18th, 1852, when Eddie Loder was between three and four years old. The Duke had died at Walmer Castle on September 14th; the body had lain in state at Chelsea Hospital from November 10th to the 17th. The Public Funeral Procession began at 7 in the morning and the body was not laid in the vault at St. Paul's till 3 p.m. : after having been taken on its last long journey through the streets on a great car drawn by twelve horses. The fact of the little boy having been there is recorded in his mother's diary. From this it appears that he was taken up to London for the occasion. A room had been engaged on the second floor of 126 Piccadilly, from which three generations of Loders viewed the procession. A very early start had to be made, as the cortège was timed to pass this point at 9 a.m. The passing lasted one hour and a half and bands played continuously.

The next event in his life which is mentioned is more than two years later, when in May 1855 his parents took him to the great Paris Exhibition. It appears his father accompanied some of the live stock from his farm on this journey, so that Eddie Loder had the honour and excitement of making his first trip overseas with a prize pig and other exhibits. The pig won a prize at Paris, which was a 100 franc gold piece. The party stayed a fortnight in Paris and one day Eddie got lost, but at five years old knew enough French to inquire his way to their hotel and to reach it safely. It was more than twenty years before he found himself in Paris again and he was then on his honeymoon,

in 1876. Lady Loder has told me that he remembered a good many places, but most particularly a shop in the rue St. Honoré where he had seen in the window a revolving roller which pressed out liquid chocolate—this wonder having left a more lasting impression on the mind of the little boy than anything else and throwing the Great Exhibition into the shadier part of his memory.

Beyond the fact that he, with the rest of the family, went every autumn to stay with his grandfather Mr. Giles Loder, at Wilsford House, near Salisbury, I have no record of his movements and experiences, until the Paris Prize Pig and Chocolate expedition just mentioned. But in 1856 he began to see more and more of the big world, for his father, having set about rebuilding the High Beeches, moved all his family to Hampton Lodge, Western Road, Brighton, where no doubt he found delight in the goat carriages, piers, shells and other novelties of the seaside.

On February 20th of the next year (1857) a third little brother arrived ; he was christened Robert Clare, but did not long remain with them. This spring all the children were taken ill with whooping-cough, and the baby died of this distressing malady. I mention this as the family, eventually of seven brothers and two sisters, maintained their ranks intact until the first years of the next century.

Long before this Indian Mutiny year of 1857 Eddie had learnt to ride. For some years he was not allowed stirrups, with the consequence that his pony soon discovered he could unseat him and did so many times a day. To ride bare-back to begin with, after the panier or Spanish child's saddle stage is past, and then without stirrups, is the best way for a boy to learn to ride, and, what is almost as useful in after life, how to fall off. This education for a boy is not always so good a one for a pony ; yet as most small ponies are (or were in our day) so imperfectly broken and "made," a few more tricks hardly count against the feats of agility they inspire in the rider. The great thing for a child is to be familiar and fond of his pony and to have a small and narrow one with a good

temper. Most small ponies are (or were) too wide and fat, with bad mouths and rough paces ; I think the best are to be found among the small Welsh or Exmoor ponies. Riding without stirrups is supposed to spoil a boy's hands and a horse's mouth, but hands are born and not made. Good hands go with sensitive natures and sympathetic temperament. You cannot spoil good hands and you cannot make bad ones good. Thus very early Eddie Loder learned to ride well and to ride alone. Almost every day, when he was 7 and 8 years old, he went by himself the two and a half miles from the High Beeches for his lesson of an hour at the Rectory at Staplefield, tumbling off and tumbling on as often as his pony elected to impose these exercises. He would take his pony and ride round by the lanes where the stonebreakers were—and there were many in those days on the roadsides—and persuaded them to keep any curious *flints* they found in the great heaps they worked at.

Unlike most little boys of later generations he was kept at home till he was nearly 13 years old ; having, during the last two years before going to Eton, a tutor, Mr. Crofts, to prepare him for his school career. His remaining thus at home in the country until he went to Eton, instead of going to a preparatory school, almost certainly accounts for the extraordinary development of his faculties and of those interests which later filled his life with delightful occupations and with such varied studies. It probably accounts too for a certain marked independence of character. These are the receptive years in which a mind is stored, or not, with general knowledge of the kind without which lives are the poorer. The reader must forgive me if I obtrude my own opinion on this subject and for claiming Loder as an illustration in support of it. I am open to the charge of partiality, for I bring to the consideration of it a similar experience to Loder's, having been kept at home under a tutor till I was more than 12 years old. I owe at least half the pleasure and interests of my life and by far the happiest

memories of my boyhood to the three last years at home. There are certainly two sides to the question ; and what is best for one boy is not always best for another. It may be that the average boy " gets on better at school " and is " turned out better," in the opinion of masters, if he is caught and broken young. It may be that schoolmasters have agreed on the treatment which gives the best average results, as doctors do. Opinions are never likely to agree as to the exact age at which it is best to catch, break and train any animal. Much depends on nature and disposition, and upon what you want it to do and to be. It must be remembered that in the fifties and sixties preparatory schools were few and inferior to what they have been since. Yet I still hold the view that the years from 9 to 12 are the most impressionable and critical in a boy's life, and that for boys with happy homes, and especially with country homes and brothers and sisters, they are the ones above all others best spent at home. It is because these years are so important to the evolution of character and the moulding of habits, mental and social, that all schoolmasters and most so-called " educationalists " insist on boys being sent to school at 9 or 10 years of age or even earlier. I fully admit that under this system the public schools turn out a splendid set of well-instructed, disciplined, manly Englishmen, with a high code of honour, morality and conduct. But I maintain that in the seven years, 12 to 19, a not inferior result in these respects could be obtained, without the loss of all that is entailed in the absence from family life and a country home during the most receptive period. In these precious years a keen boy at home becomes familiar, with unconscious ease, with his country, his own people, the humbler classes around him, with animal and bird life ; he is a collector of everything from eggs and butterflies to ferrets and terriers ; he knows the haunts and habits of most living creatures, watches and takes a part in all that interests him in the stable, the farm, the joiner's or blacksmith's shop. He

goes to school with his mind stored with *general* and familiar knowledge and experience to an extent which can never be reached by any effort in after life—a wealth of education that whatever else schoolmasters possess, most of them cannot appreciate. He will as a rule be even better instructed in most school subjects if he has been well taught at home. Much more could be said in regard to the family aspect and the relationship between parents and sons. It is true that a boy is more easily and thoroughly weaned (if more cruelly) from home and country affections at 8 or 9 years old, and that he falls into line with less effort at the earlier age; but it is equally true that the highest education (I do not mean instruction) suffers irremediably under the system. How many boys nowadays leave school without knowing the very simplest things—not even the names of birds, trees, flowers, hardly those of their neighbours and the village people! People are people—birds are birds—and hounds are spotted dogs; they have no fluency in foreign languages, and no desire, generally speaking, to get out of the mould into which they were squeezed when small and tender. A man like Loder when asked, as I have heard him asked, “But *how* do you know that? I wish I knew these things,” replies truly, “But I don’t remember when I did not know them.” We know enough about little Eddie Loder to ascribe to these years much of his enthusiasm for natural beauty, natural science, an independence of judgment and an individuality of character, due to his liberty from school life.

On May 7th, 1862, he went to Eton and to the Rev. John Hawtrey’s, into whose house were taken some forty of the younger boys. There being in those days a first and second form, Hawtrey’s House took the place of a preparatory school. Later he went to the Rev. E. D. Stone.

Loder made no great mark in school work at Eton. Though he had brains much above the average and was industrious, his mind was bent on subjects which inter-

ested him rather than on any great effort to distinguish himself. He pursued studies which do not carry you up the school ladder, such as drawing, for which he took many prizes, including the School Drawing Prize. Although he made time for cricket he often spent his half holidays, in summer, sketching. He was, before he left Eton, a budding astronomer and had saved up his money and had become the proud possessor of a telescope. The growth of his love for natural history continued, and some of the obstacles placed in his path by the authorities are "peculiar and amusing." He collected, among other things, butterflies and caterpillars: I can imagine his contempt for the ignorance of the highly placed, who confiscated his caterpillars as being "poisonous." Yet such notions persisted in our day and perhaps do still in those high spheres. Caterpillars provide varied entertainment to schoolboys; we raced them and had large studs. I won many stakes with one which was a stayer, with a magnificent stride, till I painted him with my colours, and used too much Chinese white, which shortened his stride and ended his turf career—he was never the same animal after.

Though Loder made time for both cricket and football, he does not appear to have excelled in either. He was, however, among the best athletes in the school. In 1867 when 17 he entered for fourteen events in March and April, and won ten of them, was second in another and third in another. The following year, 1868, he competed not only at Eton, but elsewhere, at Richmond and Eastbourne and other Athletic Meetings, and he won fourteen out of nineteen competitions for which he entered. At these athletic sports, in the long jump he did 19 feet more than once, and in the high jump 5 ft. 1 in. The following were amongst his best performances at school when 18 or 19 years old:

1st in the 100 yards in $10\frac{3}{4}$ sec. (on grass in South Meadow).

1st in the 484 yards in 58 sec.

In this last race, which was intended to be a quarter-mile race, the course was found when remeasured to be 484 instead of 440 yards, and Loder has put down his time of 58 seconds as equivalent to a quarter in $52\frac{2}{3}$ sec. In the hundred yards race, above, he beat Philpot, who afterwards at Cambridge was the best man at both the 100 yards and the quarter-mile. It was towards the end of his Eton days his association with Arthur Pelham, who was also an athlete and a competitor with him, ripened into a friendship which lasted his lifetime. There exists in an old Eton *Chronicle* a long set of verses on the consulting of the Pythian god, who gives his "tips" for the races. I transcribe three of the verses, in which the names of the two friends appear :

" Up came a youth of lofty grace
Who said, ' As nothing shorter
Is half as suited to my place,
Please may I win the Quarter ? '

" To whom the prophet,—' Yes, you may ;
It needs no shrewd foreboder
To guess upon that trying day
A victory for LODER. '

" The dreaded answer soon he saw
Engrav'd on broad-ruled vellum ;
' Though he has striven well before
The race is not for PELHAM. '

At Eton Loder won the long jump in 1868 with 18 ft. 8 in., and he was third in the high jump, after terrific competition, with 5 ft. 1 in. These are all excellent performances for a boy, and in the autumn of 1868 Edward Hawtrey (son of the Master, the Rev. John Hawtrey), who was later a celebrated long-distance runner, took pains to train Loder and Pelham in quarter-mile running and induced them both to compete in London for the Public Schools Quarter-mile, a race arranged by the London Athletic Club, to promote inter-school sports. If this was, as I think it was, the first attempt of the L.A.C. towards this end, the first race was not very encouraging,

for Loder and Pelham were the only runners to come to the post, and the race was won by Loder, in the worst time I can find among his records, viz. 57 seconds. In April 1869 Loder ran at the Amateur Champion Meeting. In the hundred yards he ran a dead heat with J. H. Hague for second place, being only 1 yard behind J. G. Wilson, who was the best man at either of the Universities at that distance. On running off the dead heat Loder won by a yard and made the same time as the winner, J. G. Wilson, viz. $10\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

Thus before he went to Cambridge there was evidence that Edmund Loder, when at his best, was in the first class of athletes for his age. He had with $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards start at Richmond in April 1868 beaten a really first-class runner, J. K. Barnes (he had $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards start), in a 120 yards race, after a dead-heat time $11\frac{3}{4}$ sec. It remains somewhat a mystery why he was not more successful at Cambridge and how he failed to get his Blue.

At Cambridge he won a great many races and jumping competitions. He started off by winning the quarter-mile, the hundred yards and the long jump at the Trinity and King's College Sports. He won many Strangers' Races and other competitions. Both he and Pelham spent a good deal of time at Fenner's in winter with their mutual friends Clinton Dent and F. W. Maitland, and kept themselves in exercise by throwing the hammer. Mr. Pelham ascribes Loder's failure to get his Blue to probably two things: that Loder had done his best time on grass and that his style was better suited to a grass than to a cinder course, and that in not a few cases men reach the full development of their running powers very young and some do not improve after 19. Loder's father put down a cinder path at home for his son to practise on, so that it was not the want of training on cinders that accounts for this curious difference. Having been a quarter-mile and hundred yards runner myself, I could always do a better hundred and quarter on cinders in shoes, but best on grass if the turf was dry and good without shoes. How-

ever, after tabulating the Oxford and Cambridge Inter-University records in the years 1868-70 it seems to me that in that particular period Loder was outclassed.

O. and C. 1868-1870.	Event.	Loder's best record.
51 to 53 sec. . . .	Quarter-mile	His best time was 484 yards in 58 sec. = ? 52 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.
10 sec.	100 yards	10 sec.
20 ft. 8 in. to 21 ft. 3 in. . .	Long Jump	19 ft. 2 in.
5 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 5 ft. 7 in. . .	High Jump	5 ft. 1 in.

A man, however, who can run the quarter under 54 seconds and the hundred yards under 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and who can jump over 5 feet in height and over 19 feet in length, is active enough when it comes to the chase to "take the shine out of" most professional hunters and to beget a wholesome respect in natives on those occasions when great activity is required or called into play. Loder kept up his interest in athletics and to the end of his life could as a rule give you the names of the best performers with the best-known records of performances.

Of the brothers Alfred Loder attained to the highest distinction as an athlete. He was at Jesus College, Cambridge, and one of the heroes of the University in my Cambridge days. He was two years my senior, having been born in 1855, was a man of splendid physique and the champion hurdle racer of his day. At the Inter-University Sports he won the hurdles two years in succession; in 1876 he broke all records by winning the race in 16 seconds, a time never beaten until the next century and I believe only recorded twice between 1864 and 1900.¹ He was a good tennis (real tennis) player, and with a rifle on a deer forest was almost or perhaps equal to his brother Edmund as well as being a good shot with a gun. He died in 1905.

¹ Another man I knew well won the Inter-University Hurdles in the worst time recorded, Tom Milvain, a very good man with the gloves, or without them, and at one time M.P. for Durham City.

Reginald Loder, the fifth of the brothers, was also an athlete and as a boy good at the hurdles, like his brother Alfred; and good at the high jump, the long jump and the hundred yards like Edmund was before him. He won all these events at Cheam or at Eton.¹

There is little to say of Edmund's Eton days, but I might relate one amusing story he used to tell better than I can, of how he and his friends when in Lower School had been forbidden to bring in their white mice and turn them loose, and brought in something else as a substitute. They got hold of the watercress-man and, partly with bribes and partly by hustling him into Lower School amongst themselves, induced him at a given signal to call out his "Any watercreeee-a-ses." It is also said that he used to shoot sparrows with an air-gun across the street and always succeeded in avoiding detection. Whether Edmund Loder got the right amount of birching for which he rendered himself liable, history does not relate, but the story is told that his brother Alfred, having cleverly stolen the birch rod with which he had been castigated, most unfortunately for himself was so intoxicated with his success that he waved it in triumph in the street and was promptly swished again.

After leaving Eton, Loder had a short course with a tutor at Littlehampton, probably to prepare him for his Trinity Entrance examination or his Matriculation. He went up to Trinity, Cambridge, in October 1869 with Pelham. He had rooms, which subsequently I believe I knew well, in the Great Court; a very long, low sitting-room close to the Chapel with a very small bedroom. His friends do not

¹ Reginald Loder, born 1864, played in the winning House team at football when at Eton and was also in Lower Boys' winning football and cricket teams, yet was a "wet bob" (nine of the *Monarch*) and held a commission in the Eton Volunteers—the last being a great honour, as one commission only is given each year. He won, in 1893, the Running Deer and the Running Man competitions at Bisley, and both with record scores. He lives at Maidwell Hall in the Pytchley country, hunts regularly and has done some big-game shooting. He has inherited to the full the Loder love of horticulture, has a beautiful collection of shrubs and a wonderful Alpine Garden; he also takes a part in county work.

remember that he had very many books, but recollect well enough such things as his microscope and an astronomical telescope, four or five feet long, with a four-inch reflector. The Irish Question was as lively in those days as before and since. I remember distinctly the Fenian rising of 1868 and the excitement of the following years. On one occasion, Pelham relates, it being a fine starry night, Loder, as he often did, at least subsequently, carried out his telescope and mounted it on a stand in the Great Court on one of those sacred grass plots on which the undergraduate never places his foot but at the risk of 6s. 8d. a time. To the College Porter's horror (Hoppett would be his name if I remember right, for he still dwelt in the guardroom in the Gate in my time), his mind being affected by the Fenian scare, he saw something like a small cannon on that sacred ground and pointed in the direction of Trinity Chapel; muttering probably a short prayer, he screwed up his courage and crept stealthily towards the dreaded object. Loder was aware of being stalked, but continued his observations—and awaited results. The Porter drew near and at last stretched out his hand to seize the Fenian, when he realised who it was—"Mr. Loder lying on a rug and looking at stars and such like"—and drew back his hand with "Beg pardon, sir."

Loder at Cambridge continued to indulge in such studies and pursuits as appealed to him, and here his taste for natural science began to develop. He gave much of his time to astronomy, with how much aid from those attached to the Cambridge Observatory I do not know.

Besides his work at astronomy and with the microscope, he continued drawing and painting whilst at Trinity, and I think had taken up photography seriously before going down. He showed no great keenness for the orthodox classical and mathematical studies, and feeling no necessity or inclination to take up a profession went through his examinations in a more or less perfunctory way and was quite satisfied with an ordinary B.A. degree at the end of his time. Yet he was always generally busy reading up

some subject or doing something in his own way. He practised more than he played cricket, when at Cambridge, and used often to be seen at Fenner's, where he had a professional bowler to bowl to him at the nets. It was mostly in the Long Vacations that he played in matches; and it is still remembered that he made some good scores for the Brighton Etonians—a somewhat ephemeral club of which it was cruelly said “that it was neither Brighton nor Etonian,” though it promoted some very good matches in and near Brighton while it existed.

The four close friends, Loder, Pelham, Clinton Dent and Maitland, were fond of sculling and canoeing on the Cam, but I think none of them took up rowing seriously; they went for long walks together, and a walk to Ely was their substitute for penance each time Ash Wednesday came round. The four sometimes forgathered in Loder's rooms, but more often met in Sidney Street, where Dent and Maitland lodged. Maitland took high honours in two Triposes, worked hard and could not give up much time from reading to join fully in the activities of his friends, though he had similar tastes and had been a good runner.

One story survives of Loder's undergraduate days which is worth preserving. He was invited by a friend (who remains nameless) to shoot near Cambridge—we will say at Six-Mile Bottom (I have shot there myself and in those days there was no better partridge shoot in England). The invitation was accepted, but it was somewhat astonishing in the afternoon of a perfect day to be suddenly urged by his host to “run as hard as he could”—but he did as his host bade him, for his friend had at once set him the example. It was only in the excitement of being chased he discovered that his host had no shooting rights there at all, and had given him an excellent day's poaching and plenty of exercise. The host happened to be one of the best mile runners of his day, and though Loder's best distance was the quarter, he also escaped the pursuers. It is sometimes very useful to be fleet of foot.

During the Long Vacation of 1870, on August 7th,

Edmund Loder's coming of age was celebrated by a great fête at the High Beeches; "it was a pouring wet day, which spoilt everything," appears to be the only record of this important family event. Wet or fine I undertake to say that the hero of the day was better pleased to see the end of it than the beginning, but "good days and bad days all alike get over." This was an exciting time in the outside world, for the Franco-German war broke out, with British sympathies mostly on the German side; though by the time Paris had capitulated on January 28th, 1871, an event simultaneous with Bourbaki's terrible retreat into Switzerland, public opinion had commenced to change, and after May 10th, when Alsace and Lorraine had been torn out of the side of France by the Treaty of Frankfort, it may be said to have veered round.

In 1871, on August 19th, Edmund Loder's grandfather, Mr. Giles Loder, died and Mr. Robert Loder inherited a large fortune. In the following year Edmund Loder had left Cambridge and settled down at home and continued to study astronomy, which had become his chief hobby. He erected an observatory in the garden and he was supplied with a large telescope, and many a night he spent there when everyone else was asleep. This was soon followed by a larger observatory and a still more elaborate telescope, and eventually his first visit to America, to be dealt with in the next chapter, was partly prompted by his desire to see the works of the celebrated lens manufacturer, Alvan Clark. He had also become an expert with the microscope and made his own slides, and he worked hard at photography and became very proficient.

Meanwhile a rival pursuit had sprung up which was destined to play a far larger part in his life than astronomy (a science he continued to be interested in for many years, but which he gradually dropped). This was deer-stalking and what may be called its attendant science, rifle shooting.

It was in this year 1872, when he was 23 years of age, that he induced his father to take a deer forest in Ross-shire, and from that time onwards stalking was the form

of sport which delighted him most. Until the very last years of his life he never missed a season's deer-stalking, except when he was abroad ; and on every occasion which I can remember his being abroad in the deer-stalking season, he was stalking chamois or other game. The Forest of Amat and Corriemulzie was the selection of Edmund and his brother Wilfrid, who went off to find one to their taste and made a selection that the family never regretted. Amat and Corriemulzie were rented from Mr. George Ross of Pitcalnie from 1872 to 1885 (inclusive of both seasons) ; and in 1876 Mr. Loder took in addition Glen Diebidale from Sir Alexander Matheson and remained the tenant till 1885. In 1885, when these tenancies ran out, Mr. Loder rented the Forest of Glenavon in Forfarshire from the Duke of Richmond (I think), and continued the tenancy till his death in 1888. After Sir Robert's death Sir Edmund took places for himself ; Kintail Forest was taken by him and his brother Reginald.

Among Sir Edmund Loder's brothers, Mr. Sydney Loder heads the record as a deer-stalker. He was at Magdalene College, Cambridge, when his father died in 1888. Since that year he has had a deer forest every season—thirty-two seasons to date (1921)—and probably holds the record for Scotch stags, namely, 1,173 stags killed by himself and *all killed by stalking*. I asked him to give me the measurements of some of his heads which he considered the best. I give two :

(1) A 14-pointer killed in 1912.

Length of right horn	.	.	.	37 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Length of left horn	.	.	.	38 „
Beam above brow	.	.	.	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ „
Inside width between horns	.	.	.	32 „

(2) A 9-pointer killed in 1914.

Length of right horn	.	.	.	39 $\frac{5}{8}$ „
Length of left horn	.	.	.	39 $\frac{7}{8}$ „
Beam above brow	.	.	.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ „
Inside width between horns	.	.	.	35 $\frac{1}{2}$ „

Here are two of his performances with salmon—in Norway: (1) In 1883, July 4th, he killed with rod and line on the River Nansen a fish 4 ft. 5 in. in length and 29 in. in girth, weighing 54 lb.

(2) In 1898 (also on July 4th) one evening he saw only three fish, and he hooked and landed them all in this order: 30 lb. 40 lb. 35 lb. Total: 105 lb.

In one place or another reference has been made already to all the brothers except to Major Eustace Loder, whose name is probably the one with which the public is most familiar on account of his success as an owner and breeder of race-horses. This chapter will finish with a brief reference to him. He was a twin with Sydney Loder,¹ born in 1867, and was the only regular soldier of the seven brothers and served for eighteen years in the 12th Lancers. Like the rest of his family he was very fond of deer-stalking and of his gun. He rode and won in regimental races, and was a familiar figure with the Kildare, Meath and Pytchley hounds. It was, however, on the turf that he won his title to lasting fame. In 1906 he won the Derby and the Grand Prix with "Spearmint," but it was with "Pretty Polly" he made one of the greatest sensations of recent times by winning with her, a *mare* of his own breeding, the Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the Leger, the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, the Coronation Cup at Epsom and the Champion Stakes at Newmarket. This wonderful mare won for him in stakes £37,295. She has had nine foals, the best of which, so far, have been "Molly Desmond" and "Polly Flinders." As I write a two-year-old colt of hers by "Lomond" is in training and may be worth watching. But "Pretty Polly" was not a mere fluke of judgment in breeding, for Major Loder owned many good horses bred by himself and in his

¹ Sydney Loder is well known in the hunting world and hunts regularly from his place at Market Harborough. In another sphere he has made his mark, for he has been a successful philatelist. He specialised in British stamps and at the age of 16 years had the best collection in the world. In its own class his collection won three Gold Medals—in London, Vienna and Turin, and the Championship of the World in London and New York.

time won most of the important stakes. She was not the only famous mare he bred ; there is " Hammerkop," who produced, after Major Loder's death, for his nephew Major Giles Loder, the winner of last year's (1920) Derby, " Spion Kop." To breed race-horses with continual success requires not only a great knowledge of the animal but also of men. A man without judgment, or the man who is without the resolution to follow his own judgment, succeeds, if he succeeds at all, by good luck alone. And it is not only judgment as to horses and their mating which is required, but of the men to whom a stud is confided, the trainers who are to prepare horses for their career and the jockeys to ride them. Nothing must be left to chance which intelligence can direct or control. Major Eustace Loder died on July 27th, 1914.

We may now pass on to the next year, 1873, and to Edmund Loder's first visit to America.

CHAPTER V

AMERICA AND THE WILD WEST—1873, AGE 23

“ Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars.”

TENNYSON: *Ulysses*.

IN what way to present Loder's experiences and adventures abroad has been no easy question to decide. I have access to most of his diaries and to certain letters he wrote home. His earlier journals are very full, but as the years pass the entries become fewer and shorter, until his diaries contain little more than brief notes and memoranda. From these, the first journals of his travels, I have decided to quote very freely for several reasons. Events have moved so fast in the States that Loder's observations and experiences relate to a past that is quite dead, and throw light on the everyday conditions of that period in a way which is at least different to ordinary history. For instance, I intend to quote him almost in full when he relates his adventures on the prairies and his buffalo-hunting, as the time he was there may be described as the last moments before the old and oft-described life on the prairies disappeared for ever and when the new order had not yet sprung into existence. I have found the whole of the journal interesting. I shall give a sufficient variety of extracts, I hope, to entertain the reader¹ and to exhibit the versatility of Loder's mind. He shows an interest in everything, from Universities and sermons to the construction of railway cars

¹ Diaries of travel do not appeal to all readers, but many, like myself, prefer the original and unstudied relation of experiences.

and the analyses of mineral springs. Most of such matters I shall pass over, but I have reproduced such descriptions as those he gives of the sermons at Salt Lake City in order to show what he could put down from memory, as well as his impressions of a most singular religion and people. The value of his observations depends partly upon the time at which they were made, partly upon their accuracy, and partly on the fact that they record a great advance in American manners and civilisation when his account is compared with the accounts given by Charles Dickens and by other writers of an earlier period. A great deal of the ugly side of American life had disappeared. The hideous system of slavery had brought its Nemesis in the long and terrible Civil War. The blot was removed from the American flag and the fratricidal strife had other purifying results. I quote some of his references to the Indians, which sometimes show in eloquent words where his sympathies lay. The treatment of the red man by the white will always be sorry reading, and we Englishmen who were the Red Indians' friends, as long as they were useful to us, have no cause to boast over the Americans. Men of our blood made treaties with them, and the Indians set their hands to these engagements in simple trust and only learned from the white man how to break faith and how to wriggle out of solemn promises. Where I have quoted Loder's own words in the following pages I do not confine myself to his diaries, but have used on occasion sentences from his letters and notes, when they give more information or a clearer account of what he did and saw. I have in certain passages inserted sentences from a letter or other source, but have always used his own words.

On April 19th, 1873, Edmund Loder and his friend the Hon. Arthur Pelham embarked at Liverpool on board the Cunarder the s.s. *Scotia* for America. "For years," says Loder, "we had been reading and hearing of its wonders, and at last we were to see them with our own eyes." He has noted how little he could see too, and the immensity of the United States; "they would make 52 kingdoms

as large as England and 14 States as large as France." He estimates that if a train could go at the rate of a good English train it "would take six days and nights to cross the United States from New York to San Francisco," and "a steamboat can go 90 miles up the Thames, but steamers trade up the Mississippi for 2,130 miles." They were within sight of Sandy Hook at 11 p.m. on April 29th, and landed the next day, "without much trouble at the Customs—a tip of \$5 saved my large deal case from being interfered with"—the case contained their camp equipment and saddlery.

"The *Scotia* is the only paddle-steamer now crossing the Atlantic. She is a very strong and steady ship, but a very expensive one. She was burning during this voyage 160 tons of coal per diem (1,700 tons in 11 days), while many screws burn less than 70 tons. Her engines are very fine (the largest of any paddle-steamer except the *Great Eastern*), although old-fashioned; they have a 12-foot stroke and are said to have cost £80,000. The *Scotia* is 292 feet long and 2,100 tons (crew 60 and 300 passengers). Captain Lott commanding. She ran 15 knots per hour with a fair wind on April 23rd, and also on April 29th with a very light wind. The runs on these days were respectively 340 and 345 knots—her worst run was on April 25th, 190 knots.

"There was no one of any note on board, if we except George Routledge, the publisher."

They had a taste of very heavy weather, such as that which makes passengers begin to ask the officers "whether there is any fear," to which says Loder the "stern reply is" "plenty of *fear* but no danger." He and his friend are good sailors and he notes many details about "this magnificent ship—an enormous steam whistle like those on our locomotives, only ten times as large"; in fog "it is blown for about fifteen seconds in every minute night and day—most people find it impossible to sleep while the fog-whistle is going," but it did not interfere with his rest, and "I will answer for my friend Arthur Pelham, who is the best sleeper I know."

He gives a very full account of New York and describes the hotels and much else.¹ He is taken aback at the prices. "Eatables seem to be about double London prices—two chops for \$1, wine (of which we have had none) about three times our prices. Books, which I thought would be cheap here, are also dear." A fellow-passenger had paid \$30 for a pair of boots: "I suppose they were not ordinary walking boots." This is rather a nice remark: "The people are much more civil and obliging than I expected; they will always direct one at once to any place one wants to find." Such terms as "*Segar Stores*," "*Book-Bindery*" and "*Foreign and Domestic Fruit*" amuse him.

"The horses on an average seem far superior to London horses. They all look very well bred; I have not seen anything like an English cart-horse even in the heaviest drays. The horses they use are light, but are said to be very wiry and strong. They are nearly all in first-rate condition. Very few of the carriage horses have collars, and their tails are allowed to grow right down to the ground."

After descriptions of all they saw and did and of those people to whom they had introductions and from whom they received much kindness and counsel, he ends his entries at New York with:

"We had lunch at Brooklyn—steak for two, fried potatoes and four glasses of lager beer for 75 cents.

"We went to the Chestnut Street Theatre this evening and saw Robert McWade in *Rip Van Winkle*. His acting was fair, that of the others moderate. We were amused at seeing the sign of the Inn before his sleep was a portrait of George III, afterwards of George Washington."²

¹ "You pay by the day, 12s. to £1 a day. Almost all American hotels have a fine hall, often with marble pillars and floors, and fitted with seats all round the walls. In these halls large numbers of townspeople congregate about 7 or 8 o'clock at night to smoke and talk over the news of the day, and I am sorry to say to chew tobacco and spit."

² Some things he admires seem strange ones now. "Some of the stores here (Philadelphia) are splendid. We went into one like Verity's in Regent Street, where we saw the most splendid gas chandeliers I ever looked at—*hundreds* of them."

"I am very much astonished by the Americans themselves; in the tramway and railway cars very few are what we should call gentlemen in England, but the people met are universally quiet and well behaved. Smoking is not allowed in any of the cars and no *spitting* by the commonest . . . they make no noise and are seldom talking."

Subsequently, after further experience, he writes :

"Of the regular Yankees with the well-known nasal twang I met very few. In the saloon or on the deck of a Cunard steamship, one sees perhaps more of America's lounging class than can be met on any other spot of the world. An American in America is generally a very pleasant fellow. It is true that in many points his habits and views may differ from ours in a manner very shocking to our insular prejudice, but meet him with fair allowance for the fact that there may be two sides to a question and that a man may not take a bath every morning and yet be a very good fellow—and in nine cases out of ten you will find him most agreeable: a little inquisitive perhaps to know your peculiar belongings, but equally ready to impart to you the details of every item connected with his business. He will very likely call you 'Captain' or 'Colonel' and expect you to do the same to him. At present and for many years to come it is and will be a safe method of beginning any observation to a Western American with 'I say, General,' and on no account ever get below the rank of field officer when addressing anybody holding a socially smaller position than that of a bar-keeper. . . . There are not many commandments strictly adhered to in the United States, but had there ever existed a 'Thou shalt not tub' the obedience rendered to it would have been delightful. . . . 'I would like,' said an American gentleman to an English traveller, 'I would like to show you round our city and will call for you at the hotel.' 'Thank you,' said the Englishman; 'I have only to take a bath, and will be ready in half an hour.' '*Take a bath!*' answered the American. 'Why, you ain't sick, air you?'"

Loder quotes in full the description of Washington in

Dickens's *American Notes* as at least partially applicable when he was there, some thirty years later.¹

At Washington they had letters of introduction to Fish, Secretary of State, Bancroft Davis, Under-Secretary of State, and to Delano, Secretary of the Interior, and Loder describes all they saw with this official help. They are at the Ebbett Hotel, where he remarks: "We are waited on at meals entirely by coloured gentlemen; they do their work exceedingly well and quietly." *A propos* of the Capitol, after noting how dazzlingly bright it is in the sunshine, he says, "whilst the 400 feet dome is made of stone, that of St. Paul's Cathedral is of wood covered with lead."

"We went into a railway office to inquire about a train and had a long conversation with the man there, who had been all through the wars serving in the Southern army. He seemed to think that if they could have got a few more gunboats besides the *Alabama* the result of the war would have been different. He did not think much of a Yankee or of Yankee fighting, and said that if the Americans were to go to war with a foreign power the Southerners would have to do all the fighting. Talking about the small progress the Yankees are making against the Modoc Indians, he said the troops were very demoralised and 'Show a Yankee a dollar and he will go up to his neck in filth to get it.'"

"In the evening (being a Sunday) we went to the Church of the Epiphany in G. Street, which is called an Episcopalian church. The service was almost the same as in the author-

¹ "Take the worst parts of the City Road and Pentonville, preserving all their oddities, but especially the small shops and dwellings, occupied there (but not in Washington) by furniture-brokers, keepers of poor eating-houses and fanciers of birds. Burn the whole down; build it up again in wood and plaster; widen it a little; throw in part of St. John's Wood; put green blinds outside all the private houses, with a red curtain and a white one in every window; plough up all the roads; plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it ought *not* to be; erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble, anywhere, but the more entirely out of everybody's way the better; call one the Post Office, one the Patent Office, and one the Treasury; make it scorching hot in the morning, and freezing cold in the afternoon, with an occasional tornado of wind and dust; leave a brick-field without the bricks, in all central places where a street may naturally be expected; and that's Washington."

ised English Prayer Book ; a few prayers were different and they sang part of the ciii Psalm after the second lesson. We had a charity sermon preached by a clergyman not belonging to this church. . . . The clergyman of the church added a few words afterwards. Both sermons were extempore. The collection was entirely made in paper money."

"Davis gave us a letter to General Sherman, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. Besides being a splendid soldier and a perfect gentleman he is a most agreeable man. He behaved in the kindest possible way to us. We had a most interesting conversation with him about the late war. . . . He showed us maps of the campaign drawn by his own hand and gave us advice as to our tour in Virginia. He kindly told us that if we were going to hunt buffalo on the plains and wanted any horses or assistance from any of the military posts, he would be happy to write a letter to the commanding officer of any of the posts. Our names must, however, come to him through our minister, so he advised us to call on Sir Edward Thornton." (They obtained all they wanted in this direction, as will appear.)

"Washington seems to be a deadly lively kind of a place. . . ."

"This evening we went to see a piece performed at the Opera House called *The Prairie Scouts* in which Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack appear in their own characters. Some of it was exceedingly amusing. Three times in the course of the evening Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack turn up just at the right time and kill the *same* 16 Indians between them."

One day when Loder had been out hunting in England his neighbour Mr. Hubbard had enticed him into a promise to visit his nephew, whom he said was farming with a Mr. Arthur Moorsom near Gainesville. At no time was it easy to extract a promise out of Loder, but once made, or indeed when less than half a promise, he left no stone unturned to fulfil it. With a great deal of trouble they got to Gainesville and then had to walk miles on a shocking road, which they could not leave on account of the density of the woods on either side. On arriving Hubbard was not there, but had gone to England !

"Moorsom (with whom Hubbard had been) gave us some lunch and talked about his farm. He says the ground is a good deal washed out; they used to grow tobacco here, but not since slaves have been done away with. They have also taken crop after crop of wheat and of maize out of the land, without putting anything into it—it still, however, grows very good crops. He is trying to get his farm all down to grass as he is so near to Washington and Baltimore, where there is a great demand for dairy produce. He kindly drove us over to Gainesville in his buggy. This did not help us in point of time, as we could walk faster than he could drive."

And to Loder's "horror" they missed their train, and attempted to walk on to Manassas Junction to catch another one, 9 miles to go in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours on the railway track.

"It is only a single track, they do not cover the sleepers and the space between is half filled with large and sharp stones . . . the ground on either side was quite impracticable. We tried our best all the way and it was the hardest walk I ever took."

They lost the race by a few minutes, and were held up at Manassas for 30 hours. Here are their experiences there :

"Manassas is a wretched place with 500 inhabitants, many of them blacks, 70 houses and 60 dogs. The station consists of a wretched inn, two bar rooms and a store room. At 6 p.m. we had something to eat which they called '*supper*.' We were disturbed by a row in the passage above and went up and saw a man called Will Rowdy, all over blood, struggling with a man, whom we found out was his father. It appears that Will Rowdy had been drinking and had quarrelled with a man named Peat and had begun to fight, when the father interfered. . . . Rowdy, after a violent struggle, got free and rushed wildly about looking for Peat, who had wisely retired. He rushed up some stairs and then turned back and hit the barman, who was standing by, a terrific blow on the eye, cutting it severely. Rowdy then turned down the stairs towards the supper room and looked in there to see if he could find Peat, and then came

right at me, as I was standing on one of the lower stairs. I thought he intended to pay me the same compliment as he had the barman, so I stood quite still and looked at him and said 'You had better not hit me'—he looked at me and rushed on. We went back to '*supper*,' but were again disturbed by his rushing into the room. . . . All the men there seemed to be afraid of him, he seems to be a desperate character; he killed a man with a pistol only last autumn, and yet he is out of prison now. I was told it cost his father a power of money to get him out!! . . . The conversation about him at supper was instructive enough; all seemed to agree that he ought to be shot as he was a disgrace to the place, and several said they would kill him if he interfered with them."

The next day he notes :

"We heard this morning that Rowdy had finished up last night by quarrelling with two more men and that in the last fight he got a real good licking."

In my experience of such society, the Will Rowdys are almost always "put down" as nuisances; it is the common fate of rowdy dogs too. Some years ago I was looking at a very good foxhound in the kennels and said to the huntsman, "Does Crowner often behave like that?" as the hound marched backwards and forwards through the pack with his heckles up growling and spoiling for a fight. "Yes, he's always like that, and it is a certainty they'll kill him," replied the huntsman. A few weeks after they not only killed him, but ate him!

Loder notices a war cemetery close to Manassas: "Several battles were fought near Gainesville and Manassas Junction."

"There is a very large and beautiful cemetery here where 56,000 [he queries the correctness of the figure given to him] Confederate soldiers were buried." He describes all the pretty views and what he saw at Richmond, he notes that a good many of the shopkeepers are Englishmen

and, as he often does, gives his hotel bill ; here is one as a sample :

	\$
Board one day and two meals	5.00
Ale (2 glasses)	50
Expenses	75
Hack (2 persons, 2 hours)	3.50
Omnibus, 2 persons and baggage	50
	<hr/> 10.25

They visit the battle-fields :

“ The country all around is like a vast deserted camp, being covered with long lines of earthworks and crumbling forts. Driving down the Jerusalem plank road we reached the two forts which we so often saw mentioned in the papers at the time of the war, Fort Hell and Fort Damnation. The former, properly called Fort Sledwick, was one of the most advanced points of the United States lines. The two armies were here so near together that the men could talk to one another from behind their covers and, a mutual agreement not to fire having occasionally been made, tobacco, sugar and coffee would be exchanged—after which the men would retire to their picket lines and active hostilities would be resumed.”

Does not this call up memories of certain incidents in the late war and even more those of the last war with the Boers in South Africa—those Sundays when the British poured down from their positions and spent the day with their then “ enemies ” and making their exchanges, to resume the fight at midnight ?

“ We next visited the Crater, a huge hole in the ground. It *was* a Confederate battery, which a Federal regiment undertook to blow up. With great difficulty, an underground passage nearly 800 feet long was constructed so as to get under the fort, and this was charged with 320 kegs of powder, each containing 25 lb.—8,000 lb. in all. The mine was exploded in the early morning of July 30th, 1864. The explosion was tremendous ; the pit formed by it is still about 200 feet long, 50 feet wide and 25 feet deep. This

mine was no use to the Federals, but a very large number of men on both sides lost their lives. There are still lots of holes to be seen where shells have exploded."

"It is a small town, built on a very hilly piece of ground, some parts of the town being divided from the rest by very deep gullies—with muddy streets and a good many nasty smells . . . an immense quantity of tobacco is manufactured . . . there are more black people than whites."

"Walked to Montecello, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the residence of the late Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence and the founder of the University of Virginia. From the top of the hill on which the house is built we got a very fine view. The house is in a dilapidated condition. In the evening (Sunday) we attended a service in a large room in the University building, and on walking back saw a congregation of blacks. We went in and heard a sermon preached by a black. He ranted a good deal and I could not follow him in his arguments at all."

"Called on Dr. Cabell (at the University) and he offered to show us over the University buildings. . . . From the top of the Dome of the Library there is a fine view of the Blue Ridge. At 12 o'clock we had lunch with Dr. Cabell and met a Dr. Parry of Philadelphia there. It was not easy to get a full account of the University out of Dr. Cabell, although I asked him a good many questions. There are now about 350 students, before the war there were upwards of 600. We heard that the men who have graduated in Medicine here are a good deal thought of in all parts of the State. Dr. Parry did not quite understand how they could teach medicine here properly as Charlottesville is a very small place and has no hospital."

"Saw a man brought into gaol with his arms tied; he had been caught horse stealing and had been locked up, but had broken out, and now has been caught again horse stealing."

"We started (from Goschen) at 5.30 for Lexington by stage coach. The road is very bad and the stage has no springs, but is suspended by strong leather straps. This kind of travelling is well described by Dickens in his *American Notes*; the bumping and pitching is sometimes tremendous. At 8 o'clock we arrived at Rockbridge Baths (11 miles). We stopped here a few minutes and were

treated to some whisky and water by two young fellows who were travelling by the stage. The scenery up to this point is very fine; the road passes through the Goschen Pass, which is very much like Killiecrankie. There were lots of rhododendrons, but they were not in bloom yet. . . . At 11.30 we got to Lexington," and there they went supperless to bed.

"Lexington, May 14th.—This morning we went to call on General Lee, to whom we had letters. . . . He came into the town with us and to the Livery stables. We then hired two horses and after lunch rode to the Natural Bridge 15 miles . . . the Bridge is very fine. At first one does not realise its grand height. It is 180 feet from the water to the inside of the arch, 227 feet to the road, 80 feet span and 80 feet wide. The river runs along between very steep rocks. . . . The Bridge is on private property and we paid 50 cents each. There are some very fine *Lignum* and *Arbor Vitæ* trees near the Natural Bridge. In riding we saw a great many birds with beautiful colours, and in coming back I shot a rabbit in the leg with my little Deringer. . . . We enjoyed our ride very much, but do not like the saddles and the stirrups of the country."

"Lexington, May 15th.—Went to call on General Lee, who is President of the Washington and Lee Institute and son of the old General Lee, who is buried here. We met General Lee as he was coming to call upon us. He took us over part of the Military Institute of Virginia, which was burnt down during the war. The students were playing baseball, which is the great game here. General Lee offered us some lunch, but seemed doubtful whether he could give us much as his sister was away and he a lonely bachelor. He, however, produced two very good pint bottles of champagne and one of sherry, some tinned lobster and sardines and bread and butter."

They take the stage back through the Goschen Pass, but the stage breaks down and they pass the night at Milboro. The next day they go to Warm Springs by stage; they try their luck there shooting, but with little result: "the ground is covered with dry crisp leaves and small dead twigs so that I had no chance of coming upon a deer. I walked away for hours, but the weather

was pleasant and I got some very pretty views." One of these he thinks is like the "view from the top of Sgaith Crome, Perthshire, only there are no lakes here. I prefer the Scotch view. . . . I saw scarcely any small birds at all of any kind." He gives a full account of the springs, the Warm Springs, the Hot Springs, the Healing Springs; he samples them, takes their temperatures carefully with his own thermometer and gives the analysis in some cases. These springs are separated by distances of from three to five miles; the trouble he took to inform himself about them is so characteristic that I have thought it worth noting. He came across a puzzle which he did not solve till he reached San Francisco when he had his own thermometer tested by the American standard, e.g.:

"While at the Hot Springs to-day I tried the temperature of some of the springs—the thermometer was in what they call the warmest about 15 minutes, and rose to 103° F.; they call this one 108° F. When I arrived at the Healing Springs I tried the temperature of one of the Springs and found it 83° F.; the thermometer was left in $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour."

I was amused at the following entry, for I never knew Loder take a hot drink at any time; he is sampling the water of a warm (not a hot) spring:

"I let the water cool down before I drank it—it has not much taste."

He stayed at Healing Springs and was the first visitor of the season, found the landlord very obliging and civil and pays \$4 for two dinners, one supper, one breakfast and his room; and as he did not feel well after his labours and samplings had a wood fire lighted in his room. He had left Pelham behind, at Warm Springs. He reads over his fire.

"I asked the landlord to lend me a book—he kindly borrowed one from one of his friends. It is the *Life of*

General R. E. Lee by John Esten Cooke. I have been much interested with it; it is worth anyone's while to read it [no doubt he read it through that evening and remembered, too, all that interested him in it]. The landlord here had five brothers in the Southern army; one died, one was wounded, none were killed in battle; he himself having a mail contract was exempted from service."

Loder whilst waiting for Pelham visits "The Cascades."

"They are very pretty indeed, the rocks on each side are very fine, cedars and rhododendrons grow out from between the rocks. The body of water is not large, not so large as in the West Burn at Auchlyne after a spate. While sitting quite still on a rock watching the falls I saw a humming-bird hover over a flower *just exactly* as a humming-bird moth does. In fact I thought it was a large moth at first until it settled on a branch of a tree within 20 feet of me. It seemed a little smaller in the body than the smallest gold-crested wren and was of a light slate colour. I could see no *bright* colours on it. About a quarter of an hour afterwards a second humming-bird made its appearance and hovered over the same flower that the first had sucked out of. It then darted to a flower growing out of the rock, less than a yard from my side; it only remained an instant and then flashed out of sight. I had time, however, to see that this was a very beautiful bird—all its feathers seemed to be like the wings of the diamond beetle and I think its head was marked with red. It seemed a trifle larger than the first."

Pelham joins him and they drive on to Corington and then to Staunton. He describes the journey and scenery; of Corington he remarks that it is a "very small" city "with streets very much ploughed up" where he saw "some boys tilting at a ring."

"There is a nice park with Virginian deer in it. The new City Hall which is now nearly finished will be a very fine building indeed. . . . In the evening we went to a

theatre, just opposite the City Hall, and saw a piece called *The Angels of the Prairie*. The plot is founded on fact; the lawless deeds of a family of the name of Lowery. There was a great deal of pistol shooting, as in the *Scouts of the Prairies*, at Washington."

"Made a mess in hiring a hack and had to pay \$4½ for carrying us from the Ferry to the Post Office and round to the Westminster Hotel."

"In the evening we went to a theatre in Broadway called 'Wallacks' to see Southern act as Lord Dundreary. I had seen him act before, but not in this character. I did not believe it was the same man. The play was very successful."

At New York they finish their preparations for the West; having tried all over the town for cartridges for their English revolvers in vain, they have to buy new ones, "about \$35 each—we think they are first-rate," and then they took their tickets (\$79.90 each) to Denver via Albany, Niagara, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City.

Loder describes all he did and saw at Niagara in detail. His great surprise with the falls and rapids was to find them *pretty*. He expected them to be grand and imposing, but not pretty. He gives the story of the Irishman: "Pat," said an American to a staring Irishman, lately landed, "did you ever see such a fall as that in the old country?" "Begorra! I niver did; but look here now? why shouldn't it fall? What's to hinder it from falling?"

On May 27th he notes that

"Terrapin Tower was removed a few days ago as it was not safe. The brother of the proprietor of the Hotel (International) took me to see a very fine pair of elk horns [I think at this time Loder always uses the American name "elk" for "wapiti"].¹ They are the finest horns I have yet seen; \$75 were given for them."

¹ Wapiti (*Cervus canadensis typicus*). Sir Edmund Loder afterwards possessed some magnificent wapiti heads; one of these was a 17-pointer with an extreme width from horn to horn of 61 inches and from tip to tip of 53 inches. Another 13-pointer measured 64½ inches in length of outside curve of horn. The latter heads the list of Rowland Ward's Records (1914).

At Chicago: "Yesterday it was 87° F. in the shade at noon, and at 3 p.m. it was 35° F. Last year on one day it was 102° F. in the morning and 45° F. at 4 p.m. We bought 6 lb. of Oriental gunpowder, and some revolver cartridges. Pelham also bought a Winchester repeating rifle for \$44. . . . They are building very fast, but many buildings are standing just as the fire left them and in these streets there are *very* large gaps."

He was at Chicago about twenty months after the fire and gives many particulars of it. It broke out, he says, on October 8th, 1871; 10,000 houses were destroyed, including houses built as fire-proof, but "even they could not resist the heat five minutes," and nearly 1,000 people lost their lives; "nearly 200 miles of new streets have been rebuilt and these in the most solid and substantial manner; and the hotels are the largest and the finest in the world." He thinks Chicago must be the first business town in the world, and he puts down the annual export of grain at 70 millions of bushels and of cattle at three million head.

"Some of the streets are untidy and dirty. We went by car to the Botanical Gardens, a little way out of the town. There is a fine Arboretum, but there are not enough labels on the trees." They cross the river by the ferry; "the Bridge is a long way from finished."

For the days following their arrival at Kansas City, which they left on June 1st, I shall give a much fuller quotation of Loder's account of his experiences whilst buffalo-hunting, for he and Arthur Pelham must have been among the last Englishmen to hunt the American bison on these prairies.¹

¹ The American "buffalo" is of course not a buffalo, but a bison (*Bos bison*). There are two forms of the bison in America, the Prairie Bison (*Bos bison*) and the Wood Bison (*Bos bison athabascæ*). The latter variety is found in the forest mountain regions of the North-West and is a larger animal than the one of the plains. The American bison is a not very distant relation of the European bison or "Aurochs"; in general character the two races resemble each other, but the European bison (*Bos bonasus*) stands higher, does not fall away so much behind

The prairies, the Red Indians and the buffaloes were soon to vanish for ever from these plains, and they were witnesses of one of the last scenes in this tragedy of "civilisation."

"The Kansas Pacific Railroad runs from Kansas City to Denver, which is at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of 650 miles, and for the whole of this distance it has prairie on all sides of it—one vast grass field. The grassy plains or prairies extend some 700 miles from east to west and some 1,000 miles from south to north, far into the British Possessions.¹

"Only those who have been alone on the prairie can realise that never-ending vision of sky and grass with a dim

and has a less full and shaggy neck and shoulder "mane" than the American bison. The American bison has peculiar eye-sockets like truncated cylinders. The only remaining region where the "Aurochs" is found in its primitive state is in the Caucasus. Previous to the war (1914) the "Aurochs" was protected in Lithuania, and this form was slightly different to the Caucasian one; it is extremely doubtful if any of the Lithuanian herds remain. I read in European newspapers in 1920 that the Bolsheviks had them shot down for food and exterminated them. The Caucasian herds may have suffered during and since the war in a similar way. Previous to 1914 the "Aurochs" was "Imperial" game throughout the Russian Empire. There are specimens of the "Aurochs" at Woburn in the Park, and I have also seen specimens at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens and believe there are one or two still there. It may be observed that "Aurochs" as a name is no more applicable, scientifically, to the European bison than "buffalo" is to the American bison. The Indian bison is not scientifically a bison but an ox, but will always be called a bison, just as the Americans will continue always to call their bison a buffalo and as we shall persist in calling the European bison an "Aurochs."

¹ "At this time (1873)," writes the Hon. Arthur Pelham, "there was a tract of land apparently nearly dead level, but gradually rising from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains and occasionally crossed by shallow streams running from west to east. Roughly speaking this tract was 800 miles N. to S. and 600 from E. to W., and it was chiefly inhabited by large herds of buffalo (bison) with a few hundred Indians. The smaller animals comprised wolves, coyotes, prairie dogs, also there were rattlesnakes. The wapiti (called elk by the Americans) were only to be found in the north-western part of the prairie. The buffalo wintered as far south as Texas and in the spring travelled slowly north, retiring in the autumn to their southern winter quarters." (Mr. Pelham has omitted the Prong-horn Antelope in his list of prairie animals, probably taking the fact as common knowledge.)

and ever-shifting horizon—it is a vast sea of grass, now level and low, now undulating and ocean-like in everything except motion—sometimes sandy and barren and at others putting forth tall grass with almost tropical luxuriance.

“Two wild creatures have made this grassy ocean their home, the Indian and the buffalo. The history of both is sad. Back into ages at whose birth we can only guess, back into that dim night which hangs for ever over all we know or shall know of early America—‘the time before the white man came’—this prairie was here when the stones of the Pyramids were yet unhewn, here as it is to-day, treeless, storm-swept and desolate. Over the grassy ocean of the West there has moved from time immemorial a restless tide. Backwards and forwards, now north now south, wandered millions on millions of dusky buffalo.¹

“At last the white man came and the scene was changed ; human life scattered over a vast area, animal life counted by tens of millions take a long time to destroy, and it is only *now* that the long struggle of the wild dwellers of the wilderness may be said to have reached its closing hour. It is no mere fancy to class together the Red man and the buffalo. The buffalo was the Indian’s only friend. Its skin made him a tent, its robe a blanket and a bed, its undressed hide a boat, its short curved horn a powder flask, its meat his daily food, its sinew a string for his bow, its leather a lariat for his horse, a saddle, bridle, rein and bit. Its tail formed an ornament for his tent, its inner skin a book in which to sketch the brave deeds of his life, the ‘medicine robe’ of his history. House, boat, food, bed and covering—every want from infancy to age and after life had passed ; wrapt in his buffalo-robe the red man slept the sleep of death.

“Early in the morning of the second day in the train (from Kansas City) we were in sight of the Rocky Mountains ;

¹ Loder told me that even up to about 1872, during the migrations north in the spring, and south in the autumn, of the “great herd,” it was calculated that in the dense masses that blackened the whole of a horizon there would be from half a million to a million buffalo in sight at one time. I once saw a mass of what I calculated to be about 17,000 hartebeeste, wildebeeste and zebra together on the Kapiti Plains in British East Africa, and this wonderful sight is but one-fiftieth, or less, of what the prairie gave on occasion.—A. E. P.

straight ahead was Gray's Peak—away to the right Long's Peak, and ninety miles away, but looking quite close, rises Pike's Peak glittering splendidly in the morning sun. We had come into prairie country soon after leaving Kansas City and into buffalo grass after leaving Ellis. About half-way between Kansas City and Denver, looking out of the window of the car, I saw my first buffalo, a single old bull. We were quite close to Buffalo Station, so we decided to get out there. Before stopping I asked the conductor how large a place Buffalo was; he said I should find a family there. I asked '*only one?*' and he said, 'Only one; you will find some hunters there.' This station, like many of the prairie stations, was nothing more than a pumping station with a well 120 feet deep, with a water tank for the engines. A man of the name of Jem Thompson lived here with his wife, baby and sister, who sleep in a small plank shed—they live, cook and eat meals in a railway car, which has been drawn off the track—everybody (i.e. at Buffalo City) has meals in this car. This man has charge of the pump, which was worked by an old blind mare. There is also a telegraph signal office and clerk, and a small store. In a small hut close by were quartered a sergeant and five soldiers to protect the station from Indians. There are also three men who hunt for a man named Kay Hall, who live in dug-outs. Thompson employs three men to hunt for him; they go out for three or four days at a time; he provides them with a waggon, provisions and ammunition, and they hunt buffalo and bring in the skins to him. When we arrived these hunters had been away only three hours. As they were away we slept in their tent. A man who works for Thompson slept in this tent with us; Pelham and I sleep in one wide bed on one side and he sleeps on the other. The bed consists of several blankets laid on the ground and one to cover over. Close by the station there are large stacks of dried hides; these had all been brought in quite recently. An old man, a tanner, lives in a tent in the middle of the hide stacks. The three hunters had killed between 2,000 and 3,000 buffalo during the last two months. They only take the skins and leave the carcasses to rot on the plains. The hunters when they see a herd stalk it, and as they are generally good shots usually manage to kill one dead. When a buffalo falls *to a stalk* the rest of the herd as a rule stand

round smelling at the body ; the hunters then kill as many as they can. A single man sometimes kills a great many at one stand. Kay Hall told me that a short time ago he killed 40 buffalo in 8 or 10 minutes—he fired about 60 shots ; they were about 200 yards off. Some men have killed 70 at a stand. One man killed 1,500 in six weeks.¹

“The Americans here use Sharp’s rifles (an American make) almost entirely.

“It is this slaughter of buffalo which makes the Indian so angry and creates such a bad feeling between the red and the white man.

“Tuesday, June 3rd.—Hired a team of two mules and a waggon from one of Kay Hall’s hunters. Pelham and I, accompanied by Thompson, who rode a pony, set off to see if we could find them [i.e. Jem Thompson’s hunters, who had started the day before]. Not far from the station we came to a prairie-dog village ; the first animals we saw after this were antelopes² ; they have hollow horns like oxen ; they are very difficult to get at in the open plains, but are very inquisitive and many a one has been allured within distance by a very simple dodge. The hunter lies down as flat as possible and waves a flag, made by tying a piece of red cloth to his ramrod. An antelope wondering what the new object is comes nearer and nearer till at last the hunter jumps up and gets a fair shot before the animal has recovered from his surprise. ‘Flagging antelopes’ has been done so often here that it very seldom succeeds now. The next animal was a skunk, which came skuttling across in front of us. I fired at it with my revolver at about

¹ When I had a place in B.E.A. (Kitanga, Mua Hills) I had a neighbour named Werner, who with his son were always shooting the zebra which invaded his farm. I used to watch them from my place and hardly ever saw them shoot except near their crops within a few hundred yards of their house. He told me that he had killed 800 in eight months and could make no impression on them—he sold me his place in consequence and went back to South Africa. But this gives me some idea of what the figure 1,500 buffalo in six weeks means—it is at the rate of a thousand a month and over 33 a day.—A. E. P.

² Antelope—the Prong-horn or Prongbuck (*Antilocapra americana*) represents a separate family ; unlike true antelopes they shed their horns (every year), and unlike the Bovidae their horns are forked. The females as a rule are hornless or carry very rudimentary horns. A good head will carry horns from 14 to 15 inches long on the outside curve, but over 20 inches has been recorded.—A. E. P.

30 yards' distance and killed it, but not instantly, so I could not take the beautiful skin—one whiff at a distance of 20 yards gave me a sufficient warning.

"It is not at all safe to go about the plains in small parties; Indians may turn up at any moment.¹ The red man has been very badly treated and is always ready for revenge. Only a month or two before our arrival a band of Indians fell on a hunter and his wife and another hunter; the two men were found scalped, but the woman is supposed to have been carried off alive. I heard about it from the brother of one of the murdered men, who came to the station, and from his own lips.

"In the afternoon we came across a single old bull buffalo, and not at all unlikely to have been the very one I saw from the train—the first I ever saw. We crawled up to him, as he was feeding in a little hollow. Pelham won the toss and fired at him at about 180 yards. He misjudged the distance a little and the ball struck the ground below. As he turned to gallop off I gave him a ball in the hind leg at about 200 yards. Pelham fired again and I think hit him, but I do not think that at that distance his Winchester rifle would do much harm. I also fired again and missed [Loder was shooting with a Westley Richards Express rifle].² This made him very lame, but still he could go faster than we could on foot, so Thompson rode after him on his pony and galloped alongside of him, firing into his shoulder all the bullets he had for his rifle and then all but six he had for his revolver—these he kept in case Indians came along. The bull had now been hit by some 25 bullets large and small, but showed no intention of dying, but

¹ Mr. Pelham was on foot one day, some miles from the station, and suddenly saw a band of Indians on horseback on the horizon with their rifles glittering in the sun; he lay down flat on the ground and they did not see him, and soon after disappeared out of sight, much to his relief.

² "At Chicago," says Loder elsewhere, "Pelham bought one of the Winchester repeating rifles." I have seen one of them in Reilly's shop in Oxford Street (not the Reilly at 502). These rifles look very nice, but they are heavy and weigh about 11 lb.—the magazine holds 16 shots; the bore is .44 and they take a rim cartridge, a little larger than my revolver cartridges, but not nearly so large as the cartridge for Colt's pistols. They do well enough for anything but buffalo; the hide on a buffalo bull's neck is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. Of his own rifle, the Westley Richards Express, Loder says after he had had experience of it, "I like my rifle very much."

stood still, snorted and looked very savage indeed. I went to Thompson's assistance as fast as possible and at about 100 yards took a steady shot and he fell dead. He was a very fine bull, about 8 or 9 years old. We skinned him, took his tenderloin, tongue and hump, and cut off his head and tail. The head I sent to Denver to be stuffed.

"Wednesday, June 4th.—I got up early and saw 31 buffalo feeding towards the station; they were then about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles off, E., and about 300 yards from the track. I got on to Thompson's pony and rode down [the line] $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, tied her to a telegraph pole, crawled out on to the prairie and waited till they fed up to me. Distances here are most deceiving—when a buffalo is 100 yards off he looks as if he was treading on you. It is rather startling when a herd comes on towards you. I waited till they seemed to be almost upon me, but I believe they were a hundred yards off. I whistled low to make them stop and then picked out a big one which gave me a good broadside. I fired and struck the shoulder rather too high, but the Express bullet did its work well, for he separated from the herd at once . . . and fell dead in 200 yards. The rest of the herd ran N., then turned W. and then S.W. and came within a few hundred yards of the Station. Everyone turned out and I heard dozens of shots fired, but only one buffalo was killed. . . . Later on in the day four bulls made their appearance to the west, feeding towards the Station. Pelham went along the track and lay down, I went to the north and did ditto. Kay Hall went in the centre with his 16 lb. Sharp rifle. Instead of letting them feed up to within 100 yards, as they certainly would have, he fired at 250 yards, struck a bull rather too high and broke his shoulder. I fired at the largest bull of the four and wounded him severely. The first wounded bull ran about a quarter of a mile and then lay down and died. Pelham went after the bull I had wounded, but could not get up with him. There is a young buffalo calf here which was caught about a month ago. It is quite tame and runs about with two ordinary calves, but is much tamer than they are." In a letter home Loder says, "Ask Papa if he would like a buffalo calf; they get very gentle and tame and yet they look such ferocious animals."

"Thursday, June 5th.—I got up early again and spied

a herd of 17 bulls about three miles off, E., not far from the track, also 150 far off, S.E. . . . I had to walk $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles before I got up to them. I shot one and wounded another, which I did not get. . . . At dinner-time we saw 5 bulls, S., feeding towards the Station. Pelham went out . . . he hit one pretty hard, but it did not stop.

"Friday, June 6th.—Got up early again and spied a herd about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles off feeding away from the Station, E., and a short distance from the track. . . . I got up with them at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. I shot from the track and killed one and wounded another. . . . If I could have followed it for an hour or two I think I would have got it, but as it was going away from the Station and I had not had any breakfast I let it go. After breakfast I had a sail in the sail-car; we did not go very fast as the wind was light, but they have run from the next station—15 miles—in 26 minutes and also up to 45 miles an hour."

Loder had now had about enough of this moderate sort of sport, though later, buffalo were to afford them more excitement when hunted from horseback. In one place he says :

"It is not bad fun, but one soon gets tired of it as the ground is not suited for stalking, and it is only because the brutes are half blind that one can get up to them. Antelopes are very hard to stalk."

I have quoted very fully as I do not know where else is a correct and unvarnished story of this kind of hunting. Loder's account of this will check any exaggerated ideas of the sport. He continues :

"I determined I would go on to Denver by the 5.20 p.m. train, as I have killed enough buffalo, leaving Pelham behind to follow me when he has killed a bull."

In a subsequent entry he records :

"On the 19th June Pelham shot a very fine bull—the head he sent to Denver to be stuffed, and it is said to be a better one than mine."

Pelham did not rejoin Loder till June 25th at San Francisco. Loder's best Prairie Bison head gives a horn measurement of $16\frac{1}{8}$ inches in length, $15\frac{7}{8}$ inches in circumference and $25\frac{3}{4}$ inches from tip to tip between the horns—as to strength of horn this must be near the record.

“While I was at Buffalo City a great many Emigrant trains passed by, quite half a dozen, on their way west. Some were going to settle in Colorado. I was told a great many came back again. The mosquitoes have bitten me terribly. We did not see any Indians, but heard of them at 35 miles distance both S.E. and N.W. There are a great many antelope on the plains, but I never got near one.”

He arrived at Denver the next morning (June 7th) at 7.30.

“When I got up this morning we were still on level prairie, but more sandy and not so green as that round Buffalo. Last evening we saw several antelope, and people shot at them with revolvers from the train. We saw no buffalo. About 30 miles from Denver we came in sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak and I believe Gray's Peak looking quite close although the former is some 80 miles off. The scenery this morning with the sun in the east was something splendid. . . .”

He goes to the gunmaker to whom he had sent his buffalo head.

“In his shop I saw two Ute Indians—they were dressed in true Indian costume; one of them had vermilion painted on his cheeks; both were short men with wide noses, not at all handsome. Gore [the gunmaker] said that he had twice sent word to the stuffer, who lived 3 miles away, to come for the head. . . . He then had the cheek to tell me that it was a fine head and would be worth \$40 when stuffed, and that if I had not come to-day he would have had it thrown into the river, as it stunk! But he bent my Express bullet mould into shape and charged

nothing—a man at Buffalo who cast 150 bullets for me had bent it.

“I have made friends with a gunmaker of the name of M. L. Rood in F Street. . . . I met a hunter in his shop who knew the country about Hall’s Gulch. . . . He thought that game was scarce round Hall’s Gulch as there are many mining camps up there. He said that there were bear to be found in Red Mountain to the N.W. of the twin lakes.

“In Denver there seem to be a good many Chinese—most of those I noticed take in washing and ironing. It was at Denver that I first saw any quantity of Indians. There were great numbers of them in the town while I was there; they were mostly Utes. No Indians like white men, who have taken away their hunting grounds and ploughed them up and who are fast destroying the buffalo. . . . Every time a red man sees a rotting carcass on the plains he mutters a curse on the white man in his heart, for he well knows when the buffalo is gone his own end is not very far off. ‘What shall we do?’ said a young Sioux warrior to an American officer on the Upper Missouri, some years ago, ‘what shall we do, the buffalo is our only friend? When he goes all is over with the Dacotahs. I speak thus to you because you, like me, are a Brave.’ The Utes gave a good deal of trouble while the Pacific Railway was being built and actually besieged this town of Denver, so that the people were nearly starved. They are very quiet now and have not fought with white men for some time, but often have a battle with their old foes the Arrapahoes. While I was at Denver there was a fight only 12 miles off between two bands of Utes and Arrapahoes. The Utes lost 16 warriors, but managed not to let the Arrapahoes get any scalps. I do not know how many Arrapahoes were killed, but the Utes took a scalp and carried off 30 to 40 horses.”

In a later account he says :

“A few days after leaving Denver I went by stage into the mountains; just in front of us was marching the victorious band of Utes, 300 warriors in war-paint carrying off the scalps and horses they had taken into their own country.”

At Denver: "I bought from a Ute who was in this fight a bow and arrow and the scalp of an Arrapahoe Indian taken by a son of the Chief of the Utes in a fight with the Arrapahoes in Whiskey Gap in Wyoming Territory.

"Sunday, June 8th—Trinity Sunday.—Found a church and went there. The singing was very good. The choir consisted of ladies and gentlemen of the city. They did not use Hymns Ancient and Modern, but both the hymns which were sung are in Ancient and Modern. I put my boots outside my door last night hoping that I should find them cleaned this morning, but nothing happened to them—they were not even stolen." (He managed to get them cleaned in time for church by applying at the hotel office.) "On going to my room soon after church I found it just as I left it after getting up; I therefore sent for the chambermaid. In most American hotels there is the same difficulty about boots, and one's wash-basin is seldom emptied more than once a day.

"About $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour after leaving Denver we reached Golden City, which is just inside a low range of hills, the first beginning of the Rocky Mountains; here we changed cars and got on to the narrow-gauge track. A short time after leaving Golden City the train enters a splendid rocky cañon which it follows right up to Black Hawk. . . . In the plain before reaching Golden City I saw a tortoise swimming in a pool, and in the cañon I saw two different kinds of Swallowtail butterflies. All along the first part of the cañon large trees, either *Arbor Vitæ* or trees very like them, grow out from between the rocks, which are often beautifully coloured with moss and lichens, while some are finely coloured naturally. One sees traces of gold mining all up the cañon, and in a great many spots it is still going on. At Black Hawk the track ends."

He describes Central City and Black Hawk (practically one town) and gives some particulars about the gold-mines.

"It seems a flourishing place, rather untidy of course, as it only dates from 1860." He then returns to Denver.

"Went to Rood's and found some Indians in his shop

buying a rifle. There were a great many Utes in the town this morning. I believe they have just been paid their annuities by the Government and so are flush of cash. I saw one who had a breech-loading rifle in his hand (of the same sort which Jem Thompson had at Buffalo, which takes a similar cartridge to the Winchester) buy another rifle, a muzzle-loader, the price of which was \$12, for which he paid in greenbacks. Another Indian came in soon after and bought a similar rifle for 5 buckskins. He was anxious to exchange an old horse-pistol for different things of a value of about \$2. He was offered a knife worth \$1, but wanted two, and would not swap. Another Indian took a great fancy to a rifle of a rather better kind with a set trigger; the price of it was \$15, but he was only prepared to give \$12. They were all very well dressed; perhaps they had their best clothes on. Most of the men and some of the squaws were painted, some with vermilion, others with ochre and vermilion. The rifles they were buying were of an inferior quality and had only one backsight. The squaws were riding about in great force; they ride just like the men and are very difficult to distinguish from them. The men all carried a bow in a case and arrows in a quiver slung over the left shoulder."

There is another entry after this which rather puzzles me, for I never saw a telescope sight on a rifle till some twenty years later; it is as follows:

"I walked to Borecherdt's, the taxidermist, who lives where the Colorado Central R. crosses the Platte River, about two miles from here. He had returned yesterday from a hunting trip. He had taken seven or eight gentlemen from Denver to hunt buffalo near Fort Wallace. Although they saw lots of buffalo they did not kill any, as a lot of Indians kept riding round them in such a way that they thought it prudent to retire. He has a Remington rifle of 16 lb. weight, with a telescope sight and set trigger; it cost \$130. He says it is a very good one. The telescope sight seems very good indeed. Borechert seems able to stuff well, but charges high. He charges 20 to 25 dols. for setting up a buffalo head and \$10 for an antelope head—he

makes a plaster cast and stretches the skin over it. He has sold this year over 150 heads of buffalo at from \$35 to \$50 each. They charge as high as \$70 at the gunmaker's for a head. Borchert [Loder spells this name in three ways] says that a good elk (wapiti) head sells for as much as \$80 here. If an elk is shot in July with the velvet fresh on the horn he can skin the velvet off, preserve it and the soft horn and put the velvet on again."

"After dinner I walked up to the races and saw a half-mile flat race. The horses were ridden by boys, some white and some black. The start was very bad and the horse that got the best start won. Time for the half-mile, 53 sec. The race was run round two bad corners on a clay track. After this was a trotting race with four-wheeled waggons, for horses who had never beaten 2.40. It was won by a horse, who had the inside place, in 2.46½. The next was a trotting race in two-wheeled waggons for horses who had never beaten three minutes. Two horses out of the three broke several times, the one who trotted fairly all the time won in 2.51."

He revisits Rood's and relates more about the Indians' purchases.

"One of them bought a rifle, price \$15, for 15 lb. of buckskin—buckskin is selling at \$1¼ per lb."

"At the races yesterday I met a young man who is going with the Scientific Exploring Expedition which is being sent into the Rocky Mountains by the Government. There are about 50 in the party, all well armed."

He secures at Cheyenne a berth in one of two Pullman's cars: "In these were a party of five musicians, an old man, a Russian, a very first-rate violin player, a Madame de Reuter, two Frenchmen and another. . . . They were very pleasant." The next morning, after crossing the Laramie Plains the evening before, he woke up very cold at three, dressed partly, and slept again till six, and on waking found they were "on the barren sage plains, mere dust with patches of strong-smelling sage. I saw no animal except a rabbit." He describes the mountain scenery after Green-River Station and says, "All along this part of the

track, on either side, are to be seen ruined adobe houses. A great many of the places which now are only small stations . . . have been good-sized and flourishing 'cities.' . . . All about Evanston coal is found."

Later he describes the very fine rock scenery of Echo Cañon, Weber Cañon, Devil's Gate, etc. He mentions a tax of 50 cents charged against his gun-case on all his railway journeys since leaving Buffalo.

"It is a tax the baggage master is allowed to take. The conductor we had on the train at Ogden had been scalped by Indians. A few years ago he was fishing with two other men within sight of a railway station, when suddenly they were attacked by a band of Indians and all three were shot through the body with arrows. The Indians scalped them all and left them for dead—this man, however, recovered and seems to be in very good health. He brushes his hair over the place where he was scalped and one can see nothing of it."

"The line runs along the Great Salt Lake nearly the whole way from Ogden to Salt Lake City; the Wahsatch Mountains rise up nobly in the east. There are several mountainous islands in the Lake, which make it look very fine. The shores are flat and low, and the plain all round is covered with sage. I put up at the Walker house in East Temple Street."

He goes round the town—

"and up the hill at the end of East Temple Street . . . the town when looked down on in this way looks very pretty . . . like a lot of houses planted in the middle of gardens, and indeed it is so. . . . Most of the streets" (which he describes as very wide and very dusty) "have rapid streams of water running down the sides. In the middle of one street there is a stream about 12 feet wide running at least 14 miles an hour. . . . I also went to the Museum, a small affair, but it contains a good many curiosities. It is kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Young—Mrs. Young was a nurse to a family who lived in London, near Kensington Gardens; she left England in June 1862 and arrived here in October. They crossed the continent in two months, which was considered very good work. At the Museum they have a live

Cinnamon Bear and a Black-tailed Deer with *very long ears*.¹

"Coming back to the hotel I nearly got into a scrape. About 70 yards from the hotel a man came up to me and shook hands with me. I said I did not recognise him. He said he was sure he had met me quite lately, he thought at the Occidental Hotel at San Francisco. I told him he must be mistaken, as I had never been there. He then begged to be allowed to introduce me to a Californian gentleman who was standing by. They asked me if I had visited the Cotton-wood mine and the Muna mine in the neighbourhood. I said I had not. They advised me to go and see one of them, as they were very rich mines. They then asked me to step upstairs to the assay office; they would show me some ore they had brought in yesterday. I did not like to be uncivil, and as the stairs were just opposite I made no objection. They led me into an ordinary dwelling-room with decanters of sherry on the sideboard. One of them pretended to look for the ore in the sideboard drawer, but could not find it and supposed someone had taken it away. They then asked me to drink, but I only poured out a little iced water and drank that. At the table in the same room were some men playing *rouge et noire*. They went on playing and said nothing all the time I was in the room. One of my two friends asked me if I knew that game. I said that I knew all about such games, but that they were not in my line. Presently one of them tried to put some counters into my hand, and when I declined said 'Be sociable now.' I saw it was time to be going, but soon after I had come into the room one of them had gone to the door and pushed a bolt across, so that no one could come *in* and I was not quite certain that I could get *out*." (The men went on pressing him.) . . . "Soon after I got up pretty quickly, said I must wish them good morning." (Loder made for the door, unbolted it and got away.) "I thought I was pretty well out of that business.

¹ The Black-tailed Deer (*Mazama columbiana*) has much smaller ears than the Mule Deer (*Mazama hemionus*); it is just possible that Loder at that time had only seen the White-tailed Virginian Deer (*Mazama virginiana*) with much shorter ears, and as the Mule Deer has a black tip to its tail mistook a Mule Deer for a Black-tailed one. The tail of a Black-tailed Deer is a bigger tail with the upper side black.—A. E. P.

"The night I arrived there was a dance in one of the rooms of the hotel ; I watched it for some time. They all seemed to dance very well, but in a peculiar manner ; I suppose it was 'German.' The musicians sometimes played valse music, sometimes polka. The dancers did not keep round the room, but went a little way in one direction, then came back again, very often turning in the reverse way. Collisions were rather scarce. Every now and then they seemed to dance some kind of figure and seemed to change partners. Altogether the dancing was very different to ours, and I do not think I could manage it without a little practice."

"Sunday, June 15th.—After breakfast I walked to the Tabernacle and found that the 'Meeting' was held at 10 a.m. in the old Tabernacle ; this is a much smaller building than the new one. It has an oval ceiling inside and is very good for sound. It has a nice little organ, and the choir (men and women) sang very well. The service, or meeting, began with a hymn, then a man came forward to the reading desk or pulpit and said a prayer—he then called upon another to address the meeting, which he did for about an hour. He gave us an account of how he first heard the preaching of a Latter-day Saint when he was a boy of about 16. It was in a public square and the mob were unruly and would not hear what the Saint had to say. He was at that time a Baptist, at least his father and mother were ; he had not been baptised because his father did not believe in infant baptism. He was in the habit of reading books on and against all the various creeds, written by infidels and all sorts of people. People told him that it would end in his growing up an infidel, but he said this could not be as he believed in God, but he would not embrace any creed until he had examined them all. About this time the Chartists came under his notice and he attended their services, and their minister seeing his regular attendance asked him to join the Chartists, but he refused, telling him that his intention was not to join any sect or creed as yet. He now made the acquaintance of a Latter-day Saint and argued with him, but soon found when he referred to the Bible that whereas the Saint used the *exact* words of the Bible he himself was often using inexact quotations, which he had been taught. He now began to see the light dawn upon him and betook himself to prayer, and every time he prayed

more light seemed to shine upon him. He reminded his audience that he rose to speak (after being called upon to do so) without any preparation, 'taking no thought of what he should say,' feeling sure that God would inspire him and put into his mouth words which it would be profitable for them to hear. He was with the Saints when they were expelled at the point of the bayonet from Navoo, Illinois.¹ He was lying sick in a loft when a cannon shot landed in it. Some of the brethren wished to fight, but Squire Wells, who was then not a member of the church, counselled them not to do so, saying that it was the Lord's doing. The preacher then argued that the mob thought that they were doing just as those did who crucified Christ. He had no hard feelings against them—why should he? Was it not written, 'If ye suffer punishment having done wrong and bear it patiently' it is quits, you are even now? 'But if ye suffer punishment and have done no wrong and bear it patiently ye shall have your reward in heaven.'

"No other church except this had the privilege of being taught by inspired teachers, no one had been inspired in any other church for many hundred years. The Mormons having all these great advantages, being God's chosen people, ought to be more careful than the gentiles how they lived; they had not the same excuses as the gentiles, they had more enlightenment and therefore they ought to take advantage of it. Amen.

"Another gentleman was then called to preach; he rose and said: 'I also *rejoice* that I have been called to

¹ The founder of the sect of Mormons was Joseph Smith, who pretended to supernatural powers if I remember right. About the year 1828 he dug a hole in a forest and discovered gold tablets covered with undecipherable writing, and his discovery aroused excitement and interest. Retiring to the forest again, he returned next with the revelation of the writings, revealed to him by an angel, and this became the Book of Mormon. Joe Smith had got hold of an old unpublished Biblical novel and concocted the Book of Mormon therefrom. The sect settled at Navoo in Illinois and was persecuted; but raised a fighting force which was long a match for the local Government forces. They trekked west to Salt Lake into the unknown to escape persecution and made a treaty with the Utes (hence the name Utah), and there with the aid of polygamy they multiplied and prospered exceedingly. As a counter to the American legal ban on polygamy they devised a system of (1) legal marriages, (2) eternal marriages, (3) levitical marriages. Joe Smith was murdered in 1844. This note is written from memory, but I think is substantially in accord with facts.

belong to the chosen people, and I *rejoice* that thus far we have defeated the evil designs of our enemies. We have been called a *bold* people. I should rather say a *free* people. We are hampered by no priestcraft or kingcraft; here everyone is for himself. I should say we are a thrifty and industrious people. I think we have just as much right to revelation as the ancient Jews had; God is the same now as he was in the days of Abraham. If angels ever did appear, what is to hinder them from appearing now? I was reading about Joseph Smith only last week; "Old Joe," they call him. Where do you think I read about him? In the *Bible*. There's a funny place to read about "Old Joe Smith." I'll tell you how it was: I went into the store and found a book like this, with "Bible" in gold letters outside—got up in the first style. Inside I found the story of "Old Joe" and B S

"Now a man who calls himself a historian ought to stick to the truth; if a man has prejudices he ought not to write history. Now this book was full of libels. "Our enemies revile us in every possible way. But never mind them, be industrious and prosper, stick to the Mormon creed: "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS." Amen."

"During the sermon the gentleman cleared his throat and spat on the floor and rubbed it in with his foot before he continued. After this sermon a hymn was sung and then another man said a prayer, and the meeting closed. At 2 p.m. another meeting was held in the new Tabernacle, which will hold 18,000 people."

Loder attends this one too and notes that there were about 8,000 people present. He also gives a rough sketch plan.

"The organ is a very fine one and the choir is large and very good. Brigham Young was not at the meeting—he had just returned from the funeral of one of his 17 wives. The service began with a hymn, and then Austen [should be Orson] Pratt stepped into the pulpit and began to preach. On the table in front of the Bishop's seat were a great many metal mugs and two large dishes of bread covered with a cloth. As soon as the sermon began, all the Bishops stood up and broke the bread into small pieces and put them into a number of bread-baskets.

When they had done the sermon was stopped and one of them said a prayer over the bread and water, after which the sermon continued. The bread and water was handed round by many men and every one of the Mormons took it. They seemed to take a good drink at the water as it was a warm day, and I saw two men pass a tankard backwards and forwards till they had emptied it. The man who showed strangers to their seats and who happened to sit himself by me was one of the Paynes from East Grinstead [in Sussex, near Loder's home]. He had been living for 25 years at Woolwich; he left England 7 years ago. He is a shoemaker and tells me he has done splendidly here and has made thousands of dollars. I asked him who were the men breaking up the bread in the Tabernacle; he told me they were Bishops, 'rather different from the Bishops in the old country; all those men are working-men with from 6 to 12 wives apiece and from 20 to 60 children each.'

"Austen [Orson] Pratt preached a rather long sermon; he seemed very much in earnest, but I did not think very clever. He has been all over the world and 14 times to England. He has the gift of the gab 'considerable,' but I did not think he proved anything in his arguments. He reasoned on the Mormon belief, taking the prophecies of Isaiah and showing how they were being fulfilled by the Mormon people. He said: 'We are here assembled in the only House of God in the world. I know there are many so-called Houses of God in all the towns of this continent, you will find it written in letters on many of them, some of them are very fine and costly buildings, but this is the only House of God which is or has been on earth for many hundreds of years. Did God command anyone to build any of the so-called God's Houses in the various towns? No. Did he ever give anyone instructions how to build it? No. What does the prophet say, 4th chapter, 5th and 6th verses? "And the Lord shall create upon every dwelling place of Mount Zion and upon her assemblies a cloud and smoke by day and a shining of a flaming fire by night, for upon all the glory there shall be a defence. And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat and for a place of refuge and for a covert from storm and rain!" Well, this is a tolerable place, I guess I never

heard of anyone coming to any harm here in a storm—and mark you, not only in the Tabernacle, but in your own dwelling-houses. Now, where else will you find a town like this? No need of candles or gas—the town and country around illuminated with a flood of holy light! See what it says in chapter 60: “Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee and his Glory *shall* be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and *kings* to the brightness of thy rising.” But you will ask where is the cloud, where is the pillar of fire? I do not see any cloud, all is clear between me and my audience. The time is not yet come, *that* is the reason. But it will come, and even *kings* will come to see it. And what says the prophet in chapter ii, 2nd verse: “And it shall come to pass in the *last* days, that the mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established in the top of the mountains and shall be exalted among the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.” Again, 49th chapter and 19th verse: “For thy waste and desolate places, and the land of thy destruction, shall even now be too narrow by reason of thy inhabitants and they that swallowed thee up shall be far away.” Then again: “I will lift up my ensign to the nations and set up my standard to the people; I will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth, and I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face.” You see it was to a high place, a very elevated region, a desolate country that the Lord was going to bring his people *quickly*,—which he translated to mean by means of railroad-cars. Also a prophecy, ‘Go through the land, through the gate of the mountains,’ which he said meant the Pacific Railroad. He said the electric telegraph was not given to men for commercial use, but the day would come when the people all over the world would ask, ‘What news from Zion this morning? What are the Lord’s people doing? What is the last new wonder?’ He also quoted another passage about going to a distant land lying beyond the rivers of etc. He said if he looked at the map in that position, what land did he see in that direction? Why, none other than the land of North America

—the form of the continent of North and South America always reminded him of some great bird, an eagle with its wings stretched out. Orson Pratt is one of the original 12 Apostles in 1849 with Brigham Young as president—he is now a man with a white moustache and whiskers and long white beard. He looks something like Phelps, Master of Sidney (Cambridge). He spoke earnestly enough and was ready in his quotations, still it did not seem to me that any of his argument was sound. . . .

“I met Payne in the street and walked with him for about an hour. He *was* going to England very soon, but has been unwell and therefore put off his visit till next year, when he probably will go as a missionary. He said they go forth in the same way as Christ and his Apostles, without purse or scrip. . . . He pointed out to me some of the different houses, one very nice one, which belonged to an Englishman, Hussey, the banker here—he had made all his money here. There are, he thought, as many single women here as in any other town of the same size. The number of men who had one wife was about equal to the number of those who had several. He knew of instances of seven wives living in one house as comfortably as possible, but generally if a man wished to keep more than one wife he must have different houses for them. Brigham Young had 17 wives, one of which he buried to-day; he has about 60 children; several men have between 50 and 60 children. Many of Brigham Young’s sons are ‘very fine boys,’ some of them 40 years old.

“The men sit altogether in the front part of the Tabernacle, the women sit behind; the colour in the hats and bonnets of the women both in the choir and in the congregation was astonishing—every colour, the brightest red, green, yellow, blue, was there with flowers of every hue as well.

“Monday, June 16th.—After breakfast I went over the way and found Payne’s boot store and talked with him while he cut out leather. He told me that there were many gambling-houses in the town and that they often made raids upon them. The gambling-house men as well as those who are caught gambling are fined \$100 every time they are caught. He himself is a regular sworn-in policeman. I told him how I was got up into

a gambling room on Saturday and how I got out of it; he thought I got out of it very well—he said he would not have liked to be in my place at all. [Payne relates an experience of his own.] . . . Payne also told me that the Mormons were going to hold a meeting to consider the best means of doing away with every drinking bar and gambling table. There is a Welshman here who left Wales as an ordinary miner; he now owns a mine and is rolling in wealth, is a Bishop of the Mormon church, and has a great many wives and children.

“After dinner this afternoon a very inoffensive-looking man addressed me as I was strolling along and said it was very hot, and other small talk, and strolled by the side of me. [Loder recounts how this individual got on to the subject of mines and then of a ‘special friend’ and the special friend’s club and so forth, and proceeds, quoting his companion:]

“Now there it was all gentlemanly, nothing but gentlemen there; as nice a club-room as he ever saw; if I would only step up here, he would just show it to me. I turned round and looked, and behold! it was the same staircase I had been taken up on Saturday. I said, ‘Oh, I have been up there, I *have* seen the room’; he saw it was no go. . . . This afternoon a man came out of a shop and handed to me his card and asked me to step in and examine his chromos, prints and jewellery (exactly as Payne had described the thing in his adventure). I declined to go in, saying that I was travelling and did not want to purchase jewellery or pictures. . . .

“This morning I bought the Book of Mormon and the pamphlets of Orson Pratt—they were \$1.50 each. This evening I walked down to the Depot to see if Pelham would come by the train; he did not arrive and I walked back. It was very warm, and when I returned I went down to the bar and paid the largest price I ever paid for a glass of beer. The glass was a thin one holding about $\frac{2}{3}$ of half a pint. The beer, which they called draught Bass, was not good, and they charged 25 cents (= 1s. 5d.), that is, 3 shillings a pint or 6 shillings a quart and £1 4s. a gallon!”¹

¹ During the years 1903–5, when I was in the Eastern Transvaal, the price of beer (per bottle—exclusive of the bottle) was never less than 4s. a pint, but it was Bass.—A. E. P.

When Edmund Loder wanted to leave Ogden, where he only spent one night, he found he was short of cash for his journey to San Francisco, but he discovered that the "Ticket Agent" was in the same hotel with him and he got him to advance him the price of his ticket—" \$55 in greenbacks"—and left his gun and rifle with him; security Loder was likely to redeem pretty quickly! He left Ogden on the 18th, and travelling straight through arrived at the Ferry at Oakland Point on the evening of June 20th. He describes the journey through the great American desert and "dreary sage bush plains" and gets up in the mornings at 4 a.m. not to miss any scenery—he notes the apparent richness of the grazing grounds of the Humboldt Valley and complains of the interference of the snow sheds with the views when they get high up. After Truckie he says:

"In the next 60 miles there are over 40 miles of snow sheds—they continue for 12 miles or so without a gap, then after one has had a glimpse at the scenery through a gap of 200 yards or so, it is snow sheds again for another hour or so. . . . At Summit (over 7,000 feet) we had breakfast. They keep a tame deer and bear here."

In the afternoon they reach Sacramento:

"It is almost one continuous grain field from Sacramento to San Francisco. Oats, barley, bearded wheat, are all the crops I saw, except near San Francisco a little Indian corn and potatoes . . . the straw is short and everything looks dried up."

He makes friends on this journey with a Mr. Miles, a man in the "iron business in Chicago," and finds him very agreeable company. There were also with them four Canadians who had come "from the Red River country and had been travelling 14 days and nights—a surveying party who are going to survey for the Canadian Pacific Railway."

"A Japanese has also been travelling with us. . . . The Japanese is dressed in European dress, with frock coat and tall hat—he has been three years away from Japan and was

sent by his Government to study farming, as practised in Europe and America. He was $1\frac{1}{2}$ years in various parts of England and Scotland—was at Windsor and saw the model farm and has talked to the Queen and to the Prince of Wales. He speaks very highly of Scotch Lowland farming, and he is sending over specimens of English and American farming implements to Japan."

Later the Japanese gentleman, who was in the same hotel, gave Loder his card, "Naoki Ewayama—Tokei—Japan," and said he would be very glad to receive him in Japan and he could always be found through the Custom House officers at Yokohama or at Yeddo. Loder in return gives him his town address, 42, Grosvenor Square, as Naoki Ewayama "knows Grosvenor Square."

"I found Mr. Walker, Harrison's friend, . . . he had seen my name in the paper among the arrivals. He asked me to come with him to his house at San Rafael and spend Sunday; I accepted his kind offer. I then had my hair cut and shampooed for \$1 and went off."

He describes the Bay and the garden "and a patch of real green turf, but all has to be well watered"; he also writes of four friends of Mr. Walker's staying or calling—one is a Mr. McKinley, one named Guthrie (son of Dr. Guthrie), and another named Brown (son of Dr. Brown of Edinburgh). "We had a pleasant evening with whist and music." After going to a "small but neat wooden church" on Sunday he finds some copies of *The Times*, and in one:

"On the 24th May at the French Chapel by M. le Chanoine Toursel; Marius Garcin de Clamensanc, Anen. Membre du Conseil-Général des Basses-Alpes, Chevalr. de la Légion d'Honneur; to Merielle, only daughter of the late William Pitt Byrne, Esq., M.A., of Montagu St., Portman Square, and widow of the late Valère Hayman, Esq."

This wedding had taken place from the Loders' house in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Walker appears to have made Loder's time in San Francisco a great success; among other things he enjoyed was watching the sea-lions on the rocks.

He takes his thermometers to an optician's and tests them against a "standard thermometer there—in reading mine subtract $\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ F. from the Maxm. and add 2° and $\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ F. to the Minm. Thermometer."

"This afternoon I walked as far as Woodward's Gardens. They have a fair collection of animals, but the great object of interest is a large tank containing several sea lions; some of them are very large. Pelham arrived to-night (June 25th); he had got off the train when it was stopping while the engine was taking in water a short distance beyond a small station and had got left behind; he had to walk on to Rocklin, and slept there."

Pelham had not great luck on the plains. Buffalo were not so often seen as when Loder was there, and "the hunters did not treat him very well—if they saw any they went after them themselves." He, however, shot one very fine bull. They go together to Callistoga, and from there by stage to see the Geysers.

"We had six horses and were driven by the celebrated 'whip' Foss. He took us along at a capital pace along a narrow and difficult road 6 miles in 30 minutes to Foss-ville, where we changed horses. The hotel here belongs to Foss. . . . There is a tame deer here and some small white pigs in a kind of cage."

The next stage is 12 miles uphill to Summit (2,000 feet above Callistoga).

"About a mile before reaching Summit we come to 'Whisky Spring,' a fine spring of clear water bubbling up close to the road. Here Foss stops, waters the horses, produces a whisky bottle and invites each passenger to drink a glass."

Loder describes the scenery and the road, but prefers the last 8 miles for both scenery and timber.

After visiting Geyser Cañon and going up a mountain he says: "About half-way up we came to some fine pine trees, like stone pines; they grew large cones, as large as a man's

head. We looked for some seed and I collected about 30." He is at the Geysers at 5.30 a.m. the next morning : " The temperature (of the air) was on 45° F. in the shade at 5.30, so the steam from the Geysers made a *great deal* more show than they did two hours later in the sunshine." On the return journey, driven by Foss again, he remarks : " We came down the mountain at a rattling pace. At the Castoga Hot Springs Hotel, Foss gave each of his passengers one of his photos." They go back to San Rafael and San Francisco. He revisits the sea-lions at Cliff House ; they go to the Alhambra " theater," where the " pieces and performances were both very moderate " ; reads books in the Mercantile Library, sends the \$55 which he had borrowed to Ogden, gets a *Times* from home with the announcement of his sister's (Lady Burrell's) baby (Sybil) being born on June 7th, and borrows all the money he requires from Walker, and then they go with a Mr. Chapman, to whom Walker has introduced them, to see something of ranch life, Chapman being the manager of the *Chowchilla Ranch* in which Harrison has an interest. They stay at *Merced*, 12 miles from the ranch. At the ranch they drive round it one day " about 40 miles " ; he looks at a fine shorthorn bull and some Leicester sheep which a man named Cameron had brought from New Zealand—Chapman gave \$150 apiece for them. I gather from Mr. Pelham and Loder's letters home that this ranch was one of 100,000 acres, with 45 miles of fence on the San Joaquin (*Sanwankeen*) River, and that the valley of this name was the ranch—that it had been bought in 1867, that the head of cattle on it already numbered 6,000 with 2,000 calves born that year, and that they intended to run a breeding stock of 10,000 head of cattle and 25,000 head of sheep. From here he visits Cameron's and inspects artesian wells ; he notes the bore of the pipes (9 inches) and the wells as being from 200 to 250 feet deep.

" Sunday, July 6th.—Rode out on an English saddle to a Rodao. The Vaccaros lassoed some bull calves and cut and branded them."

He was very much smitten with the beauty of the lasso-throwing, and spent the afternoon of that day practising himself; the next afternoon, after a morning looking at ducks and curlew and shooting, he practises again.

From *Merced* they go by stage to *White's* and *Hatche's* and on to *Clarke's*, starting at 6 a.m. and arriving at 8 p.m. (about 60 miles in 14 hours). Among those on the list of passengers on the stage, Germans, an Italian, and English, is Lieut.-Colonel Deveish Meares, 20th Regiment, stationed at Bermuda, and Loder finds they have several mutual acquaintances. Colonel Meares remains in their company for the next two or three weeks. The *Mariposa* and the *Alevaras Groves of Big Trees* as well as the *Yo Semite* have been so often and so much described that I shall quote little from this part of Loder's diary. Most of the sight-seeing is done on horseback. The big trees are apparently very much what he expected, but he is much struck with the splendour generally of the timber apart from the noted groves. On his way to *Clarke's* he notes that a great many of the trees are 25 feet in circumference and from 200 to 250 feet high, also that the largest of the *Alevaras Grove* (he refers to the exhibit at the *Crystal Palace*) "is only 61 feet in circumference, while several of those we saw (at *Mariposa*) were 90 and 109—one of the *Alevaras* is 327 feet high, the tallest of the *Mariposa* 275 feet high." He sends some seeds to King, the gardener at home. After "doing" the *Yo Semite*¹ the following days were spent in inspecting gold-mines.

"Sunday, July 13th.—Rode to *Hites Cove*, 22 miles, *Pelham*, Colonel Meares and myself. Saw the quartz mill there. The mine is said to be very profitable, but I could

¹ In a letter home referring to the view from *Glacier Point* he says: "I suppose this is unique, 4,000 feet perpendicular. . . . The *Nevada* and *Vernal Falls* would be beautiful on any scale, even if they were reduced to 7 feet and 3 feet instead of being as they are 700 and 300 feet. The *Yo Semite Fall* here, has less water but falls 1,600 feet at once, then a cascade 400 feet and a final leap of 400 feet." He regrets not having seen another fall, because it was dry and only falls for a short time annually, 3,800 feet, "only 200 feet short of three-quarters of a mile perpendicular."

not get any exact information. They crush 18 to 20 tons a day. There is a good profit on it if it yields 10 to 12 dols. to the ton—perhaps this mine may average 15 or 16 dols. a ton."

The men's wages run to about "90 dols. a month." At Mariposa he looks at "hydraulic mining" and also did a little panning himself, and they got enough "colour" to take away three little packets. Then they visit Chinamen "sluicing"—one Chinaman was making 5 to 6 dols. a day.¹

He now makes his way back to *Denver*; on reaching Ogden recovers his guns and separates from Pelham (who goes to Salt Lake City), and at Laramie he leaves Colonel Meares. At Denver he is unwell, but after a few days, when Pelham rejoined him, starts "at 6 a.m. in the Fair-play Stage for Godfrey's Ranch. The stage was a sorry affair with two horses. The scenery in Bear Creek is very fine." He arrives at Godfrey's Ranch about 10 p.m. "We got nothing but wretched accommodation there" in a little shanty.

They now walked to Hall's Gulch and were in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and went to stay with a Mr. Jebb and a General Hall. General Hall was an American and a General of some distinction in the U.S. Army, and Jebb an English connection of Mr. Pelham; an interesting man, a memoir of whom was published by his widow.²

Hall, when hunting bear in the mountains here, discovered gold, and with his friends formed a company. Hall and Jebb started the mine under great difficulties, camping in the snow in March of this year, and getting up a steam saw-mill had got to work in April. By July of the same year (1873) when Loder and Pelham arrived, Loder says "there was quite a town, 250 men at work, with lodgings for them all and a store where one could

¹ "Being in California we wished to see the whole business of gold-mining and to learn the difference between panning out, placier-mining, sluicing, hydraulic-mining and quartz-mining."

² John Gladwyn Jebb, a relation of the Tutor at Trinity College, Cambridge.

buy nearly everything. In the beginning of July a large house was begun for General Hall and was finished, furnished and fit to live in in a fortnight," and they had on July 23rd, when Loder and Pelham arrived, just completed four miles of tramway and bridges.¹ Hall's and Jebb's house was 9,500 feet above the sea, and as soon as Loder arrived the first thing he did was to walk up the hill, as he calls it, 11,500 feet high, behind and to the south of the house; on the edge of the snow and timber line he found a mountain bison's skull. Wapiti came sometimes within a mile of the house, and no doubt Loder and Pelham thought they were on the edge of good hunting country. Hall took them a six hours' ride over the mountains to Georgetown and procured for them three ponies and two pack mules and a man to go with them. Two days later Loder and Pelham camp on the Snake River (9,000 feet up) and Loder caught seven trout for supper. This hunting and exploring trip seems to have been rather a failure. Their first day on the mountains they saw nothing and their man "George" lost his horse, which broke away from a tree to which he had been tied and escaped into the timber with George's saddle and blankets. George seems to have been an obstacle to their success. The following days, having gone off with one of their ponies, he spent in a vain search for his horse, and when he did turn up he did not know how to reach a newly discovered lake for which they were making. I will give one illustration out of a series of misfortunes.

"For reasons best known to himself, George, instead of following up Lake Creek as soon as it began to get dark, tried a short cut of his own. Before long it became quite dark and we went stumbling helplessly along over huge rocks and thick grooves of quaking asp. Our mules became unruly and Pelham had a hard job to drive one

¹ The company here was called the Hall Valley Silver-Lead Mining and Smelting Co. The Valley is some 65 miles west of Denver, in Park Co., Colorado.

back which made a dart down a steep hill. Not long after, the other mule rushed madly down a very steep and rough hill, thickly covered with both fallen and growing quaking asps. It was now pitch dark; I was afraid of losing the pack off the mule, if not mule and all, so I stuck the spurs into my horse and followed the mule in its wild career through the bush. After a fearful ride I came up with it. . . . I made an effort to get up the hill, having found out where the others were. I thought I should have to stop down at the bottom all night, but at last found myself nearly at the edge of the timber. Even out of the timber, climbing a rocky hill proved no easy task in the dark. However, I struggled to the top at last, and after a council of war we decided to camp just where we were on the top of the hill without water. I would have given a good deal for a cup of tea after my exertions. . . ."

The next morning one of the mules got into a bog and turned over on its back, wetting and spoiling "all our sugar, salt, flour, etc. etc." Then Loder rides on alone to find the lake and at last they reach it. On getting there they found one Hall there, the discoverer of the lake: "he is considered one of the best hunters in Colorado." The following days they all "hunt" in different directions without success; "George" alone gets a shot, and misses it. Hall then undertakes to take them to the next gulch, where he was sure of finding wapiti and game. Their experience on the new ground was not very encouraging. "We all came back after dark in pouring rain, no one had seen anything." Loder goes to bed "while Pelham stood by the fire till his clothes were dry." After another try they moved on to Salt Lick Gulch—they had now finished their bacon and wanted meat badly. George went off from this camp to have another try to find his horse, and eventually returned with it at sunset one evening. "It was very wild and would not let him catch it, but it followed his pony—the saddle cloth and one of the stirrup irons was gone and the saddle was under his belly." The next thing to be lost was

Pelham's revolver and then Pelham got lost himself, but turns up at Hall's Gulch soon after Loder's return there.¹

Loder hunts from Hall's Gulch, finds some mountain bison skulls, a very beautiful elk horn, and loses his "deer-stalking knife which I got from McLeay's, Inverness," sees antelope (kills one galloping) and a certain number of elk and buck, but without being able to get a sporting chance of a shot until on August 9th, when out with Jebb he spied with a glass five or six mountain sheep (generally known as Bighorn, *Ovis canadensis*) feeding.

"I left Jebb there with the telescope to watch them and ran back a mile or so to fetch the horses. When I came back to Jebb he told me that there were 23 sheep, now in sight, all 'bucks.' We made all haste to get to them, but had two very deep valleys to cross. We tied up our horses at the edge of some dead timber about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the sheep, and then stalked them on foot—the sun had already set when we got within shot of them. We noticed one buck much larger than the rest, and him we tried to get. Whilst waiting for a favourable target, some of the sheep fed on to our left, got our wind, and started the lot and they ran together."

Jebb pointing out the big one to Loder, the latter fired and got the big one and Jebb another. It came on dark and they were long before finding their horses, and did not make their quarters till 11 p.m. Loder estimated the weight of his sheep at 240 lb. clean, the other weighed clean 207 lb. After a day on the hills on August 12th he records :

¹ *The Lost Park.* Loder mentions this valley in a letter, in the region they were hunting in. "It is surrounded with such steep mountains that one cannot take mules in and out. A party of hunters are said to have got in with their mules by jumping down ledges, etc.," but they never got their mules out. Game in this Lost Park is plentiful. A herd of mountain bison has been seen in it; "they are like the buffalo, but more active and are fast dying out. Very few people have ever seen them. Jebb killed one some time ago. I found a very old skull of one 11,000 feet up above the timber line."

"Came back to the Gulch at sunset and found that there had been a row. Some roughs had come in a few days before with the intention of starting a whisky store and gambling shop, and they brought in with them a lot of bullies to back them up, in case of need, who were working on the tramway. Three of the leaders had been turned off for bad behaviour and the cook had been given orders not to give them any more food. This afternoon they threatened the cook with loaded revolvers and began talking loud about 'firing the Gulch, starting burial grounds, running the Gulch, etc.' They also fired off their revolvers, but not at any one. Jebb, leading a few men he got together, rushed upon them and took their arms away and kept them in close custody. Jebb then went to the store, and the whisky barrels were rolled into the road and fired into, Jebb leading off with his Express rifle. The three captives, Hall, Boys and another, instead of keeping quiet continued talking loud, swearing that the men who had interfered with them were as good as dead men and that when they got away Hall and Jebb had better look out. Colonel Hall intended to send them with a strong guard to Fairplay. In the night, however, the Vigilance Committee had a meeting and decided that the lives of several men in the Gulch would be in great danger if they were allowed to go, and so they hanged Hall and Boys and let the third go.

"Wednesday, August 13th.—When we got up this morning we found that the Vigilance Committee had hanged Hall and Boys. I went down and found no one about except Mrs. O'Donnell, who asked me to come down and see the men hanging before the rest were about. We went down through the timber, and in the road met Mr. Wood coming up. . . . We heard that the men had been cut down and buried, but we found they had only been cut down and were lying there."

After a very rough journey Loder and Pelham reach Denver again; there he adds an Arrapahoe scalp, an Indian bow and arrows, and a buffalo robe to his collection.

After a rough journey from Denver, Loder and Pelham reached Fort Macpherson in Nebraska and presented

General Sherman's letter of introduction to General Reynolds, who was in command here with a cavalry regiment as the garrison. They were now in true Indian country, the principal tribes being the Sioux and the Pawnees. It was a dangerous country at this time for small parties of white men to move about in without a military escort. Loder and Pelham were most hospitably entertained and every effort was made to give them a good time in this the last sporting venture of their trip. I shall give most of their experiences in Loder's own words :

“ August 18th.—I saw General Reynolds and gave him General Sherman's letter. General Reynolds sent Adjutant (Lieut.) Johnstone to us, who at once made all necessary arrangements to start at 6 a.m. the next morning. We found a great many agreeable men among the officers—General Dudley, Colonel King, Major Moore and others. General Dudley took us to his house in the evening, gave us two Apache arrows each and lent me his carbine.

“ There has just been a great massacre of Pawnees near here by the Sioux. The Pawnee warriors were most of them out on a hunt when the Sioux fell on their camp and killed and scalped 60 people, most of them squaws and papooses—Pallardy, our guide, was there shortly after and picked up one of the Sioux knives, which I now have.”

The next day they started for the Medicine stream in charge of the Adjutant (Lieut. Johnstone), with an escort of a sergeant and sixteen troopers, two waggons, each drawn by six splendid mules, a cook, teamsters and men to go with the led horses. Three troop horses each were allotted to Loder and Pelham for buffalo-hunting. The Medicine is a tributary of the Platte River. It is one of a number of streams which are very innocent-looking and shallow, but which after a storm are liable to become raging torrents.

"A few weeks before I arrived," says Loder, "a most extraordinary catastrophe occurred. Major Moore (who told me about it) was camping with his command on the banks of the Black Willow Creek, a small stream, very like the Medicine and only a few miles away. About midnight, just after a change of guard had been made, an alarm was given and those who were awake rushed to the doors of their tents and saw a great wave of water rushing and foaming down upon them . . . in two hours the whole valley (here nearly two miles wide) was filled with water and in the bed of the stream was 20 feet deep. Six men and 28 horses were drowned. Everything but one waggon was swept away. Major Moore and most of the men saved themselves by climbing into some trees which were growing out of the river bank. Pallardy, afterwards our guide, was sitting on the top of the only waggon which was not washed away, but he expected to feel it go over every moment.

"Tuesday, August 19th.— . . . At 2.30 p.m. we reached our camping ground on the Medicine, and lay down in the shade and I read a book. . . . Thermometer 85° at 3 p.m., 75° at 8 p.m., 66° in tents at 4 a.m."

Buffalo were seen in the distance this day, but they struck camp and marched for Red Willow Creek the next morning.

"After we had marched for four hours we came in sight of several herds of buffalo. The prairie here is very different from the Kansas prairie. It is more broken with hills and the grass is far longer in some of the narrow valleys and cañons ; I have seen grass as much as 8 feet high. It will average about 18 inches on the prairie about here, but is a great deal trodden down by buffalo. . . . Pelham and I, Pallardy and three soldiers rode off to chase a herd of about 60 buffalo which were feeding in a low bit of ground where we could approach pretty near to them without being seen. The men were armed with their cavalry carbines, but Pelham and I carried our revolvers as they are easier to manage on horseback.¹

¹ It must be remembered that at this time there were no handy, powerful, small-bore rifles and carbines ; but still I think Loder made a mistake in preferring a revolver to a carbine. Shooting from horse-

A buffalo looks a great clumsy animal, but in reality he is very active. Even on flat ground he is astonishingly fast, but down a slope on rough ground it takes a very good horse to overtake him and on very broken ground no horse has a chance. Buffalo-shooting from horseback is not difficult *if* you have a really good buffalo horse. After you have once put one of these horses in chase of a buffalo he does not require any more guiding; he will gallop up close alongside, giving you an easy shot with a rifle at the beast's shoulder, and as soon as you have fired these horses swerve away from the buffalo so quickly that they would throw the rider unless she was expecting it. They are taught to spring aside in this way in order to avoid the charge which buffalo will sometimes make as quick as lightning as soon as he feels himself hit. If the buffalo is not killed by the first shot, the horse comes up again at once on the other side, and so on till the buffalo falls. We had no trained horses with us, all ours were cavalry chargers. The one I rode was very fast, but could not stay long; he got very excited at the sight of a buffalo, but I never could get him to go very near them, and one ought to be rather close to do any damage with a revolver. In fact I found, what with managing one's horse and the loading and firing of the revolver and guarding against prairie-dog holes and taking care not

back at the gallop is a very easily acquired accomplishment, even with a full-length sporting rifle, if you have a good horse. It is surprising how seldom one misses even small animals, such as gazelle, cheetah, jackals and hyænas, if you get dead behind them and shoot over your horse's head; with big game and dangerous game, much depends on your horse's knowledge of the sport and of your ways, but if you have a beast twenty yards off on the *near* side of your horse and are going the same pace you will kill him as often as you will a rabbit at this distance with a scatter gun; and to my mind the sport is quite as exciting as pig-sticking.

The best weapon I have found to be a .256 Mannlicher rifle with the barrel cut four inches shorter than the regular rifle. Loder put me up to this in 1893—and rightly told me that I should find my rifle equally effective for all sporting purposes and its balance and handiness improved by the alteration. When thus shortened under Loder's supervision, the rifle weighed 6½ lb.—a weight that allows of using it, if necessary, with one hand. A short .350 Mannlicher may be better for dangerous game such as lion or leopard. You should never ride behind dangerous game—always on the flank, and whenever possible have it on your left hand.—A. E. P.

to be in the way when a buffalo charged, one had as many things to do at one time as one could conveniently manage.

"Pallardy, who is a practised buffalo hunter, led us in the most skilful manner, winding along, keeping to the lowest ground, taking care that there was always some rise between us and the herd. At last we were within 100 yards of where they were feeding, quite unconscious of danger, on the other side of a large knoll, which hid us from their sight. Here we stopped for a moment to tighten our girths and look to our revolvers and carbines, and then with a whoop and a cheer rode at the herd. After a very fast scamper of about half a mile I came up with a young one and fired my revolver into his shoulder; he went head over heels like a ninepin. A few seconds after I fired a second shot and down went a two-year-old heifer—she had been hit by one of the soldiers' carbines at the same time that I fired. Pallardy also had to shoot the first one [which had not been killed by Loder's first shot]. I then made for a tremendous bull, the largest buffalo I ever saw. After a long chase I got alongside of him, but my horse would not go close, so that I could not hit him where I wanted. But at last after firing a great many rounds out of my revolver he stood still and charged at me. I was looking out and got my horse out of the way. . . . Every time I came near he charged. Several times he broke away and galloped in the direction the herd had gone. After one of these spurts, when the horse was rather blown, just after I had headed him, he made a tremendous charge down a hill at me. The horse, who was panting a good deal, did not see him coming and answered very slowly to my spur, and when I did get him to start the bull gained so quickly on him that it was touch and go—but a tremendous dig with the spurs, both at once, saved us. I leaned back as I made the last despairing dig with the spurs and fired my revolver into the bull's face, which then was not more than a foot from my horse's tail. As a soldier now came up with his carbine, we soon afterwards killed him. He was a splendid animal. I would have given anything for the skin off his head and shoulders, but the weather was so hot it would have been useless."

The diary recounts similar hunts on the following days from other camps, alludes to falls and lost horses, hats, and other incidents of the chase. Loder tries stalking both antelope and buffalo once or twice with little success, but I think if I give two more extracts it will give the reader a good idea of the sport which Loder and Pelham had and what a hunter's life was like in the old days.

A few days after the buffalo hunt just recorded, Loder had rather an amusing experience which might have turned out otherwise than funny :

“ We had started in chase of a herd of buffalo ; Pallardy taking the lead on a rather nice-looking young horse, and I was riding close behind him. All of a sudden the herd disappeared down a bank, 20 feet deep and nearly as steep as a wall. I kept an eye on Pallardy, expecting he would turn off to the right or left, as it seemed an impossible place for a horse to go down without breaking his neck. But on went Pallardy as straight as a line. There was no time for thinking, as we were going a racing pace, so down I rode too—it would never have done for an English foxhunter to have been cut out by an American ! Luckily both of us got down safely and were soon galloping alongside of the buffalo. After the chase was over and we were cutting up one of the beasts which we had shot, I found that Pallardy had had no choice about riding down the bank—his horse was running away with him, and down he had to go whether he liked it or not ! ! ”

On Saturday, August 23rd, they started back for their old camp down the Red Willow, and on the way he and Pelham had a good hunt after a herd of bulls. Loder had to give up following a bull, “ as he took to the very rough country full of deep cañons near the creek.”

“ Pelham got one bull. I rode to the left after this with Pallardy and two soldiers, and after a time we saw a herd of about 100 buffalo coming full tilt towards us with Sergeant —— following them—so we moved on into their line and went for them. I killed a very fast young cow after an exciting chase. At the beginning of my

chase I fired my revolver at an old bull who was in my way and he swung round and knocked a yearling two or three times head over heels and stunned it for a moment. This herd was feeding very nearly *in* our camping ground.

"In the afternoon I went up a hill at the back of our camp and saw in the distance with my telescope 2,000 or 3,000 buffalo feeding our way. Some soldiers who had been out on foot now came back and reported elk down the creek; so I took one of them and went off. I saw elk tracks but no elk. The big herd of buffalo was now within two miles of the camp."¹

There seem to have been some White-tailed Deer about, but apparently none were got, though Loder mentions Pallardy having wounded a splendid 12-pointer.

There is little more I need quote from the diary. They make their way back to civilisation, visit the stockyards at Chicago, arrive at New York on August 30th, enjoy a trip up the Hudson. Of the scenery there Loder says "nothing can be finer." They watch cadets drill at West Point: "the views from here as well as the grounds were charming." There is a long account of a *séance* with "Dr. Slade the well-known medium," which did not impress Loder very much. They drive about with "Joe Busk," whom I take to be a relation, and then they sail for Liverpool, on the Cunarder the *Russia*, on September 3rd. Edmund Loder arrived at Liverpool on September 13th, and was out deer-stalking on his father's Forest of Amat with "Mr. Harrison" on Glencalvie, and on September 17th I find he enters "Shot a fine 6-pointer at 178 yards on Glencalvie" 24 days after he had killed his last buffalo in Nebraska. Will anyone do that again?

¹ Loder and Pelham with their party killed a number of buffalo in Nebraska, but felt justified as the meat was wanted at Fort Macpherson. Loder's own bag was, I think, five, and Pelham's about the same as far as I can make out. The latter killed one old bull about 200 yards from camp.

CHAPTER VI

A PILGRIMAGE

“ Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam ;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship ; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.”

IN June 1874, when 24 years of age, Loder left England to see the world and returned home for Christmas in December 1875. Four closely written quarto journals and a number of long letters to his parents and brothers are the chief sources from which the account given of his travels in this chapter is taken. The mass of information given in his diaries is so great, his experiences are so varied and the countries visited so numerous, that even in a long chapter and with comparatively few extracts, chiefly from his letters home, only a bare idea of what he accomplished can be given. Though we find him in Finland and among the Lapps in the summer of 1874, he is hunting in Sumatra within that year and in the autumn of 1875 he is in the Rocky Mountains ; in the intervals he had crossed Europe, had seen a great deal of India and of Indian Society, had hunted in Cashmere, in the Neilgherries and elsewhere, had been with an *Eclipse* expedition to the Nicobar Islands, he had travelled in Burma and in China, explored the volcanoes of Java, visited Japan and the Malay Peninsula. All this was at a time when travelling, especially in the East, was a very

much slower and more arduous undertaking than it has been since. It must be remembered that the information which is easy of access now in thousands of books was then either impossible or difficult to obtain. To take one small illustration: the knowledge which we now possess as regards the various species of wild animals, on which subject Loder became later a great authority, has only been acquired slowly and painfully, through the hard work, observation and collecting done by naturalists, scientific travellers and hunters. Most of this knowledge has been garnered, thrashed and sorted during the last thirty years, in which task Loder played a great part. This is particularly true with regard to such families as those of the deer, sheep, goats and related families of ruminants such as the antelopes, but the remark applies also to the best-known species of mammalia and even to the elephant, the rhinoceros and hippopotamus. A simple way of testing the truth of this statement is to compare Rowland Ward's first edition of *Records of Big Game*, published in 1896, and the last, published in 1914.

Edmund Loder's travels in 1874 and 1875 fall into three divisions:

(1) Those with his brother Wilfrid in Sweden, Finland, and Russia in the summer of 1874, and those which he made subsequently alone.

(2) In India, Cashmere, the Andamans and Nicobars, and in Burma, Sumatra, Java, China and Japan.

(3) In the U.S.A. and Canada.

I intend to concentrate attention on (2), viz. on his journeys and experiences in Asia; but shall make allusion to the earlier and later travels as well.

Though many of Loder's journeys were made on wheels, on horseback and on foot, I calculate that he travelled at an average rate of between 60 and 70 miles a day during a little more than a year and a half in days when railways in the East were few and trains and steamers slow. Some of his sea voyages as well as his river journeys were made in open boats, such as the native sampans in the Javanese

Archipelago. Those familiar with Loder's ceaseless energy of mind and body would expect him to do all that any human being could accomplish against time ; but a study of these diaries reveals this instructive fact, that the vast general knowledge which he carried so lightly in after years, as well as his practical skill in almost every activity of life, were gained by a constant application of his brain to study and reflection and by persevering effort and experiment. He is always on the hunt for books, he seeks information from anyone he meets, and at this time takes pains to note down all that interests him. In little things the labour he gives himself is extraordinary, taking barometer readings for altitudes throughout railway journeys or noting the readings for the various crater edges and crater bottoms of the Javan volcanoes, or registering day and night readings of his thermometers. As has been pointed out, he was an extremely rapid reader and absorbed all worth remembering in any book into his memory. For the edification of those who may have remarked in a notice of him after his death certain remarks as to his want of taste for literature, I give one illustration. He was at Shanghai in 1875 from the 1st to the 5th of September, did a great deal there and met many people, yet he finds time to go to the Club to read, and "among" the books he reads there, those he "likes very much" are :

"*Travels in the Regions of Timoor*, by Atkinson ; *Travels in Siberia*, by the same author ; *The Marvellous Country*, by Cozzens ; *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, by Bird ; *Prairie and Forest*, by Gillmore ; *The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China and China*, by Thompson ; *Japan and the Japanese*, by Aimé Humbert."

On shipboard he writes in his diary that he "began" at 2 a.m. on August 23rd Moore's *Life of Byron*, and the same day enters : "Finished this afternoon Moore's *Life of Byron*"—and it is to be presumed that he slept part of the night and went to meals.

To those who know the East, there will be little new in Loder's descriptions of places, and few will be quoted at

length. To modern big-game hunters Loder's first youthful efforts all alone to obtain sport may appear to yield poor results. Pioneers generally do have a poor and unprofitable time. In no other direction is it truer than in regard to exploration and big-game hunting that others reap the fruits of the great labours of the forerunners. Loder was alone, but never appears to have felt lonely, for he made acquaintances and some lasting friendships. I can only remember one instance where he was not welcomed or received with kindness and hospitality. I found the following note at the end of his journals, made after his return home :

“ The question which, I think, has been asked me the oftenest since I have been back is ‘ Didn't you feel lonely in those out-of-the-way places ? ’ I can't say I did in Cashmere. Amidst such scenery as that I do not think any true traveller ever does. The enthusiasm or rather the excitement which I feel when amongst big mountains must, I think, be experienced by nearly everyone who visits such scenes, or the great labour required to reach them would not be so cheerfully undergone.”

And then he quotes Byron's “ Where rose the mountains ” and the lines which are placed at the head of this chapter.

It will be seen that he had many disappointments. He failed to get either markhor or ibex in Cashmere, he failed to get his bison in India, he failed to obtain his elephant in Sumatra, he failed in securing a really good wapiti in America (and had to return another year there to shoot one such as he wanted) ; he gave up the chances of much sport to join the Eclipse Expedition to the Nicobar Islands, and black clouds obscured the eclipse. But in spite of these and other failures he purchased experience and laid up a large store of pleasures of memory, which enriched his whole after life.

In reading and re-reading these diaries I have found the enormous amount of matter and the number of subjects a great difficulty from the point of view of selection for this memoir. I will indicate a very few of the subjects which

he writes of in great detail and which I do not deal with in these pages. During his travels in Northern Europe, at Trollhatten he discusses canals and the wonderful locks on the Gotha River; at Lulea timber, railway and mining propositions; estimates working costs and freights, describes saw mills, Swedish machinery, conditions of labour, furnaces, smelting processes, the respective values of various forms of transport fitted for such wild countries, and the respective chances of strong tugs on rivers or the practicability of employing donkeys. He visits iron mines, and at Hendersoma he finds a "Professor" whose relationship to the mine is not stated, but who is "quite a character, something between St. John the Baptist and Robinson Crusoe." Out of Crusoe the Baptist he obtains all he requires for his calculations of costs and profits. On his voyages he describes the machinery and construction of the vessels he sails in and compiles a list of all the largest liners of the day. In Asia he studies and describes the cultivation of tea and tobacco, and the trade in such articles; he explores volcanoes, and gives accounts of eclipses, occultations, astronomical instruments, the arts and manufactures of the countries he visits, and there are always descriptions of the objects of interest and of the people wherever he may find himself. He collects for himself and for friends at home, horns, Lapp boots, stamps, beetles, skins, shawls, photographs, curios of all sorts, and keeps a careful account of his expenditure. There is one curious omission when one thinks of his subsequent interest in botany and flowers, for he hardly ever notes anything in regard to the flora and vegetation of the East. He notices of course, as other travellers would, rhododendrons in India, edible rhubarb growing wild in Cashmere and such things, but evidently at this time he had no great knowledge of trees and plants.

In July Loder and his brother sailed from Stockholm to Abo, where they had been in the company of Count Sparre and a young Englishman, G. Turner of the Indian Civil Service, "who is going to Russia to find out if he can get across Asia to Yarkand and India"; from Abo they go to

St. Petersburg. There they are met by his uncle and aunt Dr. and Mrs. Higginbotham. At this time Loder had intended to go down the Volga to Nijni Novgorod, then to Astrakhan, and across the Caspian Sea to Resht, thence across Persia to Bushire, and so into India, but a letter from his father persuades him to make straight for India. If he wants to be in time for shooting in Cashmere his father considers he should lose no time. The two brothers whilst at St. Petersburg enjoyed themselves; their two cousins, the Misses Higginbotham, acting as their guides to all the sights of the then wonderful city. Edmund Loder was very much struck with the beauty of St. Isaac's Church, and each time he returns to examine it admires it more and more; he says, "I admire the *proportions* even more than the magnificence of the materials. The monolith granite columns of the portico and the pillars of lapis lazuli, of malachite, etc., are fine to the extreme."

Then he parts from his brother and sets out alone for the East, visiting Berlin, Munich, Innsbruck, Verona, Padua and Bologna on his way to Brindisi, and has a great deal to say about these places and more about the scenery he passes through. He complains of the journey through Italy being very hot and tiring, and adds "the refreshments are the worst I have seen." On his way to Brindisi he met a Captain Macaulay, also bound for Bombay, and long before they landed in India this acquaintance had ripened into friendship. From Brindisi they sail on the *Simla* for Alexandria.

"The *Simla* is an old and very well known ship (about 1,100 tons); for many years she was one of the P. & O. crack boats. Her engines are very old-fashioned and do not work directly on the screw shaft, but are connected with cog-wheels!—things never seen now in marine machinery. The captain told me these wheels were the plague of his life; from the time they came into port to the time they came out of it, it was hammer, hammer away all day mending and replacing cogs. Still the old ship went along at the regular 10-knot pace of the P. & O."

On July 23rd he lands at Alexandria, describes the sights and smells and says "a little of Alexandria goes a long way." The rail journey to Suez took ten hours, and there he goes on board the *Bokhara*.

"The cabins are arranged for four people each. . . . Our numbers are so few that everyone has a cabin to himself. There may be forty passengers, not more—three ladies and four children. We have our dog, which barked over my head all night, a lot of sheep, which got loose and were running all over the deck yesterday, a fine herd of pigs, which get washed every day, and a lot of rabbits. . . . Captain Macaulay is quite a friend of mine now. I shall very likely after coming out of Cashmere go to his station, Dera Ismail Khan, for markoor shooting. He has been 17 years in India and has never been ill there; in one place he and one other, out of 120 Englishmen, alone escaped cholera. . . . There is also on board Colonel Thuillier, Surveyor-General of India . . . he was with Lord Mayo at the time of his murder. He remembers Sir Percy and Lady Burrell out there."

Like many other travellers he puzzles over the question why the very blue Red Sea is called Red; the only thing red about it is that it is red-hot. Various are the origins ascribed to the name, one being the occasional film of reddish dust that is seen on its surface after sand-storms, but a more probable suggestion for the name is the redness of the mountains on both litorals.

Loder's description of what he did and saw in India would alone fill a volume and undoubtedly interest those who enjoy "travels" and like diaries. The extracts I make here are selected mainly for the purposes of revealing his character and youthful powers of observation and for recording experiences and incidents of travel peculiar to that time. Many things which he dwells on and which I have to pass over recall a day that is dead. At *Aden* the "hab-a-dibe" Somali boys are no longer allowed to swarm round the liners braving the sharks, nor to clamber up the masts and dive from dizzy heights for silver coins. The mystery of the Aden Tanks and the interest in their dis-

covery by our friend the late Sir Lambert Playfair has passed, and it is many years since it could be stated, as it is by Loder, "all the water for drinking purposes is brought by ships from Bombay, 1,400 miles."

After exploring *Bombay*, he leaves for *Jubbulpoor* (615 miles),¹ and there he rides "the worst horse you ever saw" to the Marble Rocks: "you will find," he says, "a picture and description of them in Forsyth's *Central India*, a book I left in London." In remarks on Indian Rainfalls he notes: "At Cherapoonjee in Assam the average rainfall is 527 inches. In 1861, 805 inches fell, that is 67 feet; in the month of July alone, there were 366 inches, or more than 11 inches a day."

He makes another stay at Meerut and thence proceeds to the then terminus of the railway at Lahore. From Lahore he journeys on in a one-horse dâk-gharry 170 miles to Rawul Pindee² and then on another 40 miles by hill-cart to Muree, where he has to wait for the arrival of his rifles from England. These had been shipped from Southampton when he left St. Petersburg, and his diaries are full of his anxiety about them. One other trouble weighs on his mind throughout the two years of his absence, and is so characteristic of him that it is worth mentioning—his diaries teem with the subject. An optician near London named Wray had undertaken to make him a large "object glass" for his observatory telescope. For eighteen months Loder fidgets about this object glass—whether Wray is really making it, whether he can make it, and how he is getting on with it. He is distressed that letters from home report nothing, or nothing definite, on this important matter, and in his letters he is always imploring one or other member of the family "to find out." It is not till he finds himself at Boston at the end of the next year that he gets any peace of

¹ At Jubbulpur Loder had letters to Colonel and Mrs. Coote and was entertained by them. Of Mrs. Coote he says: "A charming person, quite young. Colonel Coote has been 32 years in India and Burma."

² I retain Loder's old-fashioned spelling of names and animals.

mind on this subject; there is then this entry in his journal, after going to the great optician Alvan Clark :

“ Alvan Clark has an 8-inch O.G. about 9 feet 6 inches focus, all but finished, which I can get for £150. If Wray has done nothing yet I shall telegraph for it.”

This persistence of mind will probably bring him back to many of his friends as it does to me.

During his weeks of waiting for his rifles at Muree he is entertained by Mr. Lesley Probyn, Colonel Johnstone and “ the Maclagans,” and receives hospitality from Sir Henry and Lady Davies at Government House, and others. On one occasion we find him dining with Colonel Younghusband (Captain Cautley, A.D.C., a Colonel and Mrs. Miller being also there). With the Davies he plays whist and he likes them : “ Lady Davies is very pleasant—he is generally voted a stick,” but Loder does not agree, and found him pleasant enough and enjoyed being with him. He remarks that “ Badminton is a great game here.” Loder’s generation will remember this game as the short-lived precursor to lawn-tennis. Loder has now an Indian servant called Antony, who gives him some trouble and inspires the following *à propos* Indian servants and some others :

“ If they are steady and honest they are stupid and useless, because one can do everything quicker and better than they can; if they do their work well and smartly they are sure to have some bad quality hidden for a time—they are either thieves or drunkards. My man Antony is as smart a servant as I ever saw, but I *know* he drinks and would not trust him further than I can see him. He has great temptations to drink here, for I am waiting to hear of the arrival of my rifles at Bombay . . . still, when he is three-parts tipsy and looks as bad as possible he has all his wits about him and puts my studs into my shirt all right and does not hand me a boot when I want to brush my hair.”

After many recorded warnings he at last cures Antony for a time of his nasty habit by treatment so drastic and

so unusual in Loder's ways with subordinates that I record it with its beneficial results. When at Amritsar in the following November there is this entry :

"Here my servant got beastly drunk. . . . I almost made up my mind to send him about his business. He is an uncommonly useful man when sober, so I determined to try the effect of a good licking. So when I found him lying in this state I kicked him till he got up, and then nearly knocked him down with a sounding box on the ear, but just picked him up again with a corresponding slap on the other side ; in this way I played upon him as long as I conveniently could and finished up by knocking him down and leaving him on the ground."

Subsequently at Delhi after no signs of relapse Antony admitted to Loder : "Master gave me good sense the other night. I'll not drink any more liquor." But alas ! before the winter was over he fell again and was dismissed.

He does not get much encouragement as to the prospects of sport from his friends at Muree :

"Everybody here with one accord repeats the same tale—'I suppose you know you have not come out here in the right season for big game.' They say the grass is so high that one can only shoot in the hot weather when it has either died down or has been burnt for miles."

On the other hand, the following bag got by a man named Wilson, whom he meets at Muree, must have whetted his appetite for Cashmere. In the previous "April Wilson got 8 ibex and 13 bears and a total bag of 31 head." He hunts all over Muree in vain for a Shakespeare, but picks up Kinloch's book on Big Game and reads it.

On September 4th his rifles arrive and he sets out with Antony another khitmagar, a bheestie and twelve coolies carrying his tent and bedding with his stores packed in

kiltas.¹ The track was along the River Jhelum and he does the thirteen marches to Baramoola in six and a half days.

Loder's main hope was to obtain the Cashmere stag (*Cervus cashmirianus*), commonly known as barasingh.² It must be remembered he was a hunter of red deer; each man who loves a rifle has a favourite use for it. He had made up his mind that the rutting season would give him the best chance of obtaining barasingh, as the stags are "roaring" during the mating season and betray their whereabouts. The barasingh's call and challenge is not a roar like a Scottish stag's or the Maral's, but a sort of squeal. Judging from my own experience in strange country, it is rather doubtful if the roaring season is the best, for stags are then restless and on the move day and night in great Asiatic mountains and forests; the stalker too often after great labour to reach the place where a stag has been roaring, gets there only to find that the beast is roaring on another mountain. However, a sportsman has the encouragement of locating stags and the excitements of stalking against time in constant uncertainty. Loder was too early for the roaring of the Cashmere stags, so he "put away" time after the bears. The chances he got by day at bears were few and far between. The most favourable time for killing bears in Cashmere is on bright moonlight nights when they are up the walnut trees or going to and returning from the native cornfields.

Loder was unlucky with the moon, but succeeded in getting both the black and the brown bears, though only after many disappointments, some due to the mistakes of his shikaries and some to his own lack of experience at this game. Few men in their sport have been less helped by luck than he was, and he bought his wonderful

¹ Kiltas: wicker-work baskets covered with leather and fitted with a lid; the kiltas are carried on the back, the rest of the bunderbus on the men's heads.

² The barasingh of Cashmere must not be confused with the barasingh of India (the Swamp Deer, *C. duvauceli*). The Cashmere stag is also called Hangul.

experience and reached success by indomitable perseverance and skill. Many pages of his diary are devoted to the bears, but one or two extracts from his letters will suffice.

“LOLAB VALLEY, *September 22nd.*

“I date this letter as above, but I am not at all sure of the date, as it is about eighteen days since I left Muree and civilisation. I am not writing in very good spirits, as I have had the very *worst possible* luck in shooting; but that I will come to presently.

“From Muree to Baramoola is 125 miles (about) and is divided into thirteen marches. I made six double marches and one single march and so got to Baramoola on September 10th. The scenery all along the route is fairly pretty but nothing wonderful. . . . Some of the marches are very stiff ones on account of the badness of the track and the number of steep descents and ascents across ravines, besides which the sun is tremendously hot. . . . One day we had very hard work: I got the mules, etc. (four to assist the heavily charged fourteen coolies), off at 6 a.m. from Ghurree and made a rapid march of eight miles to Huttian at 9.30 a.m. At 2 p.m. I got the mules off, but before they had gone a couple of miles, when they were going along a narrow path on the side of a *very* steep slope, two of them jostled each other and one went over the edge of the path and rolled head over heels, head over heels, for three or four hundred feet. The mule of course was smashed up and killed, but somehow or other his load was very little damaged. Beside other things, he was carrying a soft carpet-bag in which were two deer-stalking telescopes, and on the top of the load was the heavy 12-bore rifle. (By the time they got going again it was nearly dark.) . . . We were still a long way from Chikotee, the next rest-house. I hurried on and got in about 8 p.m. Here I found Capt. Cautley, who was coming the other way, and he gave me some supper and after that I went to sleep. The next morning I found my servants and mules had come up. . . . How they got there in the dark I do not know; the road at last is frightful, steep descents full of big stones and rocks.

“At Baramoola one gets into a boat and is towed,

punted or rowed along. The boats are long flat-bottomed things. The boatman and family live on the stern and one has the bows to oneself. . . . I had one for myself and one for the servants. The dinner is cooked in their boat, and when ready the boats are brought alongside one another and it is served on one's tent table—altogether it was a pleasant mode of travelling after the long hot marches. . . . The next morning we got to Sopoor, a scattered town just where the river (Jhelum) runs out of the Walur Lake. Instead of going direct to Srinagur I decided to go to Alsoo on the north of the Lake and from there march ten miles over the hills to a small village, Derdapoor, in the Lolab Valley and see if I could not get a few bears, as it is hardly yet the right time for barasingh, ibex, or markhor. . . . [He reaches and leaves Alsoo.] I had a couple of native shikaries (Cashmeeries), Lolab men, who are supposed to be good for bears. We had a stiff climb for two or three hours and then had a fine view of the pretty valley of Lolab, a fine, flat, cultivated plain; with many villages, surrounded by mountains none of them very high, but many of them covered with high timber. The villages are all hidden in large groves of fine walnut-trees and at this time of year the walnuts are just ripe, and the bears come from the hills at night to the outskirts of the villages and eat the corn, walnuts and fruit. I stayed five days at Derdapoor and got *nothing*, although every night except one I *heard* two or three bears and was within ten yards of one at least each night, but as there was no moon I could never see to shoot.

“Two or three nights I slept by the side of a field of Indian corn rolled up in my blanket, and twice a bear came and I could hear him tearing down the corn with his teeth and crushing the corn with his teeth with a ghastly kind of noise in the dead of night, like the crunching of bones. The bear always gets the wind sooner or later and goes off.”

He describes missing one near at hand at dusk, and how one close above him in a walnut-tree got his wind and in “less than two seconds he was down the height of 20 feet and gone. They are as quick and active as cats.”

He tries various camps near villages and returns to one

at a village called Siver; by this time there was a fair moon, and he gets one small black bear and wounds a big one.

"Altogether after hard work almost all night and day for eight or nine days I have got one tiny black bear's skin. . . . I cannot say much for the *skill* of my shikaries; they are pleasant, willing men, very keen after sport and with capital ears for hearing bears at night, but I think they are a little clumsy and not careful enough about wind. . . . There are two sorts of bears here, the black and the red (or brown) bear. I have seen several of each. . . . The men seem a good deal afraid of them, but I am nearly sure they are almost always harmless when left alone and very seldom charge when wounded. . . . Sometimes they do some damage; an officer was killed here one night last year, and on the day I left Muree a native was killed or badly mauled. . . . To complete my bad luck in the shooting line, a cat scratched in under my tent last night and stole away my parcel containing the skins of the various birds I have shot and has torn them up, scattering the feathers about all round the camp."

Later he writes, after wounding a *very* large brown bear (which he lost):

"About an hour after this we heard a bear up in a tree, and this time I had no difficulty in getting close under the tree and could see the bear moving about. . . . I fired a shell at him, hit him rather far back and he began to come down the tree slowly. I came up close, and seeing him quite plainly in the moonlight I gave him the other shell in the ribs at a distance of about four yards and he fell at my feet quite dead. The shikari behind me thinking I was going to be clawed lost his head and let off my second rifle uncommonly close to my head, in fact I was in much greater danger from him than from the bear. He was a full-sized black bear, which are never very big in Cashmere; this one weighed 220 lb. [His bag of bears was eventually four brown and two black ones.]

"A great many things are wonderfully cheap in Cashmere. Coolies for beaters, all day for 2 annas (3d.). My two boats each 60 feet long and 7 feet wide with a couple of families on board 1s. a day each. Chickens from 1½d. to 3d. each. Sheep 1s. to 2s."

Loder reaches Srinagur on September 25th, and goes off with two shikaries, Summat Khan and Sultana, recommended to him "by Captn. Groeme (? Graeme), who gets long leave every year and spends it in Cashmere," to Keoge Nag—and camps at 8,000 feet—to try for markhor. The markhor of the Kajnag is the variety known as the Pir Panjal Markhor (*Capra falconeri cashmiriensis*) with more or less kudu-like horns.

"In the early morning of October 1st I and the shikaries started up the mountain from this camp, in search of markhor (which Keoge Nag is famous for), and in the course of the day we reached a height of 12,200 feet above the sea. The slopes on this mountain are *very steep* and bad, loose stones, and long slippery grass and, high up, large rocks. There are also a lot of dry weeds with large leaves (wild rhubarb) which make a great rustling when trod upon and make stalking difficult. I wore grass shoes (sandals made of plaited rice straw). . . . All this day we climbed, walked and spied, but saw no markhor; the last hour we came down in the dark, which was really dangerous. The next morning I went up again a different ravine to about the same height as the day before, and this day we saw in the distance seven markhor moving off westward. We could not get at them. About an hour afterwards we saw seventeen more also making the same way and watched them all over a skyline (except one inferior one who laid down). This one I stalked and was just getting to a place—it was not so very steep—where I should have had a fair chance, when he heard us rustle some dry leaves and I had to shoot *at once* at him lying at 150 yards. I hit him and we found several pieces of flesh in the bush behind where he was and a large piece in a bush 40 yards away, but we never saw him again after a second after I fired. I sent one of the men down to camp for blankets and food and we camped

out, about 10,500 feet above the sea. It snowed and hailed a little in the night, but not enough to do any harm. The next morning we went up again bearing in the direction we had seen the markhor go. This day we went up to 13,200 feet; about midday it came on to snow and blow and hail and it became even colder than usual."

In fog and snow he gets momentary glimpses of three markhor; he then camps high in another ravine, and calls his camp "a precious cold one":

"Besides, the tent was sopping wet and I felt the cold a good deal. . . . I get up every morning at 4. . . . I have some trouble with the servants, as they feel the cold a good deal. This ravine is full of ice or frozen snow—a small glacier about 3 or 4 miles long and from a 100 to 40 yards wide. This of course tends to make the air cold."

He has several blank days seeing cheetah tracks in the fresh snow: "this the shikaries thought might partly account for our not seeing markhor, as they are much afraid of cheetahs." After persistent bad luck and hardships he writes:

"I gave the order to strike camp the next morning and march straight away eastwards over Keoge Nag towards barasingh-ground 70 miles away. . . . After we got up about 12,000 feet we saw two fine markhor, but they went over the top—I think they heard the coolies, although they were about three miles off. About an hour afterwards we came in sight of two markhor—a small one lying down and one *really magnificent*¹ one feeding. They were about 400 yards off and in a place where one might get within 100 yards if only the wind were steady, which it certainly was *not* and I think *now* I ought to have tried the shot even at that distance. But the shikaries persuaded me to try the stalk, and before we had got

¹ He estimates the horns to have been 50 inches long, "and instead of being close together as most markhors' are they had a fine spread of full 3½ feet at the tips—I expect he would have weighed about 17 stone clean!! Alas!"

half-way I felt sure we were done, and when at last we looked over the rock about 100 yards from where we had seen them they were gone, and gone fast too, for we saw them again 2,000 feet above us going over the top. We went up to over 14,000 feet and saw their tracks in the snow and saw that they were jumping and going at a tremendous rate."

Snowstorms and bitter wind prevented his camping and altered his plans, and he hunts a huge brown bear on his way down to the timber line and lost his coolies, made a big fire and "lay down for the night blanketless and supperless 11,000 feet up on a snowy night." In the night two of the servants turned up with food and blankets and lanterns. He marches several days via Lolab Valley, and on October 11th he camps at 10,000 feet about ten miles beyond Walur Lake, making his way to the Machil Hills for barasingh.

"I found a Major McKinnon and his wife camped here; he has been here three days, but has only seen two small stags and has not heard them roar yet. . . . As he is looking about for game here I shall go on some miles to another camp to-morrow."

He had an exciting time with two bears the next day and got a good one, putting four bullets into the shoulder within a few inches of each other.

"This is curious, as I fired at her once standing, twice coming straight at me and twice slanting away, the four last when she was going at a great lumbering gallop. As soon as we had skinned the bear twenty-five to thirty vultures came down and in less than ten minutes had eaten up every bit of flesh. . . . Barasingh do not appear to be at all numerous, and in fact all game seems to require either a lot of work or a lot of luck to get."

The next day he bags three brown (or red) bears with thirteen shots, all in a very few seconds, the greater part of them when the bears were on the move—"eleven bullets

hit, the first and one other missed; the men loaded and handed me the rifles well." He is disappointed at the size of Cashmere bears; his bears run to about 250 lb., and grizzly bears he has been told run from 1,200 to 1,600 lb., and even to 2,000 lb.¹

In this letter to his brother Wilfrid he turns to many subjects:

"I do not hear anything about my 8-inch object glass.

"Please see that my name has been put down by Uncle Hans for the Universities Club in Suffolk Street.

"I hope to get a good letter from you telling me all about the stalking at Amat.

"You remember the silver-plated biscuit tin I had once. I got it for the Varsity $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile Handicap. It was put away somewhere at 42 Grosvenor Square. Please stir up a hunt for it. For a shooting trip out here a companion would be rather in the way than otherwise, but I certainly should like one in America. I must not hurry over such countries as China and Japan, where there is so much to see and where I am not likely to be again. The elder Lydekker is out here geologising, your friend Barclay has been laid up at Srinagur with rheumatic fever—I have not seen either of them.

"How did the stags in the Park [Whittlebury] do this year? did the draining improve their heads?"

The next letter is posted at Lahore a month later, November 9th, 1874. He discusses the news from Scotch forests:

"I do not expect 22 stags will be killed on Coriemulzie this year as I did to my own rifle last year between Sept. 20th and Oct. 15th. . . . Certainly deer-stalking is a splendid sport, and for a continuance year after year I do not think there can be any equal to it. Now the markhor is a splendid animal and a rare one also, but it requires all that to induce one even for a few days to go

¹ He had been misinformed: 1,200 lb. would be a *great* weight for a grizzly. Kodiak bears (*U. arctus middendorfi*) may run over 1,600 lb. and up to 2,000 lb. Few bears except Alaskan and Polar bears weigh over 1,000 lb.

through that tremendous exertion which climbing in such mountains entails. Walking on Benaig and Ben More is hard enough, but it is nothing at all to slipping on grass slopes and climbing on steep banks of loose stones, never getting a really firm foothold all day."

He describes his attempts to find barasingh from different camps and "*never seeing one.*" "At last one day we heard a roar (as we were sitting on the top of a hill) in the valley below us. We had a dreadful climb down some 2,000 feet." He found the stag always on the move, and eventually had to stand on a steep slope with slippery footing and shaking from his rapid descent and to shoot through a birch-tree at a good stag about 150 yards off. "I had to fire as quickly as possible, and missed him." However, his luck changed, and the next day he gets his first stag, a moving one, with three bullets behind the shoulder, the last two shots at the gallop. This stag of 10 points, a beautifully shaped head and like most at this season much out of condition, was a large beast; and weighed in three portions he scaled 27 stone "clean." Subsequently he sees a good many fine stags, but has few shots and then difficult ones in bush when he was "blown." He loses the chance of a shot at a very fine stag through his shikari knocking his rifle against a stick in handing¹ it to him too quickly. During these days he has some sport with bears and one evening kills a musk deer "with very fair tusks."²

Even this little fellow gave him some trouble.

"Coming downhill . . . we came suddenly on a musk deer among some fir trees. I fired two barrels at it as it darted away and hit it both times but did not stop it. Taking my single rifle I had a run after it, falling of course ever so many times; one of the falls was a bad

¹ In after years when I was his companion he never climbed or worked without his rifle in his own hand, and when after sheep generally at full cock.

² Musk deer (*Moschus moschiferus*) is a small deer without horns but with long upper tusks 3 to 4 inches long.

one and I cracked the woodwork of the stock right across. . . . The shikaries get an equal weight in silver for the musk in Cashmere. I do not know what it is worth in London. I stayed in this neighbourhood several days more, saw and heard one or two more stags but got no more shots. On October 27th I determined to give it up and go south again."

He marches on foot double marches (one day three marches) and reaches Muree on November 3rd.

"Before I went into Cashmere everybody said 'Now is the time, you will get splendid shooting,' but I don't think it is the best time at all. Five or six hundred Englishmen now go into Cashmere and shoot, make a noise and disturb the game; this makes the game stick to the jungle, and if they feed at all in the open it is at night. . . . If I was going into Cashmere again I should try and get in by the Muree route by the first week in March.¹ At that time all the hills are covered with snow. The game is crowded into much smaller space. There are only certain places where they can get food. . . . The tracks in fresh snow will show in what places game is plentiful, and a wounded beast can be tracked for any distance. I got several flying squirrels with very nice fur, and shot several woodcocks and wild duck when on the march; of the latter there are any quantities. . . . Moonal pheasants I saw a good many of, when I was on the hills looking for barasingh, but I never shot at one. There is a very fine bird, something like a capercailzie, only grey and white; it lives very high up, about 13,000 feet. Of monkeys I saw two kinds, one small and one large.

"Srinagur seemed to be a horribly dirty place; the people all dirty. The river is clean, and all the chief shops have a river frontage, so all necessary shopping can be done by boat. Cashmere shawls are made in Cashmere, but the goats which furnish the material are beyond Ladak and will not live in Cashmere.

"The beauty of a Cashmere woman is world-renowned and I suppose it must be a fact. . . . I went into a great many villages in various parts of Cashmere and a plainer lot of females I never saw. Among the men, on the other

¹ By April 15th most stags have shed their horns. Besides, at this time of year the game is not half so wide awake.

hand, I saw several *very* handsome. I did not see any high-caste natives, all that I had anything to do with were dirty and told lies habitually. Beyond Cashmere northwards I expect there must be some extraordinarily fine mountain scenery. Where I shot my barasingh, Nanga Purbal Mountain *seemed* to be close by. It is a splendid peak (I believe 26,500 feet). Cashmere is undoubtedly a beautiful place, with a pleasant climate to spend the summer in . . . but the country has been overrated in many points in books."

Many years after I asked Loder if in all his travels he had ever seen such beautiful and magnificent scenery as that of the valleys on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees south of Mt. Perdu in the months of May and June. He considered this question some time and then said, "The most *magnificent* mountain scenery I have ever seen is, I think, that of Cashmere. Though the other is *very, very beautiful*."

On his return to Muree he sold his surplus stores ; he probably took a dozen of whisky into Cashmere—he sells the remaining eight bottles for Rs. 12. How does this sound in these days ? He next writes on November 19th from *Lucknow* :

"At *Lahore* I found the Probyns, who had been very kind to me at Muree—Probyn lent me a horse and we rode about the place together. The buildings are some of them rather interesting but nothing very grand. Lahore was the Sikh capital of Runjeet Singh, the great Maharajah of Cashmere from 1780 to 1839. He was nearly a match for Lord Gough in the Punjab Wars. Runjeet Singh was very fond of horses, and when he died he left 1,300 bridles, besides eight millions of money and the famous Koh-i-noor Diamond."

Elsewhere Loder refers to the Sikh War and the battles of the final campaign ending with the victory of Goojerat in February 1848 ; of Lord Gough he remarks that he "was a rash Irishman, a brave man but not a good General. Whenever he got into difficulty he used to order a charge—'Give 'em the could stale, boys !' "

Later when in Burma he records that

“At *Moulmein* I met a fine old Sikh who had commanded, at the battle of *Chillianwallah*, the cavalry of his uncle or cousin ‘*Gholab Singh*,’ the successor of the famous *Runjeet Singh*. This fine old chief is now at *Moulmein* exiled from his country by the Indian Government. I must say I think his case a hard one. The Sikhs never rebelled against us, they only defended their country. After being defeated they surrendered with all the honours of war. *Duleep Singh*, the heir to the throne of the Punjab, is living in England on a pension of £25,000 a year, while my old friend at *Moulmein* has to live on a pension of 90s. a month. It was a fine sight to see the grand old fellow describing the Battle of *Chillianwallah*, where he was nearly victorious. His flashing eyes and clenched hands showed that even now he was ready to be fighting again; in fact, he told me that he should like nothing better than to be allowed to lead a regiment against the King of Burma, with whom at this time (April 1875) there seemed to be every chance of our having a war.”

From Lahore he visited *Amritsar*, the sacred city of the Sikhs, when it was crowded with gaily dressed natives on the last day of the Hindu holiday, and describes the Golden Temple and Causeway “standing in the beautiful Lake of Immortality.”

Then he describes all he saw at *Delhi*, and writes :

“There is but one city in the world which can dispute the palm of so much glory with *Delhi*, and that is *Rome* . . . but while *Rome* gradually grew from a small beginning to be mistress of the world, *Delhi* was founded by invaders and was disputed and taken possession of alternatively by the different conquerors who were attracted by the splendours of India, and at last became the subject of a curious superstition, which is still accepted, that the destinies of the whole Peninsula were allied with hers, so it was that the English were never considered legally masters of India until *Delhi* came into our possession. The history of *Delhi* is therefore the history of India—the history of between thirty and forty hundred years. . . . In no other place in the world, not even in *Rome* itself, does there exist so enormous an assemblage of ancient monuments. . . . This plain may be regarded as the National Archæological Museum of India.”

And he proceeds to describe all he saw. He seems to have been more interested in the Kutub Minar than in any other building he saw in India ; he relates the legends of the origin of the Tower (227 feet high, 46 feet through at the bottom and 10 feet at the top).

“ Close by the Kutub is a tank-well into which men and boys jump foot foremost 80 feet down for coppers—I saw a boy not more than six years old do it, and also a shrivelled up old man of between 60 and 70.”

In this letter he refers to the deerstalking news he had from home and says :

“ I shall be much interested to see Button’s and the Corbui stags’ heads. I know both well ; I had a misfire at Button’s when I had him broadside at 150 yards, and on another occasion shot at him at 400 yards and killed a small stag on the other side of him. After the shot he made for the Tullochen march and I ran to cut him off, and presently he almost ran against me and I dropped on one knee and had a quiet aim at him at about 60 yards ; but alas ! my rifle was locked, as I had been running over rocks, and he came in sight so suddenly I forgot to unlock. The Corbui stag had a very even head last year. I stalked him for many hours on one very cold day last year and did not get a shot, and on another day after crawling over 1,000 yards I got an easy shot at 90 yards, but my fingers were so numbed that I touched the trigger without feeling it and fired before I had put the sights on him and the bullet went I don’t know where.”

These confessions of a great stalker show him to have been in early life a mere mortal like ourselves.

“ After leaving Delhi I came to *Agra*. Here there is not quite so much to see as at Delhi, but what there is, is truly splendid.” He describes and gives the history of the Taj Mahal, and two quotations he gives are worth referring to : “ The Pathans designed like Titans and finished like jewellers ” (Bishop Heber) ; another much longer one he quotes from an “ old writer,” ends thus : “ Suffice it, Love was its author, Beauty its inspiration, a *poem* in marble, an *anthem* in stone.”

“ In Srinagur and again at *Amritsar* I ran up against a very pleasant and exceedingly interesting man of the name of Jäger, a German Professor. He has been everywhere and knows everything. He published a book in Germany a short time ago about the Philippine Islands, which he describes as being the most favoured spot on the globe.”

His next letter is from *Benares*, November 24th.

“ I got a letter from Gen. Ramsay saying that it was no use my coming into his district for shooting just now, as the jungles are one sea of grass, but giving me a letter to a gentleman at Allyghur, where there is some of the best black-buck shooting in India. He also says, ‘ You will have such shooting in Assam as we never knew up here, though I remember the time when fifty tigers were killed here in a season.’

“ When I found that my 12-bore rifle did not kill bear and barasingh dead on the spot, big as it is, I began to feel that I should be nervous if I had to face a large beast like rhinoceros. . . . I wrote to Reilly telling him that if he had a second-hand double-barrelled central-fire, 8-bore rifle at about £35 he was to send it out at once.” [Reilly sends him at his father’s request a new one for £40.]

He meets a man of the name of Haden, stationed at Nagpore in Berar, who promises him if he comes there he shall see bison, and this excites him and he writes a great deal on the subject.

“ These bison measure 17 hands on the true shoulder, but if the highest part of the hump, or rise on the withers, is taken 20 hands has been measured on a big bull. They are said to charge in the most determined way ; one Haden shot at and wounded at 250 yards charged him at once, but he luckily killed it at 80 yards. They charge so furiously that they say one is quite safe if one gets to a tree to dodge round.”¹

Loder is not much impressed with *Benares* as a town, but more with its history, also with the smells of the sacred wells :

¹ *Bos gaurus*—the Indian wild ox, always called a “ bison ”—20 hands 3 inches has been recorded as height at hump (18 hands 3½ inches at shoulder).

“ into these the people are unceasingly throwing flowers and other offerings, and the stink which comes out of the wells is something beyond description.” He, however, enjoys the “ splendid pictures ” of the ghaut or landing stairs of the Ganges, with the people in so many bright colours flocking to the river and behind them the “ mass of various-shaped carved roofs, walls of temples, palaces and mosques.”

On December 3rd he is at Shahabad, and the next day he writes home from Secunderabad, having travelled there on “ the Nyzam’s new railway ” :

“ This railway has only been open a few weeks. . . . I came with a man, R. E. Wright ; he has been engaged in superintending the construction of the line as one of the engineers. He put me up at his house.”

At Hyderabad he stays with an interesting gentleman, Captain Palmer, “ a white-haired man about 68,” and is most hospitably entertained by him and his family, who make his stay a particularly pleasant one ; he is, however, sorely puzzled as to the relationships in the Palmer household and for weeks reverts to the subject. “ Some of the family are Eurasian, but are received in all society here.” Of three young ladies, two of whom are “ very black and one white,” he says he thinks they are sisters but not the daughters of his host ; there are besides two Miss Palmers who call Captain Palmer “ Uncle John ”—“ but I think he must be their great-uncle.” Then the puzzle gets worse as “ a baby made its appearance before dinner and must belong to a “ married sister.” He is floored again when Mrs. Palmer tells him this baby is her *great-great-granddaughter*, and “ she calls Captain Palmer her *son*, though she appears to be younger than he is by ten years and I would not take her to be as old as even that would make her.”

Loder was always worried if he could not make out who the people were he happened to be with. Ten days later in the jungle he has another go at the problem and incidentally makes several interesting observations :

“ Captain Palmer was in the Nizam’s service until some years ago, when the English [authorities] no longer allowed the Hyderabad contingent to be officered even by resident Englishmen, but only by men appointed by the Government. Captain Palmer’s grandfather was a great man about the Nizam’s court years ago, before they were in any way ‘protected’ by the British; he married a high-caste native lady. Captain Palmer’s father was a great merchant at Hyderabad and a man of influence about the Court . . . they say that till he married the present Mrs. Palmer he lived and entertained like a native noble. The three young ladies I found here are *all* unmarried. There is another lady who I think must have been a Miss Palmer, who is married to H. A. Krohn, who used to be at Magdalene, Cambridge, and who used to run at Fenner’s. He is assistant tutor to Sir Sala Jung’s sons. Penwell, who was at Cambridge with us [he is writing to his brother Wilfrid Loder], is the other tutor.”

A month later when he is at Calcutta writing to his father he again tackles the Palmer problem, and mentions that he has met a “Hastings Palmer” who is about to go to England, and he begs his father “to show him some kindness,” “as he and his family were very kind to me.”

“He is not particularly good-looking, but is one of the best-natured men alive and has plenty of brains. I think he is a fair billiard player—Wilfrid might try his hand with him. He is brother to one of the girls at Hyderabad and *cousin* to the other two, so you see I made another mistake in calling them three sisters.”

Captain Palmer introduces Loder to a notable sportsman, Colonel Fraser, Assistant Resident at Hyderabad,¹ who invites him to a tiger hunt and procures for him an invitation from a native chief, Vikar Ooloomira, to a dinner given to Lord Camperdown.

“I went to the dinner on Monday evening with Mrs. Palmer and one of the Miss Palmers, driving as far as the

¹ Colonel Fraser had been more than seventeen years Assistant Resident, and his father was the Resident.

Minister's house. . . . As soon as all the guests had assembled in the garden, we all got on to elephants and rode through the town about a mile to the Nawab Vikar Ooloomira's house. The approach was lined with a private guard of honour, one detachment of which were Amazons. . . . At the bottom of the large flight of steps we were each received by a near relation of our host, and at the top of the steps by the gentleman himself, dressed in a kind of dressing-gown of lilac silk with a pattern on it. When the elephant arrived with the Resident and Lord Camperdown, the Vikar Ooloomira went down the steps to meet them, and taking one on each arm marched them up. . . . There were only about 100 people [at dinner], but one did not get over-much to eat, although there was plenty there."

He proceeds with a description of the illuminations, entertainments of dancing girls, the distribution of attar of roses to the guests¹ and so on; remarking, "Both dancing and singing were of the mildest description."

"Wednesday the 9th of December just after sunrise the transit of Venus began, which I watched through my deer-stalking telescope mounted on a stand . . . I dare say you will see plenty about it. I threw the image of the sun on a sheet of paper and the round black spot could be seen by everyone distinctly."

The next day the tiger-shooting party started at 5 a.m.; it consisted of Colonel Fraser and Loder, Lord Camperdown, Colonel Wilkinson and a Captain and Mrs. Pearce. Loder describes with enthusiasm the splendid camp arrangements, the tents, measurements and furniture and so on. They have several blank days from different camps, three spotted

¹ *A propos* the attar of roses he says: "The Resident and Lord Camperdown probably got eight bottles each, Colonel Fraser five, I got two and ordinary people one each." This remark amused me and reminded me of a story the late Earl Grey told me, then Albert Grey and anything but an ordinary or common kind of man. He was walking with his son the present Earl Grey and asked the boy, "What are *you* going to be, a soldier?" "No," said the little boy, "*I* don't want to be *killed*." "A sailor, then?" suggested his father. "No, *I* don't want to be *drowned*." "Then what *are* you going to be?" asked his father. "Oh, just a common sort of man *like you*."

deer (*Cervus axis*) being the only big game seen. He describes at length the one successful day and how at last the three howdah elephants carrying Lord Camperdown, the Pearces, and himself took their places with seven pad elephants round the place where the tiger was.

“For a long time nothing was heard of the tiger, till at last with a roar he made a rush through the bushes along the whole line, but never showed himself. Two of the pad elephants trumpeted and bolted, but were soon brought back again. Again there was a long pause . . . but presently I caught sight of four black stripes beyond some thick grass and bushes about 20 yards from my elephant. . . . As soon as I had fired the tiger sprang forward with a tremendous roar. . . . I have no doubt that my bullet hit him from the way he roared and jumped. The next person who saw him was Lord Camperdown on the other side of the thicket. He got four shots at him quickly one after the other; several of them hit him.” [After a good deal more excitement the tiger is killed.] “Colonel Fraser divided the spoils in this way. The lady to have the skin, he keeps the skull himself and the claws are to be divided among the three guns.”

He writes on Christmas Eve, 1874, from Hyderabad to his father—very pleased with his brother Alfred’s performances in the Freshman’s Sports at Cambridge: High Jump, Long Jump, 100 Yards, and winning the Hurdles:

“I suppose if he had not had so many other things he could have shown them the way over the Quarter.”

“Everybody says that just the time I talk about leaving India is the beginning of the big-game shooting season. This is *very* disappointing.”

He began to fear that his Assam trip is doomed too.

“Friday last I had breakfast with Sir Sala Jung. Some of the Palmers, Krohn and Penwell and one of his sons breakfasted with us. . . . He is very proud of some horses he bought at Lord Mayo’s sale and of his Arabs. I thought Sir Sala Jung a nice man when I first met him, but he im-

proves on acquaintance and is probably one of the best natives in India. He speaks English very well and, although he has not been out of India, is quite up in all English ways. On the following day I drove with the Palmers' party to a very pretty piece of water called Meer Allum's Tank. Sir Sala Jung has a small steamer and a steam launch, and these he had kindly ordered to be got ready for us. He had also sent lunch and lots of servants and a tent for the ladies. . . . We came back by another way through the town. The streets are not fit for carriages, so Sir Sala Jung sent us elephants, so we had everything we could wish for."

The sights of Hyderabad are mentioned. At the tombs of Golconda he says :

"Here and at Meer Allum's Tank I did what I have not done since I left Eton, and that was made a small sketch. Neither were very successful, for want of time and practice."

"The Lord Camperdown who was out tiger shooting was at Eton just before I went ; he is about eight years older than I am. . . . He was Captain of the Oppidans for some time. His name was Duncan then."

"*Christmas Day.* You will see by this that I have spent Christmas Day in a civilised place ; we had quite a fine choral service this morning. . . . What I wrote about the Palmers' family is not all correct and I have not made them all out even now—Mrs. Krohn was not a Miss Palmer, but a Miss Meadows Taylor, a cousin of the Palmers."

From Hyderabad Loder travels *en route* for *Calcutta* with Hastings Palmer, who has "tents, servants, etc., at *Goolburga*, where a great fair was being held and he persuaded me to stop a couple of days with him to see it. He was there as a guest of a nephew of Sir Sala Jung's (Mukri Magdoulah or some such name)." At the fair Loder estimates there are 30,000 people, though the attendance is put down at 100,000.

"I did not see anything worth buying at the fair, but there were some splendid gold-thread carpets of all sizes costing up to £200 each. The crowd was the sight, so gay

in colour, the dresses of the natives being chiefly white with coloured bells, turbans and umbrellas."

He stays again at *Jubbulpore* with Colonel and Mrs. Coote. He is impatient for the 8-bore rifle to arrive so that he can go to Java for rhinoceros and elephant.

"There is a new edition just published of Sir Samuel Baker's book written in 1854, *Hound and Gun in Ceylon*. He seems to have been in the habit of killing at least two or three brace of elephants every morning before breakfast. He shot usually with a 4-bore rifle ¹ and sometimes with a 3-bore, carrying 3-ounce and 4-ounce spherical bullets respectively."

After a week in *Calcutta* he makes up his mind to go to Darjeeling to see the finest views of mountain scenery in the world.

"The country I go through is one of the best for shooting (Parnea, Gulpjori and Kooch Behar, etc.), but it is too early and a month is required to organise a shoot, as a line of at least twenty elephants is required to be at such jungles."

Writing from *Calcutta* he gives an account of the spectacle of a great evening party he attended with the Bayleys at Government House given by Lord Northbrook and Miss Baring.

"January 7th. I was introduced to the Bishop of *Calcutta*; he seemed a capital sort of fellow and looks a sporting character all over and not like a High Church Bishop. He is said to have trained 'Wild Darrell' for the Derby. I have played Badminton a good many times altogether now since I have been in India, and play as well as the average of people. Lawn tennis I have not seen out

¹ Some of the old elephant hunters' rifles were extraordinary weapons. It fell to me, after the Boer War, to disarm the natives in the Eastern Transvaal, formerly a great elephant country, and I did it thoroughly. I should think that in one railway truck load I sent to Pretoria there was such a collection of ancient firearms as had never been brought together, and included many enormous muzzle-loading and flint-lock elephant guns. I had to send in *all* to be destroyed and did so, but was sorely tempted to keep a few as curiosities.

here, but should imagine it was a better and more scientific game. Why do you not persuade Papa now he has all those builders at Whittlebury to make a good big cemented or asphalted floor—the bigger the better—but say 60 ft. by 40 ft. If it was a *little* off the level it would be dry a few minutes after rain and would be a lasting source of amusement. It could be used as a skating rink (only of course it ought to be longer than 60 by 40 for that). . . . It would also be always possible to play either lawn tennis or Badminton on it, but turf in England is only fit to play on a small portion of the year. . . .”

He had wanted to go 1,000 miles for black-buck shooting at Allyghur, but those to whom he has introductions discourage him, have no tent to lend him and say “black buck have been very much shot lately,” so he gives it up and decides to go to the Neilgherries after visiting Madras.

At the end of January we find him at *Madras*, having sailed from Calcutta on the *Minian* on the 18th, and got the 8-bore rifle before leaving. Writing to his mother he says :

“I do not think that I have told you that I have bagged every head of game (it is true that these are not many) that I have hit with the 12-bore rifle, which I consider was a present from you as it was bought with the cheque you gave me just before starting. . . . I lost several bears which I hit with the 12-bore gun, one with three bullets in him . . . and I lost a markhor which was hit with the .450 Express.”

He is pleased with the 8-bore (14 lb.) and finds it handy and not clumsy, but condemns the ammunition sent out with it :

“The cartridges are loaded with 5 drams of rather fine powder and with shells weighing $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and solid conical bullets of $4\frac{2}{3}$ oz. each. Now, there ought always to be a greater proportion of powder to lead than that; to shoot a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. shell one ought to have from 10 to 12 drams of powder.”

He writes pages on the subject, and on examining the grooving he considers it is not constructed to take such

long conical bullets as have been sent. Finally he decides to try seven or eight drams of powder and a 2-oz. spherical bullet wrapt in a greased patch and to make his bullet ten parts lead to one of quicksilver.

“Of course this would only be fit for such animals as elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and bison, and I should think with such a weapon in one’s hands the grizzly bear would lose its terrors, but for him I should load with pure lead bullet.”

I think the following extract shows that he had *for his age and time* a more than ordinary conception of sporting ballistics and of the work of bullets :

“My idea is that if one got a fair shot at a rhinoceros at 50 yards with the 8-bore rifle loaded with 8 drams of powder and a 2-oz. hardened bullet, if it hit him even in the bone of the shoulder, it would go right through *and drive a plug of bone and skin out with it*, leaving a hole on the opposite side from which it went in as large as one’s fist. I long to have a shot to see if I am right. . . .”

Referring to Madras :

“I remembered that Dr. Oppert talked of an appointment at the Madras University, but never heard that he was actually there. . . . When I arrived yesterday I made inquiries and found out where he lived. He was very much astonished and glad to see me and very pleased to hear anything about Alfred.”

Dr. Oppert becomes his guide. On a Sunday he goes to the service at the Cathedral :

“The singing and the organ are the best I have heard in India. The sermon was about an hour and ten minutes long, by a ranter, Rev. S. Douglas. I sat out the hour and then walked out.”

Later in his travels he runs up against this parson once more and remembers with horror the sermon he inflicted on him at Madras.

Illustrating what scamps India produces, he writes :

“ A great many natives (not many Europeans) are killed every year by cobras. The Government offer a reward for every snake killed. Well, what do the natives do but quickly establish snakeries and rear snakes to kill for the Government reward.”

By January 27th he has reached *Ootacamund* (alt. 7,300 feet), travelling by rail to Metapollion and then with carriages and coolies via Conoor.

“ The scenery up the Ghaut is quite different from any of the hill scenery I have yet seen. One sees here a real tropical jungle bamboo, tree ferns, rhododendrons and orchids, and immense creepers in every tree.

“ There is a young fellow staying at the hotel who seems to be making much the same trip as mine. *His name is Littledale*. He has come round by America and Japan and has only just arrived in India. He proposes going into Cashmere in April—I expect he will get good shooting there at that season. He shot last winter on the Rocky Mountains in Esle’s Park. He got no less than thirteen mountain sheep and several wapiti in two months’ shooting. He had the use of a dog, a cross between a greyhound and mastiff; the dog if put on the track of sheep in the snow would run them by scent, and the sheep when followed by a fast dog would run round and round the hill for a short time and then come to bay on some precipitous piece of rock. Here the dog keeps barking at them and takes up their attention, and it is not hard for a man to get within sixty or seventy yards and shoot one or two. I think that he [Littledale] and I will probably go out shooting here—I hope to get sambur deer at all events.”

A few weeks later (February 16th) he writes to his brother Wilfrid from “ a hut in the west of the *Neilgherry Hills* ” :

“ The Neilgherry Hills are very curious, they rise quite abruptly from the surrounding country on the western

side ; there is nothing but immense rocky precipices, reminding one more of those of the Yosemite Valley than anything else I have seen. . . . The plateau is not by any means level ; sometimes on the bottoms of the valleys it cannot be more than 4,500 ft. above the sea, while some of the highest hills are 8,500 ft. The western Neilgherries are much like the South Downs about doubled in scale, green grassy hills ; but the peculiarity is that the bottoms of a great many of the valleys and a large number of the slacks and small corries running up the hill-sides are filled with shrubberies or Sholahs as they are called here. These are of all sizes from hundreds of acres to only $\frac{1}{4}$ acre. These shrubberies are composed of shrubs the names of which I do not know, but they look much like box, bay, laurestinus, etc., but the principal tree is the rhododendron, which grows here to a very large size—I have measured some whose trunks were 11 ft. in circumference. . . . They are now all in bloom and look very fine. The game which inhabits these Sholahs is sambur deer, woodcock, jungle fowl, more rarely jungle sheep (a kind of small deer) and occasionally a tiger. Ibex are found on or about the precipices on the western side. This ibex is quite a different animal from what is called ibex in Cashmere. It is very much smaller in the body and its horns are much smaller still—I have heard of Cashmere ibex horns reaching the length of 48 in. and 54 in., but the longest horns of the Neilgherry ibex never exceed $17\frac{1}{2}$ in."

Loder kills his first sambur (as dead as a door-nail), a pretty good stag—horns 33 inches long, 26 stone when weighed in pieces next day—his first day out at 300 yards "trotting along a hill on the opposite side of a valley from me," creating a favourable impression on his shikaries. The next day he gets another sambur stag, four "moving" shots, putting in three bullets.

With the "ibex" he has bad luck. His first falls over a precipice "some couple of thousand feet," and he did not get it ; another was "a good-sized doe with small horns." Later he kills two more, "one a very fair buck ibex." Meanwhile he gives a very long account of his glorious day with a tiger whilst after ibex.

"After walking for some hours without seeing anything at about 11 a.m. (when the sun was intensely hot) I saw close to us a magnificent tiger prowling along by some bushes close to a stream. I ran a little to the left to get a better side shot and sat down; just at that moment the tiger came to a small stream and put down his head either to smell if animals had crossed or else to drink. Part of his body was covered by a rock so that I could only see his head, neck and shoulders. Thinking this a good opportunity to fire, as I must miss or hit a vital part, I gave a shot just behind the shoulder with my .500 rifle. The tiger was knocked clean over at about 90 yards, remained for a second on his back with all his legs in the air. I had given my shikari the two spare cartridges which I usually carry in my pocket to hold in his hand, so that he might give them to me quickly in case the tiger charged. So certain was he that the beast was done for that he ran forward shouting '*mergia ! mergia !*' (he is dead, he is dead), but almost immediately the tiger got up and returned nearly on his old tracks to a Sholah at a great pace. I ought to have been able to have given him a shot from my left barrel, but I had opened the rifle to put in a new cartridge, and when finding that the shikari had gone off with them I tried to shut it up quickly, but the left-hand barrel cartridge was a little way out and so got bent and became useless. So had the tiger charged at this moment we should have been helpless. . . . Tiger-shooting on foot is evidently not a very safe pursuit."

This was the beginning of a long and exciting battle, fully described—which through perseverance, courage and skill ends in the tiger's death.

"As he lay with his body evidently humped together on the rocks he measured 9 ft. 9 in. from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. I have no doubt at all that he would have measured 10 ft. on a piece of level ground. Col. Fraser has killed more than 60 tigers and the largest measured 9 ft. 10 in. Colonel Baigrè has killed 195 tigers and the largest measured 10 ft. 3 in. I have, however, heard of one 10 ft. 6 in. It was a great pity I was unable to weigh this tiger, for he was so big every way—I should

not have been surprised if he had turned 500 lb. judging from the 8 ft. 10 in. tiger we killed at Hyderabad, which weighed 320 lb.¹ The vitality of the beast was extraordinary, for when he was skinned I found that seven bullets had hit him either in or just behind the shoulders besides one which hit him on the top of the spine.”

After 11 days here he puts down their bags :

Littledale—7 ibex, 1 sambur stag and 1 hind.

Loder—3 ibex, 2 sambur stags and 1 tiger.

To this Littledale adds a fair sambur stag and Loder two buck ibex.

“Littledale has killed three better ibex than mine. Total bag 12 ibex, 5 sambur and 1 tiger—about 15 days’ shooting.”

“The Neilgherry ibex would be good sport if they were bigger, but they are not big enough to make it worth while to take the trouble they require, and their horns are ridiculous.”²

¹ In Rowland Ward’s 7th edition (1914) of *Big Game Records* a tiger is recorded 11 ft. in length before being skinned, killed at Sconda (owner the Maharaja of Datia); 500 lb. is a big weight, but a tiger killed in the Central Provinces by Major M. D. Goring Jones, 9 ft. 11½ in. long, is credited with the enormous weight of 700 lb. The weight and the exact round figure may excite a doubt, but I think it is a doubt that may not be justified. Very few lions have been weighed, but lions of over 600 lb. weight were killed in Algeria and approaching this weight south of the Vaal; and this 700 lb. tiger’s *forearm* measured 22 in. in circumference, indicating a most exceptional beast.

² The so-called Neilgherry “ibex” (*Hemitragus hylocrius*) is really one of the family of the tahr. Mr. Littledale has a fine head with a horn length on curve of 16½ in. and Loder’s best was 15½ in. The gradations between the sheep and goat species are very difficult to follow. Taking the bharal (*Pseudois nahura*) as intermediate sheep and goat, the Caucasian bharal (*Capra caucasica*) becomes a goat with ibex-like horns, and a table of steps to true ibex and wild goats is possible. The tahr takes off in another direction and is also a link between the goats on one side and with serows and gorals on the other. The takin is allied to the serow and the serow to the musk ox and the Rocky Mountain goats. At least it seems to me that almost consecutive chains can be made from tahr or the bharal through all the wild goats and all the wild sheep till the bighorns of America and Asia and the argali sheep are linked up with the arui of Africa and the mouflon of Europe and all the wild goats and ibex (Asiatic, European and African) in a similar way. So that if the Neilgherry tahr is not a big animal, he is scientifically a very interesting intermediate beast.

After this hunting trip Loder returned to Ootacamund and then went down to *Trichinopoly*, and gives full descriptions of the wonders of the Island of Serringhorn and the Pagoda of Tangore. He returned to Calcutta from Madras eventually by steamer in the company of Sir Frederick Haines, C-in-C. of the Madras Army, and Col. Gough. "I liked Sir F. very much."

On March 19th he writes home and devotes a good deal of space to subjects dealt with in a particularly interesting letter from his father with which he has been very pleased. He gives his father advice with a plan as to how he should build the stable clock tower at Whittlebury. In this letter he says :

"I have just read the *Travels and Adventures of the Revd. Joseph Wolff, D.D.* I think I had seen the book before, but I have read it with great interest.

"There was a very interesting exhibition here (Calcutta) of curiosities brought back by the Yarkand expedition—costumes, minerals, skulls, horns and heads of *Ovis ammon*, *Ovis poli* and maral" (which is a large deer almost identical with the wapiti of America; it is found in the forests near Kashgar).¹ "I wanted to measure the *Ovis poli* heads, but when I inquired after them I found they had all been packed up and are going over to England. . . . The first pair of *Ovis poli* horns (far bigger than any *Ovis ammon*) belong to a Colonel or Captain Gordon. They have already started for England and will be at Edwin Ward's in Wigmore Street." (He sends directions for his brother Wilfrid to measure these and any Cashmere stags or wapiti, etc., he may find there.)

¹ *Maral* is not the Yarkand stag. The maral (*C. elaphus maral*) is found in Persia, in the Caucasus, Asia Minor and the Crimea. It is certain that Loder is referring, not to a Yarkand stag (*Cervus yarcandensis*), nor the true maral, but to the Tien-Shan wapiti, wrongly described at first by Dr. Severtzow as *C. maral* var. *songarica*, and now known as *C. canadensis songaricus*, and Loder was right in his remark of this splendid deer being almost identical with the American wapiti and may have been the first to note the fact—which was not "common knowledge" till some years later. Another Asiatic variety is the Siberian or Baikal wapiti (*C. canadensis sibiricus*).

From Calcutta he goes by train, boats and gharries, and riding with pack ponies via Carigola and Sellegory to Darjeeling to see the Himalayas; he finds it a troublesome journey to a cold climate, and on arrival there the atmosphere so thick that for some days he thinks he has had all his pains for nothing except to note the river scenery and the natives. He describes the Bhoteahs with their "broad faces and noses which do not rise up between the eyes at all," and at daybreak one morning he jumps out of bed and gets a view of the topmost peak just as "the great Kinchinjunga (28,170) caught the first rosy ray of the sun," and he rides off at once and gets up on foot the last four miles to Sinchal and obtains the view of Mt. Everest—"precious little" of it, just the very top of its highest peak seventy miles away. He is more interested in a large praying machine he comes across in a temple of the Bhoteahs—"it consists of a huge drum 8 ft. high and 3 ft. in diameter, covered with paper on which is printed in large characters a short prayer consisting of only four words." In detail he describes the mechanism and how when the Lonna works the machine a piece of wood catches the clapper of a little bell and then of a big bell with each revolution, "so that everyone far and near can tell when prayers are being 'ground.' The Bhotcahs have also little hand praying machines—I have seen them walking along and talking to one another and praying all the time by twiddling the little business round and round."

He alludes only occasionally to Indian political questions, but when he does he states even a complicated one very concisely and clearly, e.g. :

"There has been an unpleasantness for a long time between the Nizam's Government and the Government of India on the 'Berar question.' The Indian Government held the Berars years ago as surety for the payment of some money, but now the money has been paid and of course Sir Sala Jung claims the Berars back again; but in the intervening years a very large cotton interest has

grown up in those parts and I believe the Indian Government has not the slightest intention of giving the country up."

He then on March 24th sails for Calcutta on the B.I. s.s. *Scotia* with 108 convicts in chains and some for Camorta, and pleasant passengers to be present with the *Eclipse Expedition* to observe the Eclipse on April 6th.

"On Monday morning early (March 29th) we went into the harbour at *Port Blair*. The Andaman Islands are densely covered with jungle, except the land which has been cleared by convict labour—some of the trees are very large and make clearing very difficult. They make fine timber, but none of it is exported—most of it is burnt. There are two kinds like mahogany and one something like ebony."

He dines with General Stewart (the Governor of Port Blair) on Ross Island :

" . . . Almost everybody's servants are convicts. How would you like a convicted burglar for your footman and a poisoner for your cook ? A lady here says she prefers a murderer to look after her children to a thieving fellow who is always robbing one. . . . The Andamanese are a very peculiar race, like very diminutive negroes, and when they are young they are not bad-looking."

From the Andamans he sails (twenty-four hours) to the *Nicobars* and on entering Camorta, March 31st, the first news is that of an epidemic of smallpox. He finds the astronomers had already done a great deal of preparatory work, but had still much to do in the remaining five days.

"The party from England consisted of Meldola, Reynolds and Dr. Vogel. Meldola is an assistant and pupil of Lockyer's and Reynolds is a photographer and was assistant to Mr. Warren de la Rue when he took those stereoscopic photos of the moon of which I have some copies on glass. . . . The Indian party consisted of

Captain Waterhouse (Indian Survey Dept.), Mr. A. Pedlar, Professor Tacchini, and I suppose I may add myself. Pedlar is a Lecturer on Chemistry and Spectrum Analysis at the University of Calcutta; Professor Tacchini is the Astronomer of the Royal Observatory at Palermo."

There is a detailed account of the work allotted to each member of the party and of the instruments used :

" We all worked very hard so as to have everything ready by the day, and you can imagine what hard work is in a temperature pretty nearly 88° to 93° ."

All ships' officers are pressed into service, and regular practice persevered in :

" The morning of the Eclipse was the clearest we had had, and the moment of first contact (about noon) was taken by myself and by Tacchini in splendid weather, the sun being only $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the zenith. Totality would begin about 20 minutes *past* 1 and last about 4 minutes and 20 seconds—but alas! about 20 minutes *to* 1 huge *black* clouds came up and covered the whole of our sky down to a few degrees from the horizon without a break. It continued like this for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, so that we saw absolutely nothing of the Totality and the accompanying phenomena we had come so far for. Of course we were all dreadfully disappointed, but Dr. Vogel made us laugh by the way he showed his distress. He said, 'I come seven thousand miles, I get spotted like a leopard (prickly heat), I sweat myself to death, and all for noting—G—d d—n, G—d d—n, G—d d—n!'"

Loder's intention had been to concentrate his work on the observation of the corona—its extent, shape, colour and structure, and to detect the extension, if any, in the direction of Mercury, Venus and Saturn.

March 7th.—Elsewhere when at Calcutta he makes interesting notes about astronomical telescopes. One at Paris of immense proportions

" is being made, commenced in 1865 by M. Léon Foucault, but the latter's death and the Franco-German War 1870-71 interrupted the work, which was subsequently resumed under the direction of M. Wolf. . . . Its aperture will be 6 ft. 6 in. and its length 49 ft. The mirror will be of glass faced with gold on silver. The telescope will be provided with a movable staircase. Lord Rosse's telescope has an aperture of 6 ft., but the mirror is of speculum metal. He calculates that a 'silver on glass' mirror of a diameter of 6 ft. 6 in. should exceed a 6 ft. metal one in light-grasping power in the proportion of 3 to 2. The largest refractor in the world is at Washington, U.S., and has an aperture of 26 in. A silvered mirror of 6 ft. 6 in. should exceed this in light-grasping power about $6\frac{1}{2}$ times."

The end of April finds Loder at *Rangoon* and on May 10th he writes from Moulmein a guest of Col. Hamilton, the Inspector-General of Police; a Major Twynham lives with him. Space does not allow me to quote much from him with regard to his experience in Burmah. He again is disappointed about getting shooting; he is told he can get bison in the Toungou district by going twelve to seventeen days up a river fearful for mosquitoes, and that he will have to shoot from and with elephants. "Now this is not the shooting I wanted," he writes, and all keen sportsmen and stalkers will sympathise with him. The subjects he deals with are extraordinarily numerous: the ingenuity of bamboo scaffolding for building the pagodas; the construction of pagodas; elephants in the timber yards; beetles; the best arrangements in case of fire at Whittlebury; fire engines versus hydraulics; mining in America; astronomical object glasses; allusions to Pelham's belief in spiritualism, with an exposure of manifestations and a detailed explanation of the tricks of "spirit-photos"; Eclipse expeditions; a detailed account of such tropical fruits as mangoes, mangosteen, dorian, etc., of which he has no very high opinion;¹ caves near Moulmein, and much else.

¹ "A fine pear, muscat grapes, peaches, nectarines, apricots are all far finer in flavour than anything I have come across out here."

At Moulmein he stayed with a Colonel Brown (the Commissioner). When in the Nicobars Loder had made friends with the Rev. I. Mackay, a missionary and an experienced traveller.

“The Rev. I. Mackay, who went down with me to Carmorta, had stayed with Colonel Brown here and had told him about me. . . . Mr. Mackay and Colonel Brown were at school together in Scotland, and, although Mackay was eight years at Penang and twenty-eight years altogether out here and Colonel Brown thirty-five years, they never met since their schooldays till the other day. General Stewart at Port Blair was also in their class at school, and Colonel Brown has never seen him out here either. Colonel Brown I like very much; he is in ‘a capital state of preservation’ considering that he has been knocking about in the tropics for thirty-five years.”

On his way to Rangoon he makes some observations on the political situation in Burma. One of his fellow-passengers was

“Captain Cooke, the English Political Agent up at Bhamo (beyond Mandalay), near where Margery was murdered the other day. . . . I shall not be surprised if there is a war with the King of Burmah, as he seems to have been at the bottom of the murder. If it had not been for this disturbance I might have taken a run up the Irawadi as far as Mandalay. . . . Except that the trip is so very easily made it would hardly be worth doing, as Mandalay is one of the hottest places on the earth. It will very likely be hotter there before long [and it was]. . . . Colonel Brown tells me that the King of Siam is a very intelligent young fellow and speaks English—he was staying in this very house not very long ago.

“I expect the Eclipse party that went to Bangkok must have had a very good time of it (if they saw the Eclipse), as the King of Siam had especially invited scientific men to come there for it.”

There is much in these letters about his brothers', Alfred and Reginald, athletic successes. He alludes to

Alfred's "splendid triumph" in the Inter-Varsity Hurdles, and proceeds :

"It is curious that Alfred got second for the Long Jump at Cambridge with 19 ft. 4 in. when *he* did *not* want his blue for this as he had already got it for two other events, and *I* who would have given anything for even a second place could never get it although I covered the same distance. . . . I beat (at the Champion Meeting) Bergman, who had done 22 ft. 4 in. at Oxford, also Ferguson, who had done 22 ft. 1 in. at Woolwich. Although Alfred was not successful in the High Jump, everyone must think his 5 ft. 5¼ in. in London a first-class performance. I cannot think what makes them put up obstacles instead of hurdles in the Champion Meeting. Of course it was dead against Alfred's chance, as he has the trick of rapping hurdles with his knee, which, although it does no harm (with ordinary hurdles) in the race itself, of course leads to a stiff knee for a week or so afterwards."

These extracts show his keenness in his brother's successes and many passages in these letters home display a constant turning of his thoughts to every member of his family. Affectionate messages, the remembrance of birthdays—love to all, "not forgetting the little ones"—keep one reminded of his affectionate nature. He is always on the look-out for presents suited to the many relations and friends whom he never seems to forget.

At the beginning of June Loder is at *Labuan*—"this beastly place (beastly in every sense, with its stinks and swamps)."

"I do not think any of you will be able to make out what part of the world I am in now. Even if I had put Deli instead of *Labuan* I do not think you would have been much the wiser. Take a map showing Penang and Summatra. On the east coast of Summatra about 150 miles S.W. of Penang you will find Deli marked as a town—but Deli is really the name of the district and Labuan the name of *the* town. . . . I have to find out everything myself. First I have to learn the Malay language, which I think I shall

easily do. . . . Very little is known of Summatra except perhaps to the Dutch officials.”¹

Loder had gone to Sumatra in the hope of getting elephants and rhinoceros. The Sumatran rhinoceros (*R. [ceratorhinus] sumatrensis*) is the only Asiatic rhinoceros with two horns, and, though differing from the African, is probably one of the intermediate forms between African and Asian species. With local variations it is found in the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, Burma, and into Assam. A distinct *one-horned* variety is found in Java (*R. sondaicus*) and also I believe in Eastern Bengal, Assam, and the Malay Peninsula. I possess a description with plates of the Sumatran rhinoceros by a Mr. William Bell (read before the Royal Society?), January 10th, 1793, “which was shot with a leaden ball from a musket about 10 miles from Fort Marlborough.” There is also a Sumatran tapir found in Wellington Province. In this letter from Labuan Loder gives a description of his *Penang* experiences when he stayed with Mr. Mackay.

The view from Penang Hill

“is certainly one of the most varied and beautiful I have ever seen. The foliage in the foreground is splendid; then below the town and shipping, steamers, barks, Malay and

¹ I am under the impression that the British and subsequent Dutch campaigns in Sumatra lasted continuously for some fifty years, and that up to the end of the last century the interior was largely unconquered and unknown. I travelled in the late nineties with General Sir Power Palmer, then Commander-in-Chief in India; and telling him that one or two of my Dutch friends had been killed in these wars and that I could not understand why the Dutch did not finish it off, he gave me a most extraordinary account of the fighting there hitherto and of the insuperable difficulties of jungle and climate. As a young soldier he had fought in Sumatra; the British forces then were a most curious and mixed crowd, armed with all sorts of weapons and muzzle-loaders. The fighting took place in dense jungle and forest, and was always hand-to-hand or close-range fighting of the most appallingly sanguinary description. I think he said in all the many fights he took part in 100 yards was the outside distance separating the combatants. This went on continually from year to year during the months when campaigning was possible, and between each campaign the paths cleared and jungle broken through the year before were rehoked with jungle and the foe only reached by doing the work over again.

Chinese junks, a finely coloured sea (at night more brilliantly phosphorescent than any other), and only a mile or so across is the land of the Malay Peninsula, on which not far away is a sharp peaked hill, 5,500 feet high, and then again beyond one or two high ranges of mountains (unmeasured, but from 9,000 to 11,000 ft.)—then scattered about in the straits are several lovely coloured, small, irregular-shaped islands, so that, though there is nothing *grand* about it, it is as charming a bit of scenery as one can imagine."

He gives also an account of an extraordinary rainbow and sunset he saw from the garden of Government House when with the Colonel and Mrs. Anson. "We saw on this evening some of the most vivid *greens* I ever remember to have seen in a sky."

He got to *Labuan* in a very dirty tug-boat crowded with coolies and natives. He is not at all welcomed by the Chief Resident Official at that time, the Comptroller, and does not know where on earth to put up, but gets into a Chinese shop with a fellow-passenger.

"I had my own bedding and mosquito curtains with me, so could manage almost anywhere; my boy (Chinese) cooked us a dinner and at night we slept over the shop in a storeroom amid all sorts of curious smells, still I slept very well. . . . I have slept in many curious places, but none more so than this. On a bunk close to my side slept one Chinaman, in another were two Chinamen smoking opium, further away slept two more dittos, and my boy and one or two more slept on the floor mixed up with all kinds of curious stores. I don't much care about this sort of thing, and want to get out of the place for many reasons. I want to see the country and get some shooting . . . the water here is very bad and cholera has been common enough."

He makes a sound remark about cholera: "The Sultan has forbidden fruit to be sold, but I think he would have done better to have enforced the use of filters," for when water is well boiled and filtered and *all* food thoroughly cooked cholera disappears at once. For days he makes efforts. He gets no further forward with the Dutch Comptroller:

"I tried him all ways, but he beat me. He does not look as if he ever had been or could be in a hurry or understand how anybody else can—he sees people on business from 8 a.m. to 9 a.m. and then I think sleeps the rest of the day."

The days pass and the delay "is against the grain altogether," yet he finds plenty to admire in foliage and scenery and mountains in his daily walks along the only road—he remarks on sky-blue and scarlet mud crabs.

"I have always thought that there were two species of rhinoceros here, one with a single horn and the other with two." He questions the natives—"they do not seem to know anything about a double-horned one, but speak of black and white ones, both single horned. The white they call the 'tiger rhinoceros' because he is so savage, and they say he will charge as soon as he smells a man. There are also said to be lots of bears, also quantities of 'wild pigs' and deer. It is astonishing how much game there is said to be in a country just before one gets there."

After a week's fretting the Asst. Resident, Mr. Halewijn, and the Sultan of Deli turn up, and the former invites him to stay with him, and his immediate troubles are at an end; and hope rises, for the Sultan has ordered a Chief Deli Toewa with ten of his men to take him and his baggage into an elephant country. The Chief is half Malay and half Batack. The Hill Batacks are still cannibal and he fears he will not be allowed into their country. But the Chief sends a message back that "he wants four days and that his mother has died of cholera," so Mr. Halewijn gives him a pony and seven convicts to get him to Godong Djohore, where he sees the Chief, who says he never received or sent any message and made out that he had *only two men*! Loder armed with authority told him to send his men into the jungle to look for signs of elephant. He thinks nothing was done, but two or three days after the Chief sends a message that they had been a *long way* and had found no traces of elephants. Loder at last

makes up his mind that the Batacks are very much afraid of big game and abominably lazy and liars. "I am a sort of prisoner and can neither get back or forwards without coolies. With people like these lazy, lying scoundrels it is impossible to do anything," and the chance of reaching elephants or anything else sinks. He walks over to the estate of Mr. H. Leyssuis, "the furthest limit of cultivation," beyond which there is no disturbed country; he stays with the manager, a Mr. Taylor, and with his help arranged with the Chief to go after buffaloes, probably bantin (*Bos sondaicus*)—in the early morning. Taylor and he wait till midday at the rendezvous. The Chief did not like wild buffaloes and had never meant to come. There is a chance of seeing elephants out in the grass, but though they are often seen Loder says, "I do not *know* that I should be able to get up near, as this sort of grass is often very much matted together and any length from 4 ft. to 12 ft. high." He has beautiful views of mountains, but neither he nor anyone else can go there as the Batacks are not to be trusted.

He gives a long account of the tobacco plantations and of the tobacco. "Here the tobacco grows 6 ft. high, and some of the leaves have been measured 2 ft. 3 in. long and 1 ft. wide and as soft and pliable as kid.

"Mr. Halewijn I like very much and he has been very kind to me." Loder writes home to try and find a nice English family for his two boys and suggests several clergymen. "I really *should very much* like to do this in return for his kindness to me."

May 29th; at Halewijn's.—"Wine, beer and iced water were drunk and cigars smoked for an hour or so before dinner at 8 p.m. Dress: White linen trousers and waistcoat, black morning coat, black tie and *white* kid or silk gloves!"

Whilst making his way alone up the river from Clumbia in his sampan he arrives on Sunday, June 13th, 8.30 at night, at a Dutchman's plantation and walks up (with fresh elephant tracks in the road) to the house (1½ miles).

The owner of the estate, Mr. Westerveld, kindly gave him a bed and said his things should be brought up the next morning. This Mr. Westerveld shall have the special distinction of a unique record, that of rude and inhospitable conduct towards Loder during his long months of travel. Loder had been one day in this most likely neighbourhood, and the following is his entry in his diary :

“ June 15th. Tuesday.—Raining hard. . . .

“ At noon Mr. Westerveld returned from Mr. De Mum-ick’s place (two hours’ distant). We spoke a few words about the rain, etc., and then his manner to me quite altered ; he took a turn to the other end of the verandah and then came up to me and said quite roughly : ‘ I saw two elephants by the river this morning ; why were you not there to shoot them ? You say you come here to shoot elephants—it’s all humbug, it’s all humbug. My house is not an hotel. I think it’s best you go out of this at once.’ I was of course very much astonished at this outbreak and said that if I had had the slightest idea that my being at his house annoyed him I should not have stayed a moment. I told him that I considered it very kind of him to have put me up at all and I had only stayed on during Monday at his own invitation. Only the day before when he told me that he should be starting for Penang on Wednesday and I said I should go on up the river then, he said, ‘ Oh, don’t let my going away make any difference. You must shoot an elephant here ; my assistant will look after you when I have gone.’ I had declined this, saying that my time was too short, that I could not stop longer than that. Mr. W.’s whole conduct to me on Monday was most friendly—a complete contrast to that of this morning, than which nothing could have been more violent and offensive. I called my servant at once and told him to pack up my things and I went myself and said good-bye to Mr. W., thanking him for his kindness to me on the day before and saying how sorry I was that any unpleasantness had arisen between us. He also said good-bye and ‘ perhaps I make a mistake, perhaps I make a mistake.’ But as soon as I was out of the gate at the front of the house my servant tells me he came into the room where my things were and ordered them all to be taken out of the house *at once*, had them put outside,

saying, 'I can't stand this any more.' I went to his assistant's house to say good-bye and told him about it, but he could not understand it all. At the village I hired a sampan at twice the proper fare (\$11) to take me to Mr. Waller's house, and had my things brought down. Went to see the place quite near to where the elephants had torn up huge cocoanut trees the night before, close to the road. Slept in my sampan; millions of mosquitoes—*outside* my mosquito net."

To those of us who have lived in hot countries and the Low Veldt and have met the queer characters that are produced by fevers, perpetual heat and sometimes by drink, there is nothing strange at all in Mr. W.'s conduct. With the Dutch perhaps more than ourselves neurasthenia often manifests itself in exaggerated suspicion or outrage—such outbreaks are common among all whites, and these scenes are as unaccountable to the possessors of debilitated nerves as to their victims. A very little thing will provoke in an otherwise kind nature a quite diabolical nastiness—a word, a loud voice, a laugh; but to young Edmund Loder's sensitive nature such an experience would be distressing and perplexing. I myself once stayed with a German and two good-natured Englishmen in the Transvaal Low Veldt, not far from the Portuguese East African frontier, who were pals by day, but who at night would shout and fight like fiends, and often went off their heads with or without whisky over the most trivial differences and petty jealousies.

Loder returns to Labuan after three weeks' failure, and one night at dinner at Mr. Halewijn's he meets some planters who all agreed that there were lots of elephants in the Longkat district; and with one of these named Lorcke he sails in a sampan (native boat) for Columbia, and has a somewhat risky voyage. The sampan is "a very large canoe made out of a *single* tree with a bamboo mast with rattan cane rigging—not at all safe in squally weather," and they had more wind than was nice. On the second day they get through the surf, leave the sea and start up the

Longkat River, and "never before or since have I seen so many mosquitoes." At Columbia he changes into a smaller sampan and proceeds seventy miles very slowly up-stream alone and passes the nights at planters' houses.

"At one of these houses I met a man of the name of Captain Murray, who is also trying for elephants" (and who had recently got near them). "As soon as the Batacks carrying his water bottle and cartridges saw them they threw down their loads, *shouted* and ran off!"—and so did the elephants.

He gives a curious account of this man's life and of his adventures from boyhood, which included being shot through the knee and shoulder in trying to run a ship he commanded (without a captain's certificate) through the blockade at Charlestown, driving a water-cart in South America, going to the gold-fields in Australia, getting his nose broken in a row there, commanding a Japanese man-of-war, and "now he builds small steamers in England and brings them out here and sells them in Penang, Singapore, Hong-Kong, etc."

Loder got amongst the elephants, but never saw any, yet heard them one very dark night close to "breaking down huge cocoanut trees within seventy yards" of the river bank under which he was sleeping. He and Murray agreed to hunt together, but the whole thing was "a mass of difficulties." Batacks would not carry, the guide would not go in front; they worked chiefly by compass; the leeches were dreadful; sandflies penetrate mosquito curtains, sleep is impossible; they suffer from thirst and the water is never safe, especially with cholera about—he alone of the party escapes fever. One day from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. they struggle through the jungle. "You can hardly imagine what that means in that climate, in the strong, heavy canvas clothes one is obliged to wear on account of the thorns of the rattan cane."

Abandoning this work, he tries to catch elephants coming to the plantations to feed on the plantains; forty came

just before their arrival. "They did not come again during my stay." At last he gives it up, and getting a sampan for himself leaves Murray and makes his way down a river, and so in his sampan to Labuan and via Penang he goes to *Singapore*, taking with him as the result of five weeks' desperate work "three monkey skins, one monkey's skull and the skin and skull of a flying fox, the ears of which insects had eaten off." He saw several "huge alligators," but did not shoot any. On his way to Singapore he makes friends with a Colonel Sladen (he met him first at Moulmein)—"I like him very much." He arrives at Singapore June 30th. "I see to-day by a paper that Lord Ranfurly has died in Africa, where he had gone to shoot elephants."

I must pass over a great deal, but may note a few experiences in Java.

In a letter posted July 27th at Buitenzorg he describes *Batavia* (which he sees with a M. Rovinski, a Russian with whom he had struck up a friendship), Cheribon, the volcanic cone of Cherimai (9,000 feet), Saumarang, with four volcanoes in sight (all just under or over 10,000 feet). From *Soerabaya* he drove forty miles to Passoeroewan (Pas-er-uan). "The posting in Java is very good." He did the forty miles in $4\frac{3}{4}$ hours at a cost of 25 guildens (about £2). One has four ponies kept on the gallop the whole time, seven relays, and losing a great deal of time at each change.

Paserepan he reaches by driving, and rides on to Tosari (5,700 feet). People constantly come up here for a change of climate—and get it, for the thermometer went down at night to 46° F. under his verandah. He rides with a Dutch family to *Tengg-er*—three volcanoes in sight all the way, including Se-Mero (11,000 feet). Loder carries on conversation with a few Dutch words, some Malay words and a good many German. He gives a very graphic account (sent with maps) of *Tengg-er*, comparing it to a lunar landscape, and says of the Sand Sea Crater (four miles diameter) if it had not been for trees within the inner side of the wall "I could have fancied myself in the moon." In the Sand Sea (grey ash) four small volcanoes rise out of the enor-

mous soup-plate crater. "*Batack* is an exceedingly perfect cone 800 feet above the plain, *Bromo* is still occasionally active and has not preserved its perfect shape." He climbs up *Bromo* and looks down into the crater (about 1,000 ft. diam.).

In *The Geographical Magazine* for April 1921, p. 311, is a brief notice of recent accounts given of these volcanoes by Dr. W. van Bemmelen, the Director of the Batavian Observatory, under the heading "Volcano Studies in the East Indian Archipelago," which puts down the depth at 400 ft. in 1875; in 1838, 1,500 ft.; and in 1844, 1,000 ft. "It puffed off a good deal of smoke, steam and sulphur while I looked into it, but there have been no explosions or eruptions very lately."

At the end of his description, Loder remarks, "All this is most interesting to me from its likeness to a lunar landscape," and begs them to look at Nasmyth's plates of the moon. "The lunar crater Copernicus is 56 miles in diameter and about 10,000 feet deep. You might inquire in London if there is no book describing this great crater *Tengg-er*."

In the same letter he writes :

"I have seen a lot in the sporting papers during the last ten months or so about a new system of boring guns by which they say that the shot is thrown much closer and with greater penetration, giving altogether an improvement of about 40 per cent. Have any people we know tried these new barrels yet? I quite agree with what Mr. Grant Duff says (in *Wayside Notes*) about the Taj. Mr. Ruskin should come out to see it and describe it. It is a pity Lord Byron did not see it; he has done well enough with St. Peter's in Rome in '*Childe Harold*' towards the end of the Canto . . ."

He has recommended in his letters a good many books to his family—

"but I never heard that you ever looked at them. Now I am going to give you another—*Veronique*, by Florence Marryat; the novel is perhaps not worth much for its

story, but the descriptions of Indian life, natives, the *Neilgherry Hills* are, and the lifelike (though not to them agreeable) *caricatures* of *Anglo-Indians* are better than any I have seen elsewhere."

He discusses sunsets—dismisses Indian ones as inferior to English ones and supposes the finest are to be seen in Spain and Italy.¹ He tires of the perpetual dark-green foliage of the East.

"I have seen nothing to compare yet, for diversity of colouring, to one of our Sussex views in autumn. I suppose these again are beaten (for foliage colouring) by the autumn woods of Canada."

He visits from *Bandong* (16 miles) the double crater of Tankoban Praoe. It is like, he says, a figure 8, and he goes down (about 800 feet) and examines one of the two.

"Very recently the whole bottom of this crater must have been a boiling mud lake; the mud is still soft, but at present there are only a few boiling mud ponds. The diameter of the mud floor is 400 yards. . . . There are several places where sulphur vapour comes out of holes in the earth—some of them make a tremendous noise like a boiler blowing off steam. The distance across the two craters from lip to lip may be about a mile and a quarter. I did not go down the other crater, as there was too much sulphur vapour coming out of it. At times it came out in huge clouds covering the whole mountain. My gold chain and all the silver money I had turned quite black. The ride up the mountain was through the most beautiful tropical foliage I have yet seen, tree ferns in great quantities and the forest trees all covered with orchids and creepers of a thousand different kinds. . . . I consider this volcano a very excellent specimen."

Years after Loder and I came upon volcanic craters and

¹ Having seen many sunsets in European countries, Asia and Africa (North and South, Equatorial, and East Africa, the Sahara, Sudan, etc.), of these I should put the sunsets twenty to eighty miles south of the Atlas first, British East African second, S.E. African third—but this scale includes light and colour effects on the earth with those of the sky. For sky only, England is hard to beat, but is beaten, I think, in the Highlands of East Africa.—A. E. P.

sulphur springs in Dahato (Abyssinian Somaliland). Knowing this did not fit with Professor Gregory's accepted geological theory for this part of Africa, I wrote a paper on the subject for the Royal Geographical Society. The authorities were quite incredulous and would not accept the fact of anything volcanic in that region. Had I ever seen volcanoes? Yes, many. And been close to them? Yes, many, active, dead and intermittent, and been up them too. Why had I not specimens of lava, ash, photographs of it, pieces of lips, etc.? After all, if you assert you have seen a horse you do not bring bits of him to substantiate your assertion. Loder was immensely amused at my not being credited with such elementary knowledge, and still more astonished that he himself, rather a specialist in such matters, should not be believed. It is really best not to report things sometimes.

Loder had the drive of his life on what he calls "a most tremendous above mentioning road" from Bandong to *Buitenzorg*.

"Sometimes the post cart was *let* down a hill by a rope fastened behind and made fast to post after post in succession. In fifty places one or two pair of bullocks were put in front of four or six horses to pull up ascents. . . . Down all inclines the horses were made to go full gallop, swinging round corners at an alarming rate."

During a very near thing to an upset and a smash he says:

"I fully expected a crash, but could not help laughing at the absurd way a native on the front seat held on. The driver, however, did the best thing under the circumstances, i.e. lashed the leaders as hard as he could, and in another 100 yards we had got into straight running again."

He comes to the conclusion that the view from the Belle Vue Hotel, *Buitenzorg*, is "without exception the most *beautiful* I have ever seen," and describes it.¹

¹ His brother, Alfred Loder, was of opinion that this view was the most beautiful in the world. His brother Gerald thought the panorama known as "Humboldt's View" in Teneriffe and that of the Snowy Range from Darjeeling finer.

His travels now include *Saigon* (where on shipboard he was alarmingly and suddenly ill—tried to get to the doctor, but fell down in a state of collapse—he gets over the worst quickly and writes: “Men are generally killed by or get the better of cholera in about four hours! Short work!”), *Hong-Kong, Canton*. (At Canton he meets the British Consul, Sir Brook Robertson, “the funniest little man in the world to look at, but very amusing and interesting . . . they say he weighs 80”).

“*Shanghai* (August 29th).—The English Concession has really a very striking appearance. Shanghai was only opened a comparatively short time ago, and yet the streets, houses, quay, etc., are as substantial and well arranged as if it had been gradually improving two or three hundred years.” (He stayed here with a Mr. Hansen.)

When he and Mr. Hansen, who had been exploring the native town one evening, turned to go home and were looking for a respectable Chinaman to direct them, Loder says: “I turned suddenly round and for a second was quite startled, for who do you think was at my elbow? The original Chinese giant ‘Chang,’ 7 ft. 11 in. high, but looking immense in those little streets six feet wide. He was very polite and speaks English very well and showed us the way. . . .”

At *Hankow* he stays with a Mr. Evans and there imbibes a great deal of information about tea, the cultivation and trade—he asserts that the very finest parcels of each year from the Hankow district (supposed to produce the best of all) are bought up for Russia. “England gets none of this.”

He describes the immense examinations at *Wu-Chang*. It is partly funny to think of 10,000 candidates for the Public Service being locked up in what Loder describes “very much like wine bins” for the whole of seven days, taking seven days’ food into the bins with them; if it happens to be hot weather at the time, “numbers of the candidates die.” He is very much impressed with the Court of the Guild of Chinese Merchants at *Hankow*, and

gives an account of its wonders in workmanship and construction and ornamentation. The river scenery is fully described—also *Kinkiang* and a fleet of “*thousands* of junks at anchor waiting for cargoes.”

We must, however, get on to his time in *Japan*—of it he says on September 17th :

“I enjoy this country immensely ; the pleasantest to travel in of any that I have yet tried ; the people have such polite manners, the girls are so good-looking, everybody smiling and laughing and treating life generally as if it was the greatest joke out.”

He has now after fifteen months’ sight-seeing under a tropical sun got rid of a great deal of his restless energy, and admits he is rather boiled, raggy, and limp.

He looks at Fusiuma (14,400 feet), but feels no inclination to go up it.

“The country children are delightful ; they do not run away and pretend to be shy like English clodhoppers, or behave rudely like town-bred brats, but if you take the slightest notice of them, and just smile in passing, they return your smile with a smile, your bow with a bow, and all in the most gentlemanlike or ladylike manner, and do it probably more gracefully than if they had been taught by the best posture master in the world. The scenery pleases much in the same manner, excepting Fusiuma and one or two more volcanic cones ; there is nothing *grand* about it, but pleasing every bit of it is, and that is just the word for it.”

In answer to home inquiries as to whether he has grown a beard and what he is like he quotes a long piece of Laura’s speech to Beppo when he came back, after six years’ silent absence, with the manners and dress of a Turk :

“Now Laura, much recover’d, or less loth
To speak, cries ‘Beppo ! what’s your pagan name ?
Bless me ! your beard is of amazing growth !
And how came you to keep away so long ?
Are you not sensible ’twas very wrong ?

“ ‘ And are you really, truly, now a Turk ?
With any other women did you wive ?
Is't true they use their fingers for a fork ?
Well, that's the prettiest shawl ! as I'm alive !
You'll give it me ? They say you eat no pork.
And how so many years did you contrive
To—Bless me ! did I ever ? No, I never
Saw a man grown so yellow ! How's your liver ?

“ Beppo ! that beard of yours becomes you not ;
It shall be shaved before you're a day older :
Why do you wear it ? Oh ! I had forgot—
Pray don't you think the weather here is colder ? ’ ”

and so forth.

“ 3 a.m. I am getting abominably sleepy, but must finish this to-night ; I've just lit my seventh cigarette in the last two hours, but it is no go.”

Yet at this hour in the morning he gives a full account of Sir Harry and Lady Parkes. Lady Parkes' lovely hair, the red hair of the best part of a dozen children, of a walk with Sir Harry in the Tycoons' wonderful “ gardenised Park ”—discusses home news, makes estimates for the costs of running deer forests, laments over the death of his beloved setter “ Belle ” and begs his father to get him a pup of the same breed and colour if possible.

To his brother Wilfrid in another letter he pours out his grief about poor “ Belle ” and his mind is evidently turned homewards.

“ How is it I never hear anything bad or good about that chestnut horse I was riding in the Park just before I left. What sort of a hunter is he ? I am a little sorry Cocktail must be sold, but he was always delicate and must be sold now. I should like to have just three horses as *good-looking* as the young chestnut and as good every way as Cocktail.”

He is alarmed at the prospect of his mother's mounting all the photographs he has sent home, and is terrified they will be put on paper or cardboard which has been bleached white with chlorine. “ It is this which has the most to say in the matter of fading photos. Winsor &

Newton's *drawing* paper is all made out of white rags washed clean before being pulped; no bleaching matter is used." It was in countless little matters of this sort even when young that Loder's practical general knowledge was so startling. He pursues this subject, describing the slight re-fermentation of paste after being used as a cause of fading in photographs; "every time it gets a little moist in damp weather, and this does the photo no good in the long run."

He describes *Nagasaki*, *Kobe*, *Osaka*, *Odowana*—his voyage from Shanghai in the *Costa Rica*, one of those "great wooden American side wheelers with walking beam, very comfortable." He discusses Japanese lacquer:

"Lacquer of course is *the* manufacture of Japan; it is really the Japanese jewellery—but it is no use bringing the best sorts to England, as no one is connoisseur enough to appreciate it. Do you remember a little curious-shaped lacquered box which Capt. Chatfield had down at the Beeches and tried to make us understand was something good; but I do not think any of us saw much in it? That little box certainly did not cost less than £3 10s. and perhaps double that sum. I just bought a little case, gold lacquered, about three inches square, for \$13, just as a specimen. It was what they call *the* best gold lacquer, but there is again beyond this a special quality which even the uninitiated would at once see was something superb. I saw such a piece to-day; it was a small cabinet perhaps 9 in. × 6 in. × 6 in.; its price was £75, but it certainly was wonderful lacquer."

His travelling in China and Japan was done rapidly, as the following time-table shows:

August 1875:

Saigon	August 4th to 6th.
Hong-Kong	„ 9th to 10th.
Canton	„ 10th to 13th.
Hong-Kong	„ 13th to 17th.
Shanghai	„ 18th to 21st.
Kiu-Kiang	„ 24th
Hankow (and Wachang)	„ 25th.
Kiu-Kiang	„ 29th.

Shanghai	.	August 29th to September 5th.
Nagasaki	.	September 7th to 8th.
Hiogo	.	„ 10th.
Osaka	.	„ 11th.
Yokohama	.	„ 14th.
Odowana	.	„ 20th.
Totska	.	„ 23rd.
Yokohama	.	„ 24th to 26th.
On the last date he sailed for San Francisco.		

He carries off a few curios and gongs from Japan. Whilst at *Yokohama* he writes :

“The Rev. Sholto Douglas, who gave me or rather tried to give me 71 minutes in Madras Cathedral last February, has turned up here. I am afraid as long as he and I remain here church will be forbidden fruit for me.”

The sight of Douglas seems to have been the only thing that marred the complete happiness of his sojourn in Japan.

Loder is by no means well when he goes on board the *Great Republic* on September 26th, and is still ill when he lands on October 17th at *San Francisco* ; but he goes on to Denver, and November finds him once more with friends in the old quarters at *Hall's Gulch*. The air of the Rockies sets him up and he is soon hunting wapiti. This time he sees plenty and some very fine ones, but only gets two and the better of these is nothing very good. This second hunting trip in America must not keep us ; it differs but slightly to the last, and we shall find him again hunting wapiti with more success in the Rockies.

Writing to his father from *Hall's Gulch* he says :

“I will try my best to get some live wapiti, and if we can succeed in making them thrive at Whittlebury I do not think you will ever regret the trouble and expense, which no doubt will be considerable. If they ever grow

to a good size I have no doubt they will look nearly as well in Whittlebury Park as in their native mountains. I should like to see the fallow deer herd number about 300 to 400, and *all* to be what I call the *true* fallow deer, that is, a light reddish-brown skin with white spots all over the body.”¹

After his return from hunting wapiti in bitter cold, he reaches Denver and there collects some heads; he purchases five antelope heads at \$1 each, one wapiti skull \$8, one mountain bison head \$75, and a lot of buffalo robes and wolf skins for \$100.

Passing through Buffalo City he meets once more Jem Thompson and stays awhile at *Victoria*, where he dines with a Mr. Grant, who seemed to Loder in those pre-Pussyfoot days a strange customer, for they dine at 5.30 and “he gave us no wine, but cigars and pears after dinner”; and in spite of this subduing post-prandial occupation he, their host, “told us a lot of stories which I did not believe.” At *London* he stays with a charming old lady, a Mrs. Harris of Eldon House, and at *Philadelphia*, having been given a platform ticket by one of his friends there interested apparently in the state of his soul, he goes on a Sunday evening to one of Moody and Sankey’s meetings.

“Moody did not preach badly, but was nothing out of the way in his address. Sankey’s singing was good, but at first I thought his voice was coarse.”

The cold in Canada he found “fearful,” being the

¹ Judging from Epping deer and New Forest deer, this would not be the old English type. In the same letter Loder writes: “I don’t think we have more than forty or fifty of this sort now. I should like to weed out all those white red deer hinds and white-faced stag abominations. The red deer herd and doubtless the fallow deer would be greatly improved by a cross from some good park like Windsor. I think nothing could be prettier than to have nice herds of all the different species of deer and antelope which would live in the park—say fallow, red deer, wapiti, barasing, sambur, hog deer, Japanese deer, American black-tailed deer and white-tailed deer, American antelope (a very hardy beast), elands . . . and I dare say there are a dozen more.”

severest November for many years. He puts down these temperatures for November 30th, 1875, at 7 a.m.:

Toronto . . .	4°	below	zero	F.
Ottawa . . .	20°	„	„	
Quebec . . .	20°	„	„	
Gatenean Mills	30°	„	„	

In New York he buys seven pairs of wapiti horns at \$10 each, one pair of black-tailed deer horns at \$5, and goes to see a man who will land wapiti alive at Southampton at \$200 each, buffalo for rather less and Virginian deer at \$60 each.

Of Canada he says, "I had a delightful time amongst a lot of nice people." He is very much interested at Boston at Alvan Clark & Sons, Brooklyn Street, with a 26-in. object glass for a telescope, and finds one that will suit his own telescope at home 8 in. with 9 ft. 6 in. focus.

About the 12th of December he sails for Liverpool in the *Adriatic* with a live wapiti and a number of wild turkeys and canvas-back ducks; the birds, not being alive, are put in the ice-house, destined for his friends' "Christmas dinners." He reaches home just in time to spend Christmas Day at home.

During his absence he must have travelled some 50,000 miles, perhaps much more. In August 1875 when at Shanghai he makes a careful estimate of the distance he has covered up to then; excluding his voyages in native boats on rivers and on the coasts of Sumatra, he puts the details down thus:

By rail	10,000	miles.
„ steamer	16,000	„
„ carriage and horseback	1,210	„
On foot	1,120	„
	<hr/>	
	28,330	„

He had still to travel in Japan, cross the Pacific, and travel in America and Canada and cross that continent

and the Atlantic. He was careful over his accounts and expenditure, and found India “and some other countries very expensive” for a traveller. He calculates that every 6,000 miles he travelled with a servant and baggage cost him £100. The rupee at that time was the same value as the English florin.

CHAPTER VII

ST. GEORGE LITLEDALE AND EDMUND LODER

“Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met, in life's young day ;
And friends long lov'd by thee and me
Since then have dropp'd away.”

MOORE.

IT is more than forty-six years since Sir Edmund Loder made the acquaintance of Mr. St. George Littledale, a man destined to take a place in the first ranks of the Asiatic explorers of our time and whose achievements with big-game, if they have been equalled, can scarcely have been surpassed by anyone. His hunting expeditions which were the most remarkable are those he made in the least known and wildest regions of Eastern and Central Asia. There also he was the first discoverer of the wild camels in the Gobi desert, but he also brought back, too, great trophies from America and is the only man I know who has hunted and killed specimens of the Caucasian bison, generally known by the unscientific name of “the Aurochs.”

Probably of all the fruits yielded by Loder's travels in the East, an account of which has been given in the last chapter, the one prized the most was the friendship the seed of which was sown among the cliffs and shollahs of the Neilgherry Mountains. Mr. Littledale has furnished me with the following reminiscences, which though brief are so charming that I have placed them apart in this chapter. As sportsmen Loder and Littledale were kindred spirits, and my friend's admiration for Littledale and his achievements knew no bounds—his name was constantly on his lips. My own introduction to Littledale was rather a curious one. In the early nineties (? 1893) I was about

to start for Algeria and had received a letter from Loder urging me to take with me a new kind of rifle which he and Littledale had seen and tried—this was the '256 Mannlicher, price £4 including bayonet, a recently perfected Continental military arm.

Loder told me how to procure the rifle from Belgium, how to manipulate it, what to have done to it in order to transform it into a sporting weapon, and sent me the results of his experiments as regards its accuracy, penetration and for getting the bullets to "set up." Having got the rifle, the bolt being a novelty to me I took this to pieces and with infinite difficulty put it together again, but found that I could not mount it in the breech. I wrote to Loder and he replied with a few lines saying he had got into the same trouble himself, but that Littledale was in town and he had asked him to go to me and to put me right. Mr. Littledale came at once and in a moment put my rifle in order, and gave me such a first-rate lesson in its mechanism and resources that I never after had any trouble. I believe that Littledale, Loder and I were the first Englishmen to adopt this rifle for big-game shooting, and that we all stuck to it and swore by it till our travelling days were done. Personally after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century I consider it still holds the field as a magazine rifle, in the combination of killing power in relation to calibre, its handiness and sureness in manipulation, the absence of mechanism that can "go wrong" and its extraordinary wear-and-tear properties. Among Littledale's collection of trophies heads of the following stand out—their measurements are recorded by Rowland Ward :

Red Deer	Chamois
Carpathian Stag	Cashmere Serow
Maral	Alaskan Rocky Mountain
American Wapiti	Goat
Asiatic Wapiti	Nilgiri Ibex (16½ in.)
Newfoundland Caribou	Tien Shan Ibex (53 in.)
Prongbuck	Caucasian Ibex
Mongolian Gazelle(<i>gutturosa</i>)	Bharal (Caucasian)

Pallas's Bharal	Marco Polo's Argali
Ladak Bharal (<i>Pseudosina</i> <i>nahura</i>)	Kobet Dagb Urial
Colorado Bighorn	Caucasian Bison
Kamchatkan Bighorn	American Bison
Siberian Argali	Kamchatka Brown Bear
Littledale's Argali	Caucasian Brown Bear

MR. LITTLEDALE'S REMINISCENCES

In January 1875 Edmund Loder and I found ourselves the only guests at Silk's Hotel, Ootacamund, and on discovering that we were both in the Nilgiris with the same object—a campaign against the Nilgiri ibex (*Hemitragus hylocrius*)—we decided to join forces and had a most enjoyable and successful shoot. Edmund Loder had an argument with a particularly fine tiger, and, as everyone who knew his skill with the rifle would anticipate, the skin and skull were brought into camp and are now a prominent feature of the Museum at Leonardslee. Some sambar and several old “saddlebacks” were also part of the bag. Landing once at Bombay twenty or more years afterwards, the first thing I saw in the *Pioneer* was that some miscreant (!) had shot an unusually fine Nilgiri ibex half an inch larger than the one we got, depriving our shoot of the record head. This casual meeting at Ooty formed the commencement of a lifelong friendship between Edmund Loder and myself which remained undimmed for forty-five years, till his death left the botanical, zoological and scientific world and his countless friends greatly the poorer for his loss. After our trip was over a fine old specimen of an English gentleman Colonel H —— asked us to join him in a drive of some woods where anything from a tiger to a woodcock might happen. The tiger certainly did not turn up; but after a most excellent lunch, at which the Colonel played a good knife, fork and tumbler, he proposed a rifle match and he solemnly tied two empty bottles by the necks to a branch about fifty yards off. We both pointed out that it was much too near to be any test, and they were moved further away. We each promptly broke our bottles. Two

more empty ones were produced—one specially emptied (!) by the Colonel for the occasion—and these shared the same fate. We could only find full bottles in the tiffin basket, and asked permission to use one. With a twinkle in his eye he said “You shall each have one shot, but I will hang it up myself.” He did so, but at such a distance that it could hardly be seen. Loder won the toss and took first shot—which, in the early days of express rifles, with any one else could only have been termed a lucky one, for nothing was left of the bottle but the neck dancing on the string. I immediately claimed the right of a shot at the other full bottle. “No, young man, certainly not; I don’t trust either of you.” So the match was drawn, hugely in Edmund’s favour. Some years later I took a magnum ‘500 Express to Leonardslee to try at the targets; it fired far too heavy a charge for its weight and kicked viciously. From the way it tore up the ground he nicknamed it the “Estate Destroyer.” Edmund sat down to have a shot. There was a huge report, and he was sent flat on his back with the rifle far behind him. As he lay there he said, “Where am I? What has happened?” Both barrels had gone off at once and the recoil was tremendous. Shortly afterwards having the same rifle out in the Rockies, a Crow Indian chief, “Crazy Face,” strolled into camp. Seeing the rifle, he asked to be allowed to fire a shot; he did not hold it tight enough, and we saw his cheek was bleeding. Without taking any notice of his injuries, he quite gravely asked me to allow his friend to have a shot. His friend, however, had seen all he wanted to see about that rifle, and would have none of it.

On one occasion when I was Edmund’s guest at Hopfreen, he brought home quite a nice stag, except it was very narrow. Having recently returned from Alaska, I told him that a man out there had offered to give a moose head of mine 12 in. or 15 in. greater spread. Loder inquired how it was done. They spread the horns with a block and tackle and then put a strong piece of timber to keep the width till the horns got set and dry. So we determined to experiment with his head. We tied the coronet firmly

together to prevent the skull splitting; we fastened the head between two posts of the verandah, and with a rope spread the antlers as much as we dare, and it really made quite a fine head. We decided to leave it there to dry and set. Next morning the head was found in two pieces; very heavy rain having fallen in the night tightened the rope and spread the horns still farther to breaking point.

One day at Bisley he lent me a rifle and told me to have a try for the Martin Smith Sporting Rifle Competition. Having shot and cleaned the rifle, I found Edmund shooting in a long-range match roped off from the public. Attracting his attention, I threw him the card target. He looked at it carefully, then jumped up, throwing regulations to the winds, came shaking me cordially by the hand and said, "That settles it; well done, old chap—I knew you would win it." As a matter of fact he divided with Rankin. I told him he had most peculiar stuff to clean his rifle with, it smelt strongly of almonds. With a voice that could have been heard from Dan to Beersheba he told the world in general that I had been cleaning the rifle with his hair oil.

CHAPTER VIII

1876 AND 1877—MARRIAGE AND WEDDING TOUR— AGE 26-27

"But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, *brief is life but love is long.*

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,

Fly to her, and pipe and woo her and make her mine,

And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

Lines in Edmund Loder's diary written therein

at Darjeeling, March 1875.

How the Christmas of 1875 was spent at the High Beeches or how Edmund Loder passed the spring and summer of 1876, after his journey round the world, must be left to the reader's imagination. Having studied his journals and reflected on the possible feelings prompting him to enter certain passages from the poets, I believed I detected signs of at least a fairly frequent turning of his heart in a direction where in 1876 it was to be lastingly settled. This chapter is given in the main to the year which witnessed the most important event in his life: the laying deep the foundations of that happiness which outlasted all the storms of life and the winning of that love which abode by him to the moment of his last breath.

There are amongst the notes which Loder left behind him some for a lecture which he gave in the early part of this year at Slaugham Common, not far from the High Beeches. It seems likely that parental and other pressure must have been applied to overcome his shyness of public appearances. But the lecture was delivered and was a great success, for he had carefully arranged his subjects with a view to an entertaining variety, and there

is plenty of anecdote as well as an amusing account of his struggles with the Swedish language. It was accompanied with an exhibition of his trophies and curios, from flying fish bottled in whisky to scalps and praying wheels.

I do not know if a certain young lady, Miss Marion Hubbard, was amongst the many neighbours who were present at this lecture, but her home was not far away and but five miles from the High Beeches. She and Edmund Loder had known each other since childhood, but until this year did not often meet except out riding. Sir Robert Loder was fond of coursing and used to come with his greyhounds and course over Mr. Hubbard's big fields at Plummer's Plain. Perhaps these occasions were seized by the little god for letting fly some of his darts. I know nothing whatever about it, but even old men have some remnants of imagination. The author does know what Sussex is in spring and summer, the texture of the shade in its hanging woods, and of the sun-glints on the paths; what gardens were and may be yet with

"rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Others have ridden side by side in leafy lanes on summer days, and wandered among heath and bracken in the long sweet evenings of an English June, before thrush and black-cap have quite closed the too short season of their song. At least there was there a lovely setting for Love's young dream, and the reader is free, as I am, to put into it a tall, lithe, eager lover with light-blue eyes and a lovely girl with a strangely sweet gentleness in her ways and voice. Surely this spring the beeches wore for them their tenderest green, and when October came put on for their betrothal their softest red. We are given memories, it is said, that we may gather roses in December, and I only guess at the beauty and the sweetness of what was gathered at the winter season of their lives. Whatever may have been the course of their courtship, Edmund Loder on November 21st, 1876, was married to

Marion the third daughter of William Egerton Hubbard of Leonardslee.

The month before Christmas was spent in Paris. It is not every newly married pair who resort there who occupy their days as they did. But neither of them was ever a waster of time. They did not sit side by side and pretend to read Dante—no, they bought a Paris Directory and studied this together, putting down the address of everyone entered therein who was described as a "Naturaliste" and then with methodical labour visiting day by day everyone in a given area who came under this heading. They were collecting horns, and did not mean to miss the chance of getting new and rare specimens. But many a time they climbed to an *atelier au cinquième* to find a savant or a professor interested only in bugs or beetles or the like.

From Paris they travelled through Spain and then crossed over to *Oran*. I have space to deal with but little of their doings, but shall refer to their time in Algeria.

Loder was a pioneer in many directions. As far as I know he was the first English sportsman to go to the Aures in the quest for wild sheep, and the first of my acquaintance who discovered the charms of Biskra as a winter resort. I believe the following is the genesis of the attempt to obtain the so-called "mouflon," the *l'arui* of the Arabs (*Ovis lervia*). Edmund Loder with difficulty got news of them, and with his companion Charles Radcliffe found them in 1877 in the Metlili, but though they saw a fair number they failed to get a specimen. With the information supplied by Loder, Edward North Buxton and his son Gerald Buxton went to the Metlili in 1881 (?), and then to other mountains, including the Amarkhadou, and succeeded in shooting specimens. More than ten years after I selected Biskra as winter quarters for my wife and family and hunted in the Aures during the winters 1892 to 1895. Loder and I were companions in several expeditions during these years. Thus it was Loder who opened the way for so many besides

myself to one of the finest forms of sport and to enter a new kind of world and a new sort of life. The question may be asked whether Robert S. Hichens' novel *The Garden of Allah* would ever have been written had not the wild sheep drawn Loder on his honeymoon to El Kantara and thence to Biskra—a work which must remain a masterpiece of descriptive art quite apart from any other merit it may possess.

In the worst storm of this winter Mr. and Mrs. Loder crossed from Carthage to Oran—a fearful night crossing which gave Mrs. Loder a horror of sea voyages which she never entirely got over; she was very ill too, but her husband was always a good sailor. They found Oran “all dried up like Spain” and famine imminent. In Algeria the harvest is early and depends on rain during the months of December, January and February. In Oran there had been no rain at all instead of the usual 17 inches, so they went on to Algiers where things were a little better. I take the following extracts from Loder's letters home, most of them being from those to his mother and father:

“HÔTEL D'ORIENT, ALGIERS,
February 25th, 1877.

“We did not care much about Spain; seen as we saw it from the railway, it looked so burnt up and dirty. Even *Madrid* seemed far from civilised. The Picture Gallery there is called the richest in the world, but we did not care for the ‘style’ of pictures and I think both of us would prefer to revisit the galleries at Amsterdam.

“We like this hotel; our view is splendid, out on the harbour—then across the Bay the water in which is always changing colour, dark blue, light green, dark green, light blue—beyond a range of mountains and then beyond again Jurjura Mountains, 7,500 feet, all covered with deep snow, sixty miles away. The native part of the town is more interesting to Marion than to me, as all towns of the Orientals are more or less of a type.

“Very good books to read on the country are *Algeria as it is*, by George Gaskell (pub. Smith, Elder & Co.), only 7s. 5d.; a French book (3 fcs.) *Voyage en Algérie*,

by C. Cartheron (Paris: J. Helzel, 18 rue Jacob); Murray's *Handbook of Algeria* is one of his very best, with a lot of light reading in it.¹

"We have met a young couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Charles Radcliffe; they were married about six weeks ago and have been travelling in Spain and crossed over with us from Carthage to Oran. We generally walk and drive together in the afternoon.² As yet I have met with no one who has ever shot the wild sheep of the country, the Aoudad or Mouflon à Manchettes, nor anyone who has any friend who has done so, but the skins and horns are frequently brought in by the Arabs. I have hopes of being able to find out their whereabouts from the natives of *Biskra*, when we get there; but as yet our prospects of sport seem very slight indeed.

"We saw Colonel Playfair, the English Consul; he says we shall find it most delightful in the Aures Mountains if we look only to find magnificent scenery and are interested in ruins and Roman remains—but as for sport, he is not a sportsman and knows nothing at all about it.

"We are both very pleased with Algiers, Marion quite as much as I am. If I can find these mouflon (which at present seem at least doubtful) I shall think still more of the country, but I am afraid that the big game of Algeria is nearly a thing of the past."

There is a postscriptum to this letter referring to his brother Alfred, who is making his way into Cashmere in the footsteps of Edmund Loder.

"I fancy that the Sawalek Range (mentioned by Alfred in his letter where he says he is at the foot of them) are the hills in which the fossil remains were found of that great four-horned monster the *Sivatherium*. I have shown you a drawing of the skull and also of the restoration of the whole animal."

¹ Written in the main by the best English authority on the subject, viz. Colonel Sir Lambert Playfair, for more than thirty years Consul-General at Algiers, the author of many interesting works, e.g. *In the Footsteps of Bruce*, *The Scourge of Christendom*, etc.

² The Radcliffes and Loders became fast friends, and the Radcliffes were for years Loder's companions in many sporting trips.

They travel to *Blida*—"it is very pretty with groves of immense olive trees and thousands of orange trees"—then three hours by rail and ten hours by diligence to Teniet, 3,800 feet above sea.

"TENIET EL HAD,
March 7th, 1877.

"Teniet is only a mountain village with very limited accommodation, but we had the assistance of the Sub-Inspector of the Forest and got on very well; he lent Marion his wife's side-saddle and borrowed a mule for the Radelifles. They rode in 'caccolet,' the thing they carry wounded soldiers in—two iron chairs, one on each side of the mule. Three hours' riding from Teniet brought us to the Forest-keeper's hut, where we had breakfast. This is the centre of the Cedar Forest. The views all round are very beautiful; some of the trees are 27 feet round and 500 years old (5,000 feet above the sea). I enclose a few seeds of the cedar from Teniet—you can have them planted."

He sends his camp outfit by sea from Algiers to Philippeville, and in order to reduce sea journey by sixteen hours for his wife's sake plans out the journey overland, no easy one in those days:

"First day, 5.30 a.m. to midnight by diligence, 109 miles, to Beni Mansour; Beni Mansour, 23 miles, by mule path to Akbou; 48 miles, on to Bougie (no hotel there), Bougie to Philippeville by sea if necessary"; but he thinks of trying to get to Constantine by land by a road to Setif, but it is "doubtful if the road is passable," then "we shall have made one of the most beautiful journeys that can be found."

"EL KANTARA,
March 31st, 1877.

"At *Constantine* we made the acquaintance of two very charming men, Monsieur Brosse the Préfet and Si Larbi Ben Zagouti, an Arab—the latter had travelled (Paris, Vienna, Strasburg, etc.). Through them we saw many things, mosques, etc., which we should not have seen properly without them."

They pick up a cook here, trained in Paris: "he has turned out an excellent cook, but rather difficult to manage."

By night diligence they reach *Batna* and have got up into the cold; here they got mules from the O.C. troops and completed their outfit for their march. Here also they made the acquaintance of a very distinguished Kaid, Boudi Ef (Bou Dhiaf, Kaid of the Touaba Oulad Daoud), who had taken an active part in suppressing the recent insurrection in the Aures. A Bordj, where I have been to near *Batna*, which was heroically defended against a horde of rebels, still bears his name. They were also entertained by the then Cadi Mustapha Ben Derouich and first sampled the native dishes of kouskous and a meshoui (a sheep or lamb roasted whole).

They marched for two days from *Batna* to *El Kantara* in the teeth of a most bitter wind, the air "keen and freezingly cold," and with disastrous results to their plans, for Mrs. Loder catches cold and becomes very ill on arriving at *El Kantara*. Fortunately Loder catches a doctor passing through, and sent to *Batna* for medicines, and his first anxieties are relieved. The climate now is perfection, for they are on the rim of the desert. But he decides that all idea of camp life must be abandoned.

"It is very sad to give up our camp just as we have everything so complete, but anything is better than to run any risk to her health. Our camp is pitched close to the hotel (Bertrand), and the Radcliffes live in it. The great mountain of the Metlili towers above the hotel, and the gentlemen tackle it and find the wild sheep."

During the days they hunted on the Metlili they saw a good number of "mouflon." Loder saw in all thirteen one time and another, but apparently got but one shot and says of it:

"Shot at about 200 yards at one of two which were on the move, but luck did not favour me. They are difficult to find and should be looked for in early dawn and at sunset;

during the daytime they will hide closely under ledges of rock and under thick bushes away from the sun.¹

"They are noble game and live in a most difficult country for hunting in—all loose stones on big rocks with immense ravines; all quite impassable without grass or rope soles (this was before we were able to obtain solid rubber soles hard enough to stand such work). The Arabs kill them, but they go out for two or three days at a time and sleep out in the mountains and are on the spot before sunrise." (This is the process described by Buxton, who in his *Short Stalks* quotes the reply of an Arab who knew "French" to his question as to how they got the mouflon: "Marchey marchey, couchey couchey.") "I am certain anyone could get one who went out with nothing else to do, but ought to sleep two or three nights on the mountains without coming down."

The Radcliffes march on to *Biskra* and the Loders follow in the diligence. The Radcliffes will do the Oued Abdi without them; "all this is very sad, but the consolation is that it might easily have been worse." Radcliffe had had a chance too at the sheep, but missed the long and moving chances they gave. The Radcliffes had even worse luck later on than the Loders', for Radcliffe got fever, had to get back to Europe, and by the time he got to Gibraltar was delirious and dangerously ill. Both married couples must have kept very lively recollections of their honeymoons. Loder's descriptions are brief but good of the country. El Kantara he finds "most curious and beautiful—the oasis a mile away, a patch of green of about 18,000 palm-trees and amongst them fig-trees and apple-trees and apricot-trees, the last as large as our orchard trees in England."

This letter describes his walks with his wife in the Oasis, a sirocco, a dust-storm, the desert as a sea with green oases and palms as islands; and he says:

¹ It is not so much to get shade that the sheep do this, but to escape observation, being continually hunted by the Arabs and the shepherds. I have seen them in the hottest hours of the day, later in the year than this, lying and sleeping in the full sun on mountains less hunted than the Metlili.—A. E. P.

"HÔTEL DU SAHARA, BISKRA.
April 11th, 1877.

"The sunset lights here are very curious (I think Gaskell describes them very well in his book). We have seen no brilliant sunsets like ours, for there are very few clouds, but at sunset the sky becomes all golden and the light part of the hills bright rose and the shadows deep purple.

"The sun and clear air show off everything so wonderfully, giving the whole landscape such bright colours.

"You may perhaps think a date-palm is a date-palm, but at Biskra alone there are 170 different sorts, with names to each, like roses in a garden in England.

"Just now we heard a noise at our door, and when we opened it found a young Arab with a little beast in his hand the size of a small rabbit. It was a young hyæna which he wanted to sell to us."

In these letters there is a good deal about his anxiety about a new venison larder at Amat and the necessity of preventing risks of mildew. This reminds me of some remarks of his daughter Patience in her notes :

"His two great anxieties on arriving at a new deer forest were always where he was to keep his guns and rifles, and what sort of game larder was there (he never found one to his liking all the twenty years I can remember). How good the fishing was, or how good the heads were likely to be, never worried him at first. I remember at one place we had only just arrived, the footman announcing with a groan 'there are pike in the loch,' but even that did not dismay father in the least—he was too much excited nailing up his gun-rack, for which he had found a beautiful place in the *dining-room*."

"The Kaid of Biskra we found a charming man, one of the wealthiest and most honourable of the Arab aristocracy."¹

"BÔNE.
April 26th, 1877.

"We had been away from Constantine about six weeks and the country had much changed in the meantime . . . now all the fields were green with crops and all the trees just

¹ This would be the Kaid or Agha Ben Gana, whom I knew in later years.—A. E. P.

out in leaf, so that the scenery was as pretty as it could be. Marion has taken to painting many of the pretty wild flowers we find—she does this very well.”

He describes at length in this letter the curious boiling springs and cones of *Hammam Meskoutin* and the Roman Baths :

“ All round is most lovely, something a little like Japan, beautiful valleys all densely wooded with green open spaces here and there and millions of the brightest flowers everywhere.”

He writes of a beautiful drive from *Duwivier* to *Soukarras* (twenty-six miles) through the forest of Beni Sallah, “ which is the only forest in Algeria where the red deer (identical with Scotch deer ¹) are found.”

“ We had a very fine day for our drive and enjoyed it as much as any part of our journey. The wild flowers were wonderful and the foliage beautifully varied.”

From the pretty little French town of Bône they make a pilgrimage to the Tomb of St. Augustin (two miles from Bône) and then sail during a beautiful sunset and a pretty moonrise for *Goletta*.

“ TUNIS.

May 1st, 1877.

“ The ruins of *Carthage* are almost *nil*; everything has been carried off except cisterns, which perhaps are only Roman work. A great deal of Venice is built of the marble from Carthaginia, and for more than 1,000 years the ruins have served as a quarry—this still goes on and it is too late to stop it.”

Of all the sights which he describes in and about Tunis he finds the Bazaar (the Suks) the most striking: “ One article of commerce,” he writes, “ is perfume; we were

¹ These are now considered a subspecies and have been differentiated from *Cervus elaphus scoticus* as *C. e. barbarus*. Loder possessed the record head of the African stag—horns 38½ in. in length, 5½ in. circumference between bez and trez and with an outside spread of 36 in.—an “ eleven-pointer.”

rather astonished at being asked £3 for a bottle holding about $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of jasmine!! We did not buy any."

They had crossed from *Tunis* to *Cagliari* in a rolling and pitching boat :

" NICE.

May 13th, 1877.

" Cagliari would be considered a curious and picturesque town to people coming out straight from England, but seemed tame after Algiers, Tunis, Constantine, etc. . . . The view from the citadel heights of Cagliari is a fine one, in its way, as any of the kind, and there are lots of wild flowers."

Their next stays are at *Oristomo* and *Sassari*, and then they go to *Porto Torres* and cross over to *Ajaccio*, which "is one of the prettiest places we have yet seen and now of course looks quite at its best."

Of the journey to *Corti* by diligence Loder says :

" This drive is as beautiful as anything can be, snow mountains in sight nearly the whole time (Monte d'Oro, 8,000 feet), and the variety of greens is very great. The scenery is something like the Swiss but on a smaller scale, but the variety of colouring is certainly greater in Corsica. *Corti* itself is very pretty and so is the whole drive from *Corti* to *Bastia*—near *Bastia* is a very beautiful grotto which we visited."

They arrive at *Nice* on May 12th. " *Nice* is certainly a pretty place, but I do not think I should care for it in the season when hundreds of English people are here."

From *Nice* they journey home—and thus ends their Wedding Tour, which has lasted six months.

CHAPTER IX

FLOORE, 1877-1889—CACTUS-HUNTING ON THE MEXICAN FRONTIER, 1878—COLLECTING PLANTS IN THE DOLOMITES, 1883—AFTER THE WHITE GOATS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, 1887.

“Down the world with Marna !
That's the life for me !
Wandering with the wandering wind,
Vagabond and unconfined !

Arabs of the whole wide girth
Of the wind-encircled earth !
In all climes we pitch our tents,
Cronies of the elements,
With the secret lords of birth
Intimate and free.”

RICHARD HOVEY.

ON their return from abroad Mr. and Mrs. Loder settled down at Floore in Northamptonshire, in the home provided for them by Sir Robert, and here they passed the first ten years of their life together. The making of a new home, the arrangement of new possessions and the organisation of indoor and outdoor establishments is a fascinating and absorbing occupation for the newly married people. Only birds and badgers make such a delightful fuss about this business. We can picture them as very busy this summer amongst the furniture, presents, trophies and pictures within the house, and with the stables, farm and plans for their garden outside. Besides they had to make the acquaintance with a new country and receive visits of their numerous neighbours. It is certain that the young couple were kept going and that no hours hung heavy on their hands.

Floore was a charming property with fine timber round the house, about seven miles from Northampton, in the middle of the Pytchley Country and within easy reach of the Grafton Hounds. Here Loder lived the life of a country gentleman, filling his days with a greater variety of pursuits than most men can make time for. He devoted himself to astronomy, to the making of a lovely rock garden (there were few in those days), to horticulture and natural science. In the autumns they were in Scotland, in the winters he hunted regularly with the Pytchley and had the reputation one would expect of "going very hard." Here also he began to put his ideas into practice of turning a part of his grounds into a little zoo, beginning, I believe, with emus and mouflon. He took during his father's life a great interest in the improvement of the red deer and the herd of fallow deer in Whittlebury Park and in the acclimatisation there of the wapiti which he imported from America.

Loder filled his garden at Floore with interesting plants, and in spite of a bleak climate he contrived to establish a collection which became well known. He specialised in narcissus, and was very successful in raising hybrids. For the last three years he was at Floore, from 1886 to 1888, he was on the Council of the Horticultural Society, and it was through love of gardening that he formed friendships with such men as the Rev. C. Wolley Dod, Sir Trevor Laurence, Sir Michael Foster and Sir Joseph Hooker.

Early in his life at Floore his heart went wrong, the trouble being due, I believe, to overstrain in Cashmere, and he became so ill with its weak and irregular action, and consequent nervous depression, that for some months he was wheeled about in a Bath chair. The heart is an organ that has great powers of recovery, however susceptible to derangement from fatigue or nerve strain. Whilst Loder was in this state his father and the family were much concerned and even alarmed, but after he recovered his health I have heard it said by those about

him that it was "only liver" and that he soon got "quite well." That his heart recovered sufficiently to live a life of abnormal activity is true; but that he was constantly liable to have symptoms of the old trouble is more correct. He often complained to me of his heart, but he led so healthy, so regular and so temperate a life that his moral strength triumphed over this physical weakness until he was far advanced in years.

My father used to say of me that I had been smitten with a "wandering damn," and Loder had undoubtedly symptoms of the same affliction if the desire to see and know is to be considered one. For neither his journey round the world nor the six-months' wedding tour nor the delights of English country life had cured him of a wish to see and to do more. They had been but a year at home when we find Mr. and Mrs. Loder on board the *Germanic* and sailing for America on July 4th, 1878. On arrival in the States they revisited his old haunts and friends; but there is no need for us to travel with them over something like the old ground. It seems that Edmund Loder had now become thoroughly interested in certain branches of horticulture and botany, and had directed his studies and attention to the curious family of the Cacti. To see them in their native habitat and to collect them was a principal object of this expedition. We find him setting out with his wife from *Pueblo Cucharas* on the Mexican frontier to hunt for the varieties which abound in this region. Their hunt was made in an "express wagon," a vehicle devised to get over almost any kind of country and to give the passengers on board plenty of exercise—it *had* springs, but only under the front seat. They collected great quantities of cacti on the prairies. The nigger who drove them was much puzzled with their ardour in this singular quest and indeed with their activities generally; and when he at last beheld the wagon loaded up with the trophies of their chase he remarked, "I never see any feller make any money out of them things!" "Them things" were

brought home to Floore and formed the nucleus of a marvellous collection. For his cacti Loder built, with his usual practical skill, a special house, so made of iron and glass, without wood, that the maximum amount of light and sun should reach the plants. When he left Floore in 1889 he did very much what Peter Beckford did with his harriers—"having thus got them perfect he parted with them." Loder presented the whole of his collection to the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh. Forty-two years after, Professor Bayley Balfour writing to Lady Loder (in January 1921) says :

"I have a most vivid recollection of the splendid collection of cacti, presented to us by Sir Edmund Loder, coming here. It was in the year after I came to Edinburgh and I find on looking up our records that there were 250 species of cacti and of other succulent plants in the gift—truly a sumptuous one and one that I valued very greatly because it really was the foundation of our collection. I am glad to tell you that nearly the whole of them are still alive and thriving here. . . . Many of them of course have had to be propagated, the older plants dying out, but I can safely say that the gift is still the backbone of our collection. It has always been a very pleasant thought to me that Sir Edmund was so kind to us."

Edmund Loder was awarded the First-Class Certificate by the Royal Horticultural Society for some of his cacti; on June 14th, 1881, he obtained these high awards for *Echinocereus fendleri* and for *Echinocereus gonacanthus*, and his exhibits are referred to in the Scientific Committee's Reports.¹

¹ See *The Garden*, xix (1881), p. 628; and *The Gard. Chron.*, N.S. (1881), p. 799.

The Garden contains many papers and notes written by Sir Edmund in the early eighties, and he read at least one paper at the meetings of the Horticultural Society. On May 8th, 1883, "a paper was read by Mr. E. G. Loder on 'Hardy Cacti: their Habitats and Culture.'" *The Garden* referring to this paper says: "Hardy Cacti was the subject of a paper by Mr. E. G. Loder, who makes this interesting class of plants a speciality in his garden at Weedon and who has recently collected them

His daughter Mrs. Otter says :

"Two very childish recollections stand out in my mind. They both show that he liked to share even with a child his varied interests. I remember on one occasion being taken out of bed in the middle of the night to be shown a night-flowering cactus, and at another time being carried down to the Observatory to look through the big telescope at the moon or some new star, I can't remember which. He was not in a sense a child-lover (at least not when we were children), but he would take as much pains explaining a simple thing to a child as in unravelling some deep problem with a fellow-scientist. It was the key to the whole of his life's work—he had 'the genius of taking pains,' and that is obviously why everything he touched turned into a golden success."

I do not know whether he was always a lover of children or not, but in middle life he was most delightful with my little people and quite won their hearts by being always ready to have a joke with them or to show them interesting and amusing things.

As for the cacti, after 1889 he turned them out of his life and directed his mind to new studies. The only occasion on which I ever heard him mention them was to correct my ignorance when we were in Somaliland together. I had been there before, and though I knew the native names of the trees and more conspicuous shrubs and plants, I was without the slightest scientific knowledge of the vegetation. I pointed out to him such curious things as the Barawai tree (*Adenium speciosum*). I remember his looking at an enormous bulbous plant,

from their native habitats in Colorado and other parts of North America. Many interesting facts were stated, with regard to the native habitats of these plants, which are of so much value to cultivation."

See *The Garden*, xxiii (1883), pp. 437, 438. Other notes and articles by Sir E. G. Loder in *The Garden* are "Rocky Mountain Cacti," xix, p. 593; "Cacti Indoors and in the Open Air," xx, p. 601; "On Cacti which have been Tested for Hardiness," xxi (1881), p. 28. There is a coloured plate of *Echinocereus gonacanthus*, and the text referring to it is by Edmund Loder, in *The Garden*, xxii (1882), pp. 444-5.

almost spherical with a few twigs and leaves sprouting out of the bulb, which was about four feet in diameter, and his saying "that is a potato," and then, thinking of a certain forest, I said, "and I will show you a forest of cacti." "That you cannot do," he replied; "there are no cacti in Africa—you will have to go to America to see them." And he gave me a simple and general account of succulent plants and of the milky-juiced trees and their distribution, and told me my Candelabra trees were Euphorbias before he had even seen them.

One other of Mr. and Mrs. Loder's expeditions made for the purpose of enriching their garden at Floore, which boasted now a beautiful Rock and Alpine Garden, may be mentioned. It was one made to the *Dolomites* in 1883 with the object of finding *Phyteuma comosum*. They set out with a formidable outfit of hammers, jemmies and tools associated more with Bill Sloggins and the burglary profession than with the gentle gardener's, for Loder anticipated a formidable resistance on the part of P.c. to all efforts to prise him out of his rocky fastness. The headquarters of the expedition was the Glocken Haus above Heilinger-blut, a two-roomed Alpine hut, reached of course on foot. One room was set apart for the ladies of the party and the other one left for the men. When this campaign had been brought to a victorious conclusion the party made for the Engadine and there added to their collection of Alpine plants.

The years at Floore were interrupted by yet another trip Loder made to America with the Radcliffes, and it was one he always recalled with special pleasure; it took place between the months of July and November in 1887. He went out on the *Servia*. Apparently Loder enjoyed even more than usual the company of the acquaintances he had, or made, among the passengers on this voyage; at least he makes in his diary more mention of them and of the subjects discussed than is his wont. The title he gives to this volume of his journals is *After White*

*Goats.*¹ Lord Herschell was on board and there must have been other politicians too, for he mentions a "very lively" dispute about Free Trade and Protection on deck, "which was continued afterwards in the evening in the smoking-room." There was the Rev. John Gillespie, Vice-President of the Highland Society, who knew his father's sheep and horses; there was John W. Mackay (the Silver King), "said to be the wealthiest man in the world"; a young Englishman, G. F. Farnham, who is sending 300 English mares to a ranch in British Columbia; but it is one Hubbard, an American, with whom he spends the most time, discussing rifles and sporting experiences, for Hubbard had done a great deal of shooting and fishing in America. The Radcliffes, when Loder arrived in the States, were at the Yellowstone Park. In the middle of August he meets them at *Missoula*, and there they collect their outfit for their hunting trip. Hank Carnes as guide and hunter, Bill King with seven pack-horses, Espagnol with five more, Jacob, a cook, and Bill Gormally are engaged to accompany them.

Their first camp is made at *Arlee*, and here and at their next camps on the Jokko River and at the head of the Jokko Lake they get good baskets of trout, but catch none of the weight of those which the Indians bring into their camp (trout of 9 lb. and 12 lb. are mentioned). Making their way generally through thick timber, they reach the Clearwater Valley and camp at Two Forks. Thence there is no trail and they go forward through forest on game tracks or on no track at all, and make a camp at Round Prairie, and from this point they have to cut a trail to reach white goat country. During their march up and indeed throughout the time they

¹ The weird-looking creature known as "the Rocky Mountain goat" or scientifically as *Oreamnus americanus*, is related to the Asiatic family of Serows (*Capricornis sumatrensis*). Of the Serows there are at least some ten varieties of subspecies. Though none of these are white, several of the Serows have tendencies to white on the legs, such as those of Nepaul and Darjeeling, and the Sze-chuan Serow is white-maned. The typical form is dark grey to black, and the Malay varieties are all black.

were after the goats it appears to have been cold and wet. From Goat Camp by dint of hard climbing they reach heights whence they spy the goats and sometimes wapiti, but the goat country is yet too distant. They work at blazing a trail up into the "Basin," and after the men have worked on this trail from September 6th to the 12th they get up 1,000 feet above their last camp and pitch their tents at a spot they call "Cañon Camp." From this camp they have their first success. Here Loder gets three goats. He gives a long description of his first day; here are some extracts from the account:

"Saw a goat on a red cliff—waited for some time and then tried a stalk, but he got my wind and made off. Came down a ravine into the Basin again. On our way down we saw a goat 400 to 500 yards above us. The goat was in full sight, so I had to keep a tree between me and it all the way—very hard work as the hill was steep. I got within 130 yards of it, but could only see its head and neck and even that was partly hidden by a rock. The goat was lying on a shelf of rock very straight above me—I had an uncomfortable place and my neck got stiff with looking up so long, so at last I whistled and threw down stones, but the beast would not rise although he heard the noises. It kept me waiting a long time till my neck got very painful, but at last it rose and I shot. It fell in two bounds down the rocks. . . . When I got up to it, it was quite dead. I shouted to Hank, and he got up to me and we pulled it down to a flat place and skinned it there. Then Hank packed the head and skin in his ruck-sack and I put a hind-leg in mine. It was 7 o'clock before we got away from the beast and it was two hours' walk back to camp. It got quite dark in three-quarters of an hour and we had a very bad time. Hank fell badly once and I cut my shins against a rock. They were alarmed in camp at our being away so late and fired a couple of shots, which we answered with two more. They very wisely sent two men off with a lantern up the trail they had cut during that day. . . . We got into camp just before 10 p.m."

By the 18th the trail into the Basin is cut and they now are camped 6,500 feet up and near the ground they have been working to reach since the end of August.

Both Loder and Radcliffe shot well and had luck with the goats, and from a camp 800 feet higher continued their success. Altogether Loder got nine goats; Radcliffe got a number of good ones too, though how many is not recorded in the diary. On October 3rd, having done with the goats, Loder gets his best wapiti.

“Started with Bill King at 8 a.m. on horseback. Heard an elk at 10 a.m. far below us. Went on for some hours, then turned back lower down. Heard the elk again at 3 p.m. Left the horses and King behind and went towards the sound. He was evidently moving about, as the whistling came first from above and then from the side. I kept on very carefully and at last saw the tips of his horns and soon after a *small* piece of his body (part of his ribs, I thought). I fired at this and saw that I hit, but the beast did not fall, so I ran on and fired twice more; this dropped him. He was a fine beast:

6 ft. girth at brisket.

88 in. from root of tail to between horns.

108 in. from root of tail to between nostrils.

Tail—7½ in.

Height at shoulder—5 ft. 4 in.

Horns—54 and 50 in.

54 in. round the neck.”

The next day he weighs the “elk” and made him 752 lb. “clean without entrails, liver, lungs and heart, which weighed about 40 lb. more. The entire skin weighed 83 lb.”

Here are some of the measurements of the white goats:

No. 5.

From root of tail to between horns . . . 50 in.

From root of tail to upper lip and including tail to tip, leaving out 7 in. of long hairs (a small thin bunch) . . . 61 „

From hind hoof to upper lip . . . 90 „

From fore hoof to top of withers	41½ in.
Girth at brisket	48 "
Live weight	225 lb.
Girth of neck after skinning, taken 2 in. below where head was taken off	21 in.

He makes the weight and measurements of one of Radcliffe's goats greater than this :

Girth round brisket	53 in.
From root of tail to between horns	56 "
From between horns to upper lip	11½ "
Tail 3 in. and hair 4 in.	
Hind hoof to upper lip by ridge of back	100 "
Height at withers	38 "
Weight (live weight)	246 lb.

On October 5th they break up camp and start on their march back to Arlee, where they are, as on the previous occasion, entertained by a Major Ronan and his wife and where Loder notes that their seven children, the baby included, are particularly nice, and where he also says "at Major Ronan's request I wrote a sketch of our trip for publication in a Helena paper." He gives the Major his tent, valise and blankets, his bridle to Hank Carnes, his saddle he sells to Bill King for \$10 and then packs up and expresses his skins to Rochester. At Missoula he pays off his men :

" Bill King and 7 pack-horses and for potatoes	\$240
Espagnol and 5 horses and 1 extra for 9 days and potatoes	\$203
Bill Gormally	\$107
Jacob the cook	\$100

" Paid Hank Carnes \$5 per day for himself and horse, 50 cents a day for each of his four pack-horses." He estimates his trip with stores and saddle, etc., to have cost him £128.

Hank meets many old friends at Missoula, all of whom wish to stand him drinks, so that by night he had had

more than was good for him and "showed his \$50 notes recklessly," so that Radcliffe before going to bed "got his pocket-book away from him and gave it to Kennedy the landlord to lock up in safety." They proceed the same night to Victoria.

After visiting Vancouver and the "new town with plenty of ferns, *Aspidium munitum*, among the stumps" and admiring the fine snow cone of Mt. Baker, they go to Toronto and once more visit Niagara.

At Rochester, where we find him next, he looks through the collections of H. A. Ward and at his own wapiti and goat-skins—"bought several things . . . a moose head I bought was collected many years ago by Prince Maximilian."

On October 26th he went on board the *Adriatic* and sailed from New York.

In his diaries of this trip he mentions many plants and flowers which he observed, and collects seeds and roots. He gives very full particulars of everything he sees and does, and never shoots a "grouse" or catches a trout without mentioning it; temperatures and altitudes he records with regularity as in other journeys.

And so the years passed between Floore and Amat, with weeks spent in town or abroad, with visits to Whittlebury and to country houses, until Sir Robert's death in 1888. It has already been mentioned that Sir Robert left Whittlebury to Sir Edmund and Floore to a younger son, Mr. Sydney Loder, how it was that Sir Edmund decided to leave Northamptonshire and to return to his native county, Sussex, and also how Leonardslee, his wife's old home, became theirs to the end of his life.

There exists still the Visitors' Book of Floore kept up to the end of their time. It holds evidence of the number of their friends and contains the names of many gifted and interesting people who were within the circle of their acquaintance. It would be entertaining to reproduce it with the comments of their guests on leaving, but I must be content to give random selections:

The following two are by the Rev. C. Wolley Dod, a late Master of Eton (Floore is pronounced Flore).

July 1st, 1883 :

"Mid every plant that Adam knew or we know,
Both '*Flore simplice*' and *Flore pleno*,
In rapture lost we wonder now no more
Why Flora gave her name to flowery Floore."

June 7th, 1884 :

"The Muses nine might all combine
With Greece's seven sages
To celebrate Floore's wonders great
And write a thousand pages.

"The visitor who signed his name
Had arm than Cæsar stronger,
Who came—and saw—and overcame
The wish to stay here longer."

There are at least two highly appreciative entries by Sir Joseph Hooker in regard to the gardens, expressing surprise at the numbers of plants in the collections and remarking on the charms of Floore.

Here are two by Mr. H. C. Goodhart, who married a niece of Lady Loder's, the Hon. Miss Rose Rendel :

July 6th, 1886 :

"There came two young people to Weedon
Who one thing—at least—are agreed on—
So long as they live, they'll vow Floore can give
A bisque and half thirty to Eden."

January 23rd, 1888 :

"Two persons revisited Floore
Who had honeymooned there once before ;
But now they are three, and they all do agree
It's a place they entirely adore."

Here is one by G. B., November 17th, 1884 :

"May my pipe whene'er I load her
Ne'er waft her fragrant odour,
May time the great corroder
Turn my meerschaum into clay,
May I choke in a pagoda
Off mutton boiled with soda,
If the name of Marion Loder
From my memory fade away."

Here is another, by Sir Edmund's old friend of the Rocky Mountains, J. Gladwyn Jebb :

February 21st, 1885 :

“ Inspected many rifles and targets—was not certain that I understood the first and quite certain that I could not hit the other, but found that miserable weather only makes Floore the brighter indoors.”

By C. H. B., March 19th, 1885 :

“ My mind much exercised by mine host and my body by his little daughter.”

There are several references to the emus ; one visitor remarks (A. M. H., November 15th, 1886) : “ Leg of emu an agreeable innovation on the dinner table.”

The full life lived in the first decade of married life at Floore drove along the seasons of each year at a pace that truly must have made Time fly with Edmund Loder, and now the scene is changed to Leonardslee.

CHAPTER X

AFTER ARUI, ADMI AND REEM

“Afric is all the sun’s.”—*Don Juan*.

LODER’S big-game expeditions in Africa were confined to North Africa, Somaliland and British East Africa. Algeria and Tunisia are not generally regarded as countries yielding much sport for the rifle since the lion and bubal have been practically exterminated. The red deer are reduced to a few Tunisian herds, and the North African buffalo survives only in the marshes near Bizerta, but it was to their mountains and deserts that Loder returned over and over again. Not that sport was the only attraction for him; the flowers and vegetation, and natural wonders of the maritime plains, of the plateaux, of the mountains and of the Sahara, interested him, and only in a less degree its history, inhabitants and antiquities. From a purely sporting point of view and for a combination of variety in the sport afforded, of skill and effort required in obtaining, and of the fascination of being “far away” with undisturbed possession of vast hunting-grounds among a most sporting description of natives, Loder doubtless would have placed Somaliland first. It is a tracker’s and stalker’s country and yields fine trophies. British East Africa is a colony easy of access, where safaris are “ready made,” where large bags are comfortably obtained; and is a country possessing a special charm in the wonderful variety of beautiful regions and of many perfect climates. It is a country where an old gentleman with a shooting pony can shoot as much as he likes and acquire a large collection of fine trophies without great exertion or fatigue. The attractions of

the Atlas Chain and of the deserts beyond are of quite another character. The sport afforded for the rifle is of another class, appealing to those who delight in victory over the greatest difficulties, and which for the attainment of success demands the highest development of the hunter's craft. Looking back over many years, the retrospection gives now a clearer value to each experience of travel and a fuller comprehension of Loder's love for the Aures and of the deserts. It is strange that of the many voices calling back that of the Red Mountains and the Creamy Sands awakes the keenest longings to see and feel "once more." Scotch hills, Pyrenean heights, equatorial peaks, Indian jungles, game-crowded plains, kloof and kranz, bush and African forests all call back with various voices, resurrecting companions, adventures, sounds and scenes; but it is the region of utter loneliness, deathly silence and perfect purity of the Great Sahara which leaves on some men the deepest impression and which yields experiences treasured above all others. Though Loder and I were familiar with the northern edges of the Great Desert, it was not till 1894 that we left for the first time those more beaten tracks and entered into its real solitudes and silence. My own later journeys, far beyond where he and I went together, have no doubt deepened my earlier impressions, yet it was with him I first felt these strange regions as something "beyond" in the way in which music and dreams are not of this world.

The Sahara has no resemblance to such desolations as the bare, terrible Nubian desert with its orange sand and naked black rocks; it may at times be awful, but it is most beautiful. It was in our quest of the reem, when Loder obtained the first type-specimen of *Gazella loderi*, that we first traversed the solitudes south of the Great Chotts and entered the labyrinthine dunes of a miniature erg with its lovely genestas and desert plants and found ourselves in a land of divine quiet. The camels with an indolent swing move noiselessly, and even the sounds when the day's stage is done, when camels groan at the unloading and tents are

pitched, it is so small a stir in the vastness of earth and sky that the sense of quiet is even greater than during the hot hours of the afternoon. In melting hues of indescribable colours day passes into the exquisite purity of night under the silver moon and the stars set in the sapphire sky, and desert thoughts come near that High World which lies beyond our own. Loder used to recall these nights and also the less romantic mornings when his faithful Ahmeda Ben Houbi called out "Quatre heures." I am sure he often in after years saw Ahmeda again through his tent door silhouetted against the little fire of dthrin grass, stirring porridge and making our coffee—firelight on silvery plants, on the sand, on motionless camels, on Arabs rolled in shroud-like burnouses—no sound but that of the coffee mill and of horses munching their barley or tossing it in their nosebags. Loder breaks the spell. I can see him now going to his little square mess tent and hear his loud shout of "parritch," so much Scotch has he taught Ahmeda. Night wanes, the blue above pales, its gems fade out, the dawn creeps on, drowning at last the lingering morning star. The golden light comes faster and faster, sending before it a flood of rose and violet, and overflows the silent sands and bathes the grass, broom, and iridescent "had."¹

The winged minutes of loveliness pass, the march begins and the day boils at last.

Our months in those mountains which stand like a wall along the northern frontiers of the desert were delightful in other ways. The southern ranges of the Atlas and Aures are mostly red or orange, and in appearance are not unlike the mountains which border the Red Sea, yet their desolate and often cruel aspect changes in the early and late hours of the day. Then their heights and pinnacles are lit up in a blaze of living light, their battered sides and cliffs are covered with heavenly hues and tenderest tints. In the evening lovely shadows of violet creep up the gorges and the clefts, and as these shadows turn to purple the summits shine in rose, in crimson and in flame. When you are up

¹ "Had," a glistening tufted desert plant.

among the red rocks the sense of the bareness disappears : scented herbs, fine grasses, lovely little flowers, gaily coloured plants grow on every ledge and terrace and hang from slope and crevice. There are even forests of ilex, juniper and thuya to be found and in many a ravine runs water, sometimes fringed with oleanders or dense masses of maidenhair. The mountain forage of the arui and admi is full of sweet smells and as dainty as can be. There are cool caves and shady shelters and here and there bush and scrub for the hunters and the hunted in the hottest hours of the day.

Putting aside the red deer of Scotland, a truly wild animal but continuing its existence under the partly artificial conditions of man's protection, the beast that most fascinated Loder was the arui. In briefly describing the Barbary wild sheep and their habitat I shall give, I trust, some indication of Loder's character and what appealed to his nature.¹

There are three mountains of the Aures which have been the arui hunting-grounds of the majority of English and other visitors and which were the scenes of the pioneers Loder's and the Buxtons' first enterprises. Their accessi-

¹ Loder in his journals invariably calls the "arui" (*Ovis lervia*) by the French local name "mouflon," though in conversation with Arabs and others he used the Arab name "larrowi" (contraction of *el arowi*). The Arabs always speak of the Barbary wild sheep as "larowi" or "lerowi," just as they do of the mountain gazelle (*Gazella cuvieri*) as "ladmi" or "ledmi"—Loder spells "ladmi" "l'admi," but it should be "ladmi," the words being *el admi* or *el edmi*. I have adopted among the many English names given to these animals "arui" and "admi"—Lydekker uses the name "udad" and others "aoudad"—where these names originate I do not know. The nearest to them which I have heard is "owthathow"; the Chouia (Berbers) name—"fechstal"—is another Arab name, I believe, though I never remember having heard it used by Arabs. I have also taken Loder's spelling of "reem" (*Gazella loderi*) for the sand gazelle, as it is phonetically good, though "rime" would represent the Arabic name. The Arab pronunciations of the names of :

Dorcas gazelle is Rhozal (*Gaz. dorcas*).

Sand gazelle is Reem (*Gaz. loderi*).

Wild sheep is Laarowie (*Ovis lervia*).

Mountain gazelle is Ladmee (*Gaz. cuvieri*).

bility from the railway and to the bases of operations of El Kantara, El Outaia and Biskra accounts for this. Each is formidable in its own way, each is constantly hunted by Arabs and residents, but each still probably yields a fair chance of success. Of the mountains in the Province of Constantine two of these three, the Metlili and the Amarkhadou, have yielded the finest heads, yet the wild sheep are more numerous in the Western Atlas towards Morocco and on the Eastern Atlas in Tunisia and more easily obtained. Though Loder and I hunted the latter and other ranges, Loder always returned to his earlier hunting-grounds. The Metlili is the mountain mass which forms the western rampart of the beautiful gorge of El Kantara, through which the ancient Roman road and the modern railway penetrate into the desert. From the train, on emerging from the gorge, the southern sides of the Metlili have the appearance of having been ploughed into stupendous ridge and furrow with strange regularity from top to bottom. But away from this face the intricate and broken heights of the Metlili with its labyrinths of ravines and gorges make it a stronghold for the arui and a formidable mountain for the hunter. The second mountain of the three, Djebel el Melheha, stands south and east of the Metlili and forward from the main Aures range, and is known to English tourists as the Salt Mountain. It is the most singular mountain we ever hunted; its summits are a home for the admi and it is a resort of the arui. It is literally an enormous pile of reddish rock-salt. Through ages the salt gradually denuded of its covering has dissolved in its hollows and the rugged cliffs and peaks have been stripped of protecting earth, so that the whole mountain is broken up into a myriad pinnacles of shining rock-salt fretted in every direction and into glistening cliffs of rainbow hues. The higher grounds are a maze of bottomless craters and crevasses. Around these shafts and pits is sweet herbage and plant life; herbs and grass grow on little plateaux on the tops. In a hundred places there is hiding and shelter for the wild sheep, and when the mountain has been covered

with snow I have tracked them to where they were basking in perfect comfort on the edges of bottomless pits. It is not an easy place upon which to get a quiet shot, for in the chimneys and shafts are hundreds of blue rock-pigeons, and as you cross a crater these fly out and put the whole mountain on the *qui vive*. You are perpetually crossing skylines, the wind eddies and nowhere have you any extended field for spying. Besides it is a mountain with peculiarly nasty dangers and you have to look to your footing. Loder, who loved his deer-glass and the scientific stalk, preferred other hills to this, and the Amarkhadou was his favourite. This mountain is one of the highest and is in character distinct from all other mountains of the Aures. It is a country, it rises in range upon range of lesser mountains from the desert up to high terraces and is topped on its southern face by white cliffs. There are hundreds of gorges and ravines, woods, villages; on its upper terraces are fields of barley and on its summit stands the French *télégraphe optique*. There are many wild boar, always some fine rams, always some admī and a few leopards on the Amarkhadou, but from frequent hunting the game here is as cunning as can be and finds refuge in fastnesses which are extensive and magnificent. In this particular mountain the arui, especially the old rams, affect the bush,¹ and a sheep will lie

¹ R. Lydekker in *The Sheep and its Cousins* gives a good description of the arui in his chapter on "Aberrant Wild Sheep," but needs some correction as regards his habits and distribution. The arui has been found south of Khartoum; it does *not* inhabit the desert, but is found in Saharian mountain ranges as well as in the Atlas and mountains of Egypt and the Sudan. Fossil remains found in the South of France represent sheep similar to or akin to the arui. The following statements of Lydekker require modification: "*the horns of ewes being only slightly smaller*" than those of rams. The horns of ewes are shorter and weaker, there being no comparison between those of a fully developed ram and ewe horns. When he states that "*water is everywhere scarce*" it is not a fact—there are many rivers and streams flowing through the Aures and Atlas Mountains and into the desert. Lydekker also says "*the arui according to native report have often to travel a long distance before they can slake their thirst.*" The arui has no thirst to slake beyond that which is satisfied by the juice of herbage and plants. After the hottest days on the hottest rocks I have seen them ford streams and pass rain pools, and never in my life have I seen either an

so close and tight under a juniper that sometimes nothing but a dog will put him out. These and a few other rougher mountains were Loder's favourite hunting-grounds and where he found full play for every art of the stalker and for all his natural gifts and acquired skill. There can be little, if any, doubt that the arui and the admi of the Aures are the most difficult of all wild animals to stalk. Apart from its smaller size, the admi is, *in the Aures*, the more difficult to fairly stalk of the two, being invariably on the watch by day, keeping to bare ground with a good field of vision. If in the still mountain air you have succeeded in getting over the noisy ground within 200 yards of even a single admi, the very instant you squint round a rock or move your rifle muzzle over a stone, you are detected, and even if he be lying down he immediately springs in two or three bounds over a skyline or behind cover. In five years when I have often stalked them and successfully got within range I never once had a quiet shot, and all I have killed were "galloping shots" at distances of from 200 to 300 yards.¹ Both the arui and the admi are present in considerable numbers, but old and young all their lives are constantly being disturbed

arui or a gazelle drink. It is not safe to say the arui never drinks, but he does not drink as often as an English sheep, and more old people die without having seen a sheep in England drink water than those who have. "*They keep strictly to the open country, never entering the cedar forests.*" This is not accurate; they hide much in juniper, thuya and ilex bush and woods, though probably this is not a natural but an acquired habit due to persecution. The largest flocks I have seen of arui have been from seven to thirteen (I once saw twelve adult ewes and an old ram). Whether if entirely unmolested and allowed to increase the flocks would be larger than this I do not know.

¹ None of the gazelles in North Africa are *easy* to obtain in *fair stalking*. Occasionally the broken banks and the depressions in dry river beds, undulations in the ground, and mounds and bushes facilitate the approach, but more often the cover obtainable is very slight indeed. Gazelle are wild and restless creatures, and from coloration are small targets at 150 yards. The judging of range in the lucid or tremulous and heated atmosphere of the desert is not easy, and in our early days the high-velocity and flat-trajectory rifles were unknown. Double-barrelled .500 and .450 bore Expresses were our weapons—and you could not afford to make a mistake of fifteen yards in judging distance when shooting at a 2 to 6 inch vital target.

and shot at by shepherds and Arab hunters with dogs and guns; they receive no protection from authority at any season of the year, and their safety depends on the cultivation of their most extraordinarily acute senses of hearing, sight and smell, their knowledge of man's ways, the protection of their coat-colour and the shelter that broken and intricate country affords them among rocks and caves on cliffs and among bush and trees. Loder often related instances of the cunning of old rams, but he does not mention them in his diaries. Of many, I will give one which I observed during one of our later hunting trips. Accompanied by my Arab shikari I was spying about at 8 a.m. one day from behind rocks on a terrace high up on the north side of a long mountain ridge known as the Arzghub el beghral ("the mule's hind-leg"), which at its western end terminates in cliffs and a deep gorge, when about a half mile to my right (east) I saw an old ram and five ewes cross the skyline and descend my side of the hill and pass slowly westward. The ram was leading and halted at times to scan carefully the country ahead. Arrived some 700 yards below where we were posted, he surveyed the ground above him and fixed his eyes on us. After a stare of some ten minutes he decided that whether we were rocks or not it was safer to consider we were neither mineral nor vegetable, and the flock bundled along at an improved pace till they arrived at a very large rock (perhaps 40 feet high and 60 wide) which in some past time had fallen from the crest half-way down the mountain-side. The family party hid behind this monolith. After some time I put my eye to my telescope and examined the ground between us, with the view of a possible stalk, and then the rock. I found that it was split in two and that at its narrowest the cleft was about two feet wide. I then thought I might see the sheep through the slit, and what did I see but part of the head and horn of the old ram with his eye glued to the cleft watching me! Through the long hours of the morning we thus watched each other. About 1.30 he had had enough and decided that we were not human beings, and he made off,

quietly followed by his wives, first sweeping down under cover and then upwards, and in view he crossed the ridge above me to my left. Leaving my shikari to watch, I ran up and over the ridge behind me, certain I must see them between this point and the gorge. I was sliding on my back down a couloir on the cliff-side when they came in sight on my right and I immediately stopped, lying on my rifle to keep the sun off it. The sun was full on me and I dare not move. The ram now took his stand on a slab that jutted out from the cliffs some 450 yards away and the ewes lay down on shelves above him. He spotted me in a minute, but could not make me out. There he stood with his frills and trouser hair floating in the breeze against the sky and never took his eye off me. I believe I endured the exquisite torture of his gaze, the terrible sun, my rifle hand crushed against the rock and a stone in my spine for over an hour, hoping against hope. At last I could stand it no longer, and centimetre by centimetre began to extract my right hand and rifle, but long before it was free the beautiful beast turned on his pedestal and dropping off it disappeared into the gorge followed by his harem. I went there, but beyond the sound of stones falling in its dark depths I never heard or saw anything more of him nor of the ladies he had so gallantly protected. I am convinced that during the seven hours' endurance he never made me out to be a man, but he defeated me by ceaseless vigilance and a determination to take no risks.

Loder and I once watched an Arab and an old ram playing hide-and-seek with each other for hours. It was wonderful to watch the ram slinking under shelves of rock, standing under a bush, slipping down a couloir, getting behind a stone. The amusing thing was to see the beast at last escape unobserved with the Arab staring at the very ground the sheep was creeping and dodging over.

The following table gives the results of four similar spring expeditions to the mountains for arui, which will suffice for my purpose of showing that the arui is not too easily obtained :

	Hunting days out.	Animals shot at.	Arui.	Admi.	W. Boar.	Dorcas	Totals.
1891							
Loder . . .	18	8	3	0	0	0	3
C. Radcliffe . .	16	4	1	0	0	0	1
1893							
Loder . . .	13	12	1	2	4	1	8
C. Radcliffe . .	12	6	1	0	0	1	2
1894							
Loder . . .	13	5	0	1	0	0	1
A. Pease . . .	11	1	0	0	0	0	0
1895							
Loder . . .	25	? 20	1	0	5	6	12
A. Pease . . .	21	? 13	3	1	0	4	8
	129	69	10	4	9	12	35

We obtained arui and gazelles on other occasions, but the above is a definite record of hard days in which Loder does always more work, gets more shots and kills the most. Supposing 9 days were given to boar and dorcas gazelle, it required 12 days on the average to kill an arui, though 24 days yielded none in 1894.

Loder was particularly interested in the fauna of North Africa, and even in the early nineties very little definite information was obtainable about it. The addax, the bubal, the buffalo and the red deer were known to exist in North Africa, but no Europeans, save a few French residents and officers, knew much about them or even about the varieties of gazelles. The interior of Tunisia was little explored by Englishmen; I had made one attempt to find lions, but arrived at the conclusion that they were extinct by 1895 save a very few in the great forests north of Bordj Bou Arredj. We, however, collected definite information about the addax (the Sudan, where they are now got, had long been unapproachable and little about the addax was known even in Egypt), the bubal, the red deer, the buffalo and the reem. The bubal still were on the Hamada in Oran and towards Morocco, the buffalo in the swamps of Bizerta, the red deer in the forests of Tunisia, and in 1895

we came across several stags' heads (horns) in the hands of natives. The addax in favourable years when rain fell came up near to Bir Beresof and even to the Chott Djereed, and could be got from Bir Aïoueen south of Ouargla.¹ East and west of Ouargla the reem was very common. Some four years later I obtained as many specimens of the reem as I wanted in the Oued Ighaghar, but again failed to reach the addax. It was thirteen years after his first attempt on the Metlili during his honeymoon before Sir Edmund found time for a second try; Lady Loder's serious illness in the pioneer expedition and her disagreeable experiences in a Mediterranean storm had damped her ardour for Algeria, and she disliked the idea of being away for long from her children. Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe were again Sir Edmund's companions, and following the Buxtons' example they took professional chamois-hunters with them—Andreas Rauch from Pontresina and Benjamin Vergez from Gavarnie in the Pyrenees. Loder makes many notes about the journey to Biskra; he notes that the Zoological Gardens at Marseilles have been enlarged, but "there are not many animals," and that agaves, *Dracæna indivisa* and myrtles have suffered from the severe winter on the Riviera and the prickly pears and eucalyptus in Algeria have been damaged from the same cause. At Constantine and at Biskra he buys addax horns and adds to his collection of native footgear. There are not many earlier allusions to Hichens' *Garden of Allah* than this entry:

"*March 4th, 1891.* . . . Drove to Monsieur Landon's Garden. A very fine garden, but arrangement stiff and the variety of palms in it is not very great."²

In those days arrangements for a shooting trip had to be made with the countenance of the Bureau Arabe and a Spahi escort provided. Preliminaries arranged, they reached the Amarkhadou on March 8th, and camped

¹ The Royal Geographical Society spells Ouargla (Wargla); I adhere to the local spelling which gives the local pronunciation, as I also do in the cases of Oued (Wed), Djebel (Jebel or Gebel), etcetera.

² The garden was much improved by 1893.—A. E. P.

4,000 feet up at Aïn Tarfa. On the following day Loder apparently made his first acquaintance with the admī; he writes in his diary:

"In the middle of the day started a wild boar in the face of the cliff and he went straight off towards Hammam. In his course he disturbed a gazelle which had been lying down. We made it out to be one of the large kind with straight horns (*l'admi*). We saw no mouflon, and in the evening we went to where we had seen the gazelle, but could not find it."

I will give one or two full entries of his days. Here is the one for the day on which he got his best arui:

"*Saturday, March 14th, 1891.*—Got up at 4.30—called the cook, as I could not make him hear from my tent because of the wind.¹ Very cold night and water frozen. Went off with Benjamin at 6 a.m., first down along the stream S.E. of Hammam and then up to the top of the highest top E., and some distance down into the valley which I had not seen before. Saw an Arab before us, and did not see any mouflon. As the wind was still high, so as to drown the noise of our footsteps, we tried looking for mouflon in all thick places. At 12 o'clock we jumped a mouflon out from under a thick bush in the dry bed of a rocky stream. He went off with tremendous bounds, but I luckily had my rifle ready in my hand and hit him with both barrels in shoulder and high in ribs. He fell dead after going about a dozen yards. He was a very fine beast.

Horns.— $12\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference at base.

$28\frac{1}{2}$ in. length.

$22\frac{1}{2}$ in. spread inside.

Girth at brisket.—3 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Height at shoulder (stick upright).—3 ft. $8\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Length.—Between horns to root of tail—4 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.

From between horns to end of nose— $15\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Tail 10 in. or with hair—16 in.

Length, total—7 ft. $3\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Circumference of neck.—2 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Nose to end of bone of tail— $81\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Charlie and Rauch saw nothing all day."

¹ It must have been "some" wind.—A. E. P.

On this trip he shot two more rams and his companion one, but he failed to get anything on the Metlili and the Salt Mountain. He returned via Algiers and spent several days visiting the Jardin d'Essai. This was his practice whenever he found himself there.

In after years I went several times with him to the Jardin d'Essai, and learnt more in an hour with him than I had in months of residence at Mustapha Supérieure. In 1891 he has interviews with the Directeur, Monsieur Rivière, and purchases specimens of palms and yuccas. He is enthusiastic about some of the palms, which he describes as "splendid," but I cannot read the names; one is, I think, *Jubæa spectabilis*.

This same year 1891 found him with Lady Loder in the Pyrenees—hunting the Pyrenees ibex (*Capra pyrenaica*) and izard (the Pyrenean chamois)—with success and collecting plants. It is somewhat singular that I had been with my wife, my brother and sister and Mr. A. E. Leatham hunting in the same beautiful valley, the Val d'Arras, on the Spanish side earlier in the same year, living in the shepherds' house "La Grange" and having similar experiences. Lady Loder still remembers the disturbed nights in the room over the cow byre where lived the mooing cow on which we depended for our milk and its bellowing calf. Descriptions of hunting ibex and izard in this magnificent country have appeared since the days when Sir Victor Brooke made his hunting trips for ibex, izard and bears. To these and Mr. Edward North Buxton's *Short Stalks* the reader may be referred. To obtain ibex a man had to be a fearless climber, for there is in Europe no more trying work for feet and head than on the stupendous cliffs and precipices of these valleys. It is moreover a paradise for the lover of Alpine flowers and of beautiful trees, and probably without rival in the world for the combination of exquisite colouring and magnificent mountain scenery.

In 1893 he again went for the wild sheep, and the Radcliffes again were his companions. They had with

them this time Célestin Passet and François Trescarges of Gavarnie as their shikaris. From his daily notes of this time I give the following extracts :

“ Saturday, February 4th.—(On the Bastia bound from Marseilles to Philippeville.) Ship rolled a good deal in the night and so I did not sleep very well. Very fine sunny morning. . . . On board is Mr. Vincent Calmady-Hamlyn, brother-in-law to A. Pease, who is at Biskra with his wife. He is taking out a rifle for Pease, but has lost the cartridges : his travelling bag having been stolen in Paris.

Monday, February 6th.—Talked to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pease. He had been hit by some large shot (buckshot in the head and face) out of a gun by a man who was out shooting gazelles with him a few days ago.

(This was really the beginning of our acquaintance.)

Thursday, February 9th.—This evening Bate arrived with a friend, Major Sullivan (also Mrs. B. and Mrs. S.). This is the Bate who shot white goats before us at Arlee. He is going to try for mouflon. He has just shot three moose in Canada. Took a short walk with Alfred Pease and he pointed out hills where he had seen gazelles, etcetera.”

I had during residence at Biskra become familiar with certain admi and arui mountains, but Loder was anxious to get some Dorcas gazelles and I was familiar with their favourite country—I had got many in the district of Aïn Naga, but had not up to then got many by fair stalking. I found great pleasure in the art of manœuvring gazelle to my friends and excitement in shooting them at full gallop from the saddle, and both these methods were more productive of heads and meat than stalking, and I became eventually an expert at both methods—so that in a few hours I could generally in that district get all I wanted. I never killed more than six buck in a day. All Loder's killed were stalked ; and though gazelle swarmed on the hunting-grounds to which I directed him, he found them by no means easy to stalk. His first day at Aïn Naga he never got a shot, and Radcliffe had three shots without a

hit. On his march to Aïn Naga he had the good fortune to see a splendid Phantasmagoria. It is not often that this phenomenon is seen. I have never seen a really good one—though of course we both were very familiar with mirages and I have seen some very beautiful ones. Loder told me this Phantasmagoria was almost perfect with its reflection of houses and palms in the sky.

On February 12th his notes give a day after Dorcas Gazelle, when he got his first :

“Left camp at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 with Trescages, crossed the river towards Sidi Okba and spied from the sandhills and saw one gazelle; crossed the river again and tried to get near the gazelle, but it saw us and went off. Afterwards we saw two more, but they also went off. Later we saw six on better ground and I thought we were sure to get a shot, but something moved them. . . . We now spied twenty-five or twenty-six gazelles in one lot, and they seemed at first as if they would come towards us—Charlie and Celestin were on the other side of them. After watching them for several hours they passed us to the south at about 800 yards and went out of sight. We followed and could not see them for some time, but at last saw them moving off quickly. We followed again and again and each time they moved off. At last we got within 200 to 250 yards and I got a shot, killing a good male—a lucky shot, as it was too far to pick one. Charlie did not get a shot.”

Here is a successful day after sheep on the Amarkhadou :

“*Wednesday, February 22nd.*—I started with Trescages at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 a very blowy morning, quite overclouded after a windy night. Went to the high spying cliff—saw nothing—moved farther and spied again and saw nothing. Turned to the south and went downwards, walking slowly and quietly looking before as for mouflon. At 9 I was walking ten yards ahead of Trescages with the rifle in my hand and I heard him whistle, and turning round I saw him point upwards and I saw a mouflon making off up a ravine. He went out of sight almost at once, but I

saw him again at 250 yards, when he jumped on to a rock and showed a broadside. I shot at him at once and made a lucky shot, hitting him rather forward and killing him dead. It appears that Trescarges stayed a little behind me to look down a small valley while I was looking well ahead up the valley. Trescarges happened to turn his head to his immediate right and saw the ram close to him within thirty yards lying and watching me; the mouflon never saw him, as he had his eyes fixed on me. When I moved behind a tree the mouflon got up and sneaked away up a watercourse. It was then that Trescarges whistled. He was a fine beast:

“*Horns*.—Length . . . 26 and 24 in.

Circumference at base 11 „

Tip to tip . . . 15 „

Spread inside . . . 18 „

Round brisket . . . 46 „

Round belly . . . 50 „

Height between sticks . . . 39 „

Length from middle between
horns to root of tail . . . 57 „

Weight of head and skin with
legs . . . 36 lb.

Weight of body sun-dried the
next day at 4 p.m. with heart
and lungs (otherwise clean) 132 „

168 lb. = 12 stone.”

Here is a day of success with admi on the same mountains:

“*Monday, February 27th*.—Went with Trescarges upwards towards the west at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6. At about 6.30 spied five admi feeding in a field (i.e. barley on the high terrace). Tried to stalk them, but could not see them when we got to the place where they had been. Went on farther and saw two lots of wild pigs, one lot of five and the other of eight. Came back to a high peak above camp at 1 p.m. and spied till 4 p.m., when I saw five admi again on the edge of the farthest wooded hill from Hammam. Stalked up to them, but could not see the male—told Trescarges

to look with his glass, and he picked out the farthest one among the bushes, which he said had fine horns. I took a shot at this and knocked it over. As the rest ran off I had a shot at another which we thought might be the male, but it was very difficult to see anything distinctly as the sun was setting right in their direction. We did not see this one again. The first one shot at turned out to be a good female—she got up after the first shot and required another, although the first had taken her full in the shoulder.

“*Tuesday, February 28th.*—Went out at 6 with Trescages. . . . As soon as we had got up high we spied some wild pigs towards the east and went after them. They seemed all about one size and I could not make out a boar. I shot at the largest and killed it. Then the others came round and I fired three more shots and killed two more on the gallop—very pretty shots. Took the skull and head skin of the old sow. Saw nothing more all day. Charlie shot at mouflon twice, but did not get one.”

These are samples of the more successful among many long days of hard work, but they give some idea as to how he dealt with the rare chances that this game offered. “Walked and spied all day and saw nothing” is often the sort of entry—or “spied an admi, went up to stalk it; when I got there could not find it.”

When this trip was over Loder suggested another with me, and on his return to Biskra he notes: “sent an Arab with a letter to Alfred Pease to tell him that if he would return at once to Biskra I would go out with him on a trip for six or seven days”; and on March 4th he notes: “Pease came back at midday from Aïn Hammia with rheumatism and did not feel inclined to go into the mountains until he got better.” I had been hunting admi and wild sheep and sleeping out in Arab tents without tent or provisions of any sort. I had been badly shot in the head and had my leg broken with the kick of a horse that winter and came in lame and knocked up. Our expeditions together were postponed for a year. Of these and subsequent ones I have written fully in my *Travel and Sport in Africa*, so that as regards them I shall give only

a few entries—and those shall be more in regard to our desert expeditions, in quest of the reem and the addax.

So Loder packed up his trophies and we saw him off. He went home after visiting Hammam Meskoutin and its curious cascades, hot springs, and antiquities, via Tunis, Goletta, the Island of Pantelleria (famous for its donkeys), Farragnari Tropani, and Palermo. At Palermo he parted from the Radcliffes and went to Naples, climbed Vesuvius, visited Pompeii and met Graf Sohns, whose acquaintance he had made before at La Mortola (Sir Thomas Hanbury's place near San Remo), and who was working at the Naples Marine Zoological Laboratory. I give one entry of his *à propos* the Naples Museum: "Much interested with the Pompeian things. Of the statues I liked the Dancing Fawn and Narcissus listening to the Echo best," and here his diary for 1893 ends:

Monday, February 5th, 1894.—Loder arrived at the Hôtel Victoria, Biskra, once more. "Pease came down to meet me." There were there Herbert Whitfield the cricketer, E. Devas, "who was at Whittlebury some years ago, and Jephson, who was with Stanley in Africa." He hears that Bate has gone towards the Amarkhadou—and such news as I had collected for him as to the nearest country in which we might get the "Gazelle des Sables." On February 8th we started in search of the reem, my wife being with us. On the 12th, after four days marching S.E., we found a negro herding camels who came into our camp and said he could take us to where the reem were, and, filling up with water at Sef el Mounadi, the negro took us in less than two days to where they were. Loder has given a very good account of this expedition and its results in the *Proceedings* of the Zoological Society, but it may be interesting to give the exact record in his diary of the day on which he secured the type-specimen of the *Gazella loderi*:

"*Wednesday, February 14th.*—Left camp about 6 a.m., got near some large sand hills at 8.30. Left the horses

with Bob (Pease's groom) and I went off with Ibrahim the nigger—Pease with Ali. Before long we saw a reem with his head looking towards us. We waited a long time and he moved off to one side. We ran from bush to bush as he crossed hollows and got within 150 yards as he came to the top of a sand hill. He was facing me and I was unsteady with running and missed him with my first shot, but killed him with my second as he ran off and stood again. I afterwards saw lots of four and five and two. Pease saw three. Got back to horses at 4 and back to camp about 7 p.m.

"The reem weighed 34 lb. Horns, 13 in.; height at shoulder, 2 ft. 4 in.; girth at brisket, 2 ft. 1½ inches."

This was the only shot either of us got during the five days' toiling in the heat and sand, though we saw a number. Then we made our way back to water and provisions. Before we reached Biskra again we had a most disagreeable experience in a sand-storm. In our next hunt in the mountains this year Loder got a very nice male admi, a moving shot at 300 yards. Here is his measurement:

2 ft. 7½ in. at shoulder; 2 ft. 8½ in. girth at withers; neck, 1 ft.; weight, 52 lb. (gralloched); root of tail to between horns, 3 ft. 5½ in.

There is a good photograph of Loder with his admi in my *Travel and Sport in Africa*, and some account of our time after sheep.

In the months from February to April in the following year Loder and I set out from Biskra, intending if possible to get the addax, which up to then had not been obtained by any Englishman. I obtained information during the winter before Loder came out that they were likely to be found beyond Bir Beresof in the direction of Ghadamis. The addax is very nomadic; it follows the rains. In the Sahara rains are very local; and without definite knowledge of where rain has fallen within a year the quest for addax is likely to be abortive, as it was in our case. But although our travels failed in their main

object, these months yielded perhaps the most interesting experiences which we ever shared together. We visited many strange places, saw much striking scenery, came across many curious Roman and other remains, had various adventures and brought back strange objects and some live pets, sand fish, silvery hedgehogs, a baby wild boar, a zorilla and two of the curious pink donkeys of Souf.

Early in February we started on our march via the Chotts to the oases of Souf. On February 15th we crossed Chott Belgoud and Chott el Hadgel and two days later entered the first of the Oued Souf oases, Ogmara, with its curious village of domed houses built with a cement made of gypsum found below the sand. In all the Souf oases the date-palms grow in deep pits in the sand; their roots reach the water, below the gypsum, which is in fact a subterranean river and which renders this strange sand desert habitable. On February 18th we entered the large white town of domes, El Oued, where in those days the last military post of the French was stationed in this direction. The whole of our journey is related in my *Travel and Sport in Africa* and is there copiously illustrated, so that I need not describe it here in detail. At El Oued we were held up by the French authorities and allotted a room in the fort pending a decision from the General of Division as to what was to be done with us.

The decision eventually came, flashed at night from Batna, across the Amarkhadou and thence across the desert to El Oued, from the *télégraphe optique* stations. It was a refusal to let us go to Bir Beresof or to the south, but gave us leave to proceed, on our giving our parole to respect this decision. Meanwhile we made the best use of our time in exploring El Oued, talking to Touaregs, in making friends with a tame addax in the fort, studying the system of cultivation of pure sand and water, which to our surprise produced quite excellent vegetables and even tobacco. The dates of Souf are of superlative quality, by far the best in the world; some

are spherical and like almost transparent balls of pale amber. We found the old Roman coins still in regular daily circulation in the market.¹ Capitaine de Prandiére, who commanded the garrison, was most hospitable and kind to us, and we messed with him and his brother officers (Adjoint Grévy, Lieut. de Génie Frérey, Aide-Major Cousin). One day a number of important Chamba personages came in from the south on their great snow-white Mehari camels—"a very beautiful sight," says Loder in his diary, "as the Mehari camel is a most graceful animal." In his diary he has noted some high thermometer readings recorded by the French in 1894—among them (at 5 p.m.):

June 22nd,	100° F.	in true shade.
June 23rd,	107° F.	„ „
June 24th,	111° F.	„ „
July 12th,	122° F.	„ „

We obtained a guide and struck N.E. from El Oued, and at Debila I purchased a second rose-coloured donkey, and the same day we left Behama, the last of the Souf oases, behind us. At the end of February we reached Nefta in southern Tunisia, passing W. of the great Chott Djereed. We happened to be in this strange place when General Millet, the Controller-General, arrived to unveil a monument to Dr. Canova, who had died in a devoted fight with an epidemic of cholera. In his company was Mr. Hagar, the British Diplomatic Agent at Tunis, who introduced us. He invited us to be present at the ceremony, and we attended it.

From Nefta we marched to Touzer with its 300,000 palms and curious brickworked houses. Thence we marched to the Tunisian Mountains, having a little shooting at gazelles, bustard and rock pigeons on our way. In his diary Loder enters on March 8th: "Pease shot a gazelle (looking at him) at 270 yards through the ear

¹ Any Roman copper coin did duty as a Tunisian fous—I several times received from three to six in a handful of copper fous. About seven to ten were change for a French ten-centime piece.

and stunned it, and shot again and killed it." Why a bullet passing through the ear should stun an animal, I do not know, but I have *killed* a rabbit with a similar shot.

We were among unfriendly Tunisians at Tamersa and gave up our intention to try for a red deer stag farther north, and hunted our way through the mountains to the Algerian frontier at Negrine. The Tunisian country was dried up and both nomads and their flocks had deserted it, and also the game, though Loder killed one arui. In a good season it is fine arui ground. In one amphitheatre of rocks where I presumed the Arabs had cornered a number of the wild sheep with their dogs we saw the remains of at least twenty sheep recently killed.

On March 10th Loder enters in his diary :

"A pretty camp under the palm trees of Ferkane—wandered about all day among small ravines and passed a good many Roman remains of towns. Camped at 2.30 in a gorge (Khanga Sidi Musa), apparently an old Roman camping-ground. Pease and I dammed up a pool and caught fish for breakfast."

From this camp we hunted a vast mountain, the Djebel Abiad, which we had to ourselves and which had many fine sheep on it. I saw here the two best rams I ever saw, but only got one moderate one. It was the strangest network of deep ravines and a very hard mountain to tackle. Loder wounded and lost a very fine ram here. When we had worn ourselves out on it we moved on, and soon got news from Biskra by means of an Arab we dispatched, who for forty francs rode there and back for our letters in eleven days. Among the items of news brought by this courier Loder notes the destruction by fire of his brother Reginald's house Maidwell Hall, that "Johnny Cobbold and E. Devas" have been out six weeks after arui and got nothing and that "Lee has been out a month and got nothing."

Still going westward we reached Khanga Sidi Nadji, where we were hospitably entertained by the Kaid and

the Khalifa, and then went south to Zeribet el Oued, as we found it hard work getting on in the mountains with camels. Indeed, sometimes we had had a great deal of pick and spade work to get the camels through. At Zeribet it was decided that though I did not know the track I should ride to Biskra and bring back mules for a last attack on the Amarkhadou. Starting at four in the dark I only reached Biskra at nightfall. I collected mules and men and fresh horses, and accompanied by my wife rejoined Loder at the foot of the mountains.

Our journey up with the fresh mules was an awful experience. It was a very hot day and an awful climb; every load came off, mules fell and rolled down rocks, the men struck and then came to blows and at the end pitched our tents in an Arab cemetery, the only level ground they could find. The smell was terrible and we had to move. Fresh mutinies and battles ensued—Loder and I armed with tent mallets got order restored, and my wife at last produced dinner late on a lovely night. Loder said, “This has been the *very worst day in our lives*, but not such a bad one after all.”

We had one shocking experience during a delightful fortnight in which we both got mouflon, admi and wild boar. We had both had glimpses of an enormous ram and were eager to get him, and spent much time examining his tracks. On an unfortunate day we made inquiries of a local Arab hunter to whom we promised a large reward for khabar. A few days later the Arab appeared in our camp with the skin and coveted head, and was amazed at our indignation and disappointment; for having noted our eagerness, he had found the monster's fresh track in a barley field, and *there he sat by day and night* till he returned and at earliest dawn one morning shot him in the head at sixty paces with his long flint-lock. This head is in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

Before the middle of April Loder was home again—he mentions having travelled to El Guerrah with “two Han-

burys and L. Walker," and adds, "David Hanbury has been shooting *Ovis poli* and has been at Kashgar."

Thus ended our last and most delightful expedition in Algeria—and from henceforth we were fast friends. Twice in later years I revisited these scenes—once with my wife alone. My last time after arui in the Aures was in 1910 with my son who was killed in the War—and now all my companions, all our shikaris and our guides have departed and I alone remain to record a little of those fleeting years the memories of which time cannot tear away.

PREFATORY NOTE TO CHAPTER XI

IN the following chapter, which has been written by Mr. Charles G. A. Nix, there are allusions to the shooting seasons spent at Schwarzensee in Austria and some charming reminiscences of deer-stalking. With regard to the latter there is no need to add anything. These remarks taken from Sir Edmund's daughter's recollections, however, may be quoted :

“ Scotland was a great joy to us all, and there one could see his true sporting spirit, for if a lucky guest got the best head of the season he was always unfeignedly delighted. He was a brilliant rifle shot and very seldom missed, but if he had the misfortune to wound a deer he never if possible gave up the chase till he had killed it ; he had an absolute horror of leaving a wounded beast out in the forest.

“ He was very fond of telling this story against himself. I wish I could tell it as he used to. He was out stalking one day and the light was very bad, and he spied a stag lying against some rocks below him ; he took careful aim and fired. The beast never moved. He fired again, two or three times with the same result ; he then readjusted his sights, took another look through his glass—the stag was still lying there quite unperturbed by the fusillade ; then the voice of the stalker at his elbow, ‘ I think he has been dead some months.’ Such was the case ; he had died of cold lying against the rock and remained there in quite a lifelike position.”

In the Appendix on p. 274 will be found the details of his Scotch bags from the year 1898 to 1915.

With regard to Schwarzensee some additional particulars may be of interest and worth recording.

For three seasons, 1895, 1896 and 1897, Sir Edmund rented the splendid country round the pretty lake misnamed Schwarzensee from Prince Philip of Coburg. He invited me every year, but only twice was I able to join his party. At the end of the last season the picturesque collection of huts in which we lived, and which formed a square in the exquisite valley, succumbed to a fate that had often threatened them, and were burnt to the ground. What has taken their place I do not know, but nothing new could suit the scene so well. In those years it was an ideal place for chamois-hunters and for lovers of wild mountain scenery. It seems but the other day that my wife and I started on our mules early on a September morning from Fischer's little Gästehaus at Öblarn and were put on the right road by Count Bardeau's forester to Wald, and after reaching Wald, in the afternoon, entered the most lovely valley, with its forests rising and climbing precipitous mountains with snow-splashed peaks and snowfields far above.

The first season's *stalking* resulted in 31 chamois. A few mistakes in shooting geiss (females) instead of bucks occur with the cleverest eyes; but the proportion of bucks killed during the whole of Loder's time, a great authority considered "stood at the top of the tree" for Austria and Hungary.

Here is my note of the bags :

1895

<i>Rifles</i>	<i>Chamois killed</i>
Lady Loder	2
Sir Edmund Loder . .	18
W. A. Baillie-Grohman .	2
Merrick Burrell . . .	3 (got the heaviest buck killed, 29½ kilos).
Count C. Bardeau . . .	2
Alfred E. Pease . . .	4 (1 buck, 28 kilos).

1896

<i>Rifles</i>	<i>Chamois killed</i>
Lady Loder . . .	6 (1 buck, 28 kilos).
Sir Edmund Loder . . .	15 (heaviest buck, 29 kilos ; another buck, 28½ kilos).
W. A. Baillie-Grohman . . .	2
C. D. Radcliffe . . .	1
Reginald B. Loder . . .	12
Hon. T. Fremantle . . .	5
Chas. G. A. Nix . . .	2
	—
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Later in the season the following went for “ bartgems ” :

Baron Snedelnitzke . . .	4
Baron Steinberg . . .	2
Count Bardeau . . .	1
W. A. Baillie-Grohman . . .	2
	—
Making the total bag . . .	52

1897.—For this year I have not full particulars, but have a note that Loder's limit of 90 was reached. To finish this season, his last, he had 9 days' driving and accounted for 46 out of the 90 in those 9 days. We were 5 rifles the last 8 days. Up to then stalking had been the rule. The Hon. T. Fremantle (the present Lord Cottesloe) headed the score with 16 in 8 days—out of which he had 5 blank days. On one day he killed two, one of which weighed 31 kilos (68½ lb.), and the other 28 kilos, clean weights. I had the lowest score of 5 in 8 days, four of which were blank days, and I drew the top post three days in succession. Loder and Baillie-Grohman each got 8 in 9 days and Oxley 9.

The first day I ever had at Schwarzensee remains in my memory. Sleet and snow-storms made me very wet and cold, and though I spied many chamois they all were females, mostly geiss and kitze ; but I saw what I never saw before or after, a little troop with a jet-black (kohl geiss) and a snow-white one in it. They would have been a pretty

right and left, but in Austria it augurs death to shoot a white chamois.

I remember a few good stags being killed ; one of Loder's weighed 23 stone clean.

One abnormality may be mentioned. In 1895 Lady Loder shot a chamois with a horn growing out of the coronet of a *forefoot*. This horn was annulated like a head horn, had a crooken, but " more so " than the usual crook. The horn measured in length $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. and in circumference at base $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. Three years afterwards I sketched and measured another similar abnormal horn growth in the Engadine. The horn in this case sprang out of the skin on the shin of a fore-leg, about two-thirds of the way down the leg below the knee—it was 11 cm. in length and 7 cm. in circumference half-way ; it, however, had no crooken ; the tip of the horn being broken, hollow and frayed. The leg was then in the possession of Dr. Oscar Bernard of Samaden.

CHAPTER XI

BY CHARLES G. A. NIX

SPORTING AND OTHER REMINISCENCES

"All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin."

Don Juan.

WHEN I first met Sir Edmund Loder I was a boy of 19 and he was a man of over 40. Our friendship extended for twenty-eight years, and during that time his cheery and unselfish kindness never varied.

He was an old friend of my father and used to shoot with him regularly, and I can recall even now the delightfully friendly way in which he treated the son of his old friend. I had the feeling that he knew all about me and was genuinely glad to meet me.

A day's shooting in 1892 was the commencement of a friendship which gave me more thoroughly happy times than I can count. Not merely was the sport I enjoyed with him excellent, but the companionship at all times and in all places was a thing by itself. It did not matter where you were or how dull things might be if Sir Edmund was there. There was always something to talk about and, moreover, he did not talk on any subject unless he knew a great deal about it. Consequently whatever he said was worth listening to.

Up to the time I left Cambridge I had only met him on two other occasions, and I did not get to know him at all well till 1896. In that year I went to Bisley, and, having bought a Mannlicher sporting rifle, I tried my hand at the running deer. Sir Edmund immediately spotted me and

took the greatest interest in my feeble efforts to make a good score. He was not shooting at the deer that year (in fact I don't think he ever shot at it again), but he was as keen as possible that I should do well and at once gave me a lot of good advice based on his great experience and success. It was simply typical of the man to give a youngster all the help he could, but I thought it very strange that he should take so much trouble over a beginner whom he scarcely knew. However, that was his nature, and he was always the same. Also, I did not know then what I very soon discovered, that he was one of the cleverest men of his day, crammed with knowledge and experience which he was only too glad others should benefit by, if they cared to. He might not care to put his knowledge on paper, but if you asked a question you could count on getting a sound reply on any subject he had taken up and worked at. My success at Bisley was not great, but any improvement I made was due to his coaching.

A day or two after the Bisley meeting ended I received a letter from Sir Edmund which gave me more pleasure than any letter I have ever received. It was an invitation to go to Austria and shoot a chamois. The wording of the letter was charming :

“ As you have been doing so well at the running deer at Bisley, would you like to try your new Mannlicher at a chamois ? ”

The words of praise were very pleasant and I think I nearly suffered from swelled head !

Of course I jumped at the chance, and that was the first of many happy visits, some to Austria and many more to Scotland. I had the best of chamois and deer-stalking, excellent fishing on the Tay, but above all the delightful companionship of the man himself. It always seemed to me that the difference of twenty-five years in our respective ages did not exist. He was so young, so active mentally and physically and so ready to take an interest in everything that appealed to a younger man. It was then that I found

that he only talked about what he knew and that his facts were always correct. It was so easy to get information on many subjects without the trouble of looking up books or references. Sport, gardening, natural history, photography and many other subjects would be discussed with an amazingly complete knowledge that only an exceptionally brilliant intellect could have acquired. A happy knack of telling an appropriate story at the right minute was another great gift he possessed, and he had a great fund of stories, suited to any audience.

My first visit was to Schwarzensee, that delightful place in Styria which he had for three years. There were stags and roe as well as chamois, and good trout-fishing in lake and river. Sir Edmund and Lady Loder both caught some good fish in the lake, but I don't think they ever got any of the real big fish of 10 lb or so. In one place the river had been dammed up by an avalanche, and there the fishing was quite wonderful on the right day. The fish ran three or four to the pound and rose like mad. As the water was as clear as glass, one could see the fish rushing at the fly and wonder which of two or three you were going to hook. Sir Edmund used to say he liked fishing when you caught something and that avalanche pool was the nearest thing to a certainty that he had ever come across.

My first day's stalking was about the longest I ever had, from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. I was after the same beast the whole time, and when I had got my shot and killed it I felt rather pleased with myself. But the supposed buck was a doe, and my return to the house was not quite so triumphant as I should have liked. Sir Edmund met me at the door, heard my story and simply said, "Well done, you killed your first chamois and have had a d—d good hunt." Some men would have said, "You young ass, why weren't you more careful?" But Sir Edmund would never have said a thing like that. He was pleased I had killed my first chance and had had a real good stalk, and, though he was so careful himself and would not have made such a mistake

under similar circumstances, he never even hinted that I had been a bit too hurried.

Few men were so absolutely unselfish about sport as he was. He always wanted a friend to have as good a chance as himself, and more than once he sent me out specially after some well-known good buck. If you failed to see the good buck, or worse still, saw it and missed, he was quite disappointed, and probably took an early opportunity to send you to the same beat for another try.

That year, as the snow came early, we had to give up stalking for some days and do some drives in the woods for stags and a chance chamois. At one drive Lady Loder got a big stag, the only one we saw, but in the same drive a goat came along which I nearly shot at. When telling Sir Edmund about it, he confessed he also had very nearly shot at the brute. This rather surprised me, as he had more than once impressed on me the importance of making sure you were shooting at the right animal, especially in thick covert. He used to quote with great glee from an account he had seen in an American paper about shooting accidents in the Adirondacks. Every season a certain number of sportsmen were killed, and the excuses given were that some of the poor wretches had been mistaken for deer and others for squirrels. "Squirrels, do you understand—squirrels!" And those who knew Sir Edmund will appreciate the emphasis he put into the word "squirrels." He would certainly never have been amongst the squirrel-shooters.

If you were shooting badly he would do all he knew to put you right. The second time I went to Schwarzensee I started off by missing five shots at a real sitting chamois. The next day I did the same thing, and came home in despair. I was using a rifle that I had done very well with at Bisley, and felt convinced that it was the man and not the rifle that was to blame. I told this to Loder, who said he was going to shoot my rifle at a target and find out for certain whether I or my rifle was wrong. He started at 100 yards and had to come into 15 yards

before he could hit an ordinary Martin Smith target. The stock had warped a good deal since Bisley and consequently affected the accuracy of the Lyman sight, which was placed on the small of the butt. I felt I was done as I had no other rifle with me, but Loder was equal to the occasion and produced a file, which he worked with for over an hour and cut down the stem of the Lyman. The rifle shot all right afterwards, and any subsequent misses were my fault. I think he enjoyed that little episode as much as anything, and for years afterwards used to refer to his skill as a rifle vet.

During this visit I had a chance of seeing something of the Alpine flora, as even in August a few good plants were still in flower on the very highest ground. It was my first introduction to this class of plants, and I used to bring home my finds for Sir Edmund to name. When he found that I was really keen to learn, he used to bring home plants for me, as he knew from previous seasons where to look for nice things. I saw many plants that I should otherwise have missed. Very often he would tell me that I might see some special plant at a particular place on my beat for the day, and so accurate were his descriptions of the locality that I nearly always found that plant. This plant-hunting adds enormously to the pleasure of chamois-stalking. Owing to the chamois hiding up for the middle of the day, there are generally several hours of loafing when nothing can be done in the way of stalking. It is even useless to do any spying. The plants, therefore, came in very usefully, and Sir Edmund's keenness was a great spur to my botanicaal zeal. Schwarzensee, being mostly granite, did not possess a very rich flora. A few years later Sir Edmund had Hopfreen for three seasons, and that was in a limestone country. I went there in October, and almost his first remark was that I was too late for the flowers, which were much better than at Schwarzensee. He told me what he had found, and nearly every day gave me directions where to look for the remains of good things. In Scot-

land, too, he was just as keen ; and though he had found most of the rare or interesting plants years before, he always looked out for old friends and told me how many he had found. He used to tell rather a good story against himself in regard to plants. Many years before, when at Amat, he had collected such things as *Loiselauria procumbens* and *Silene acaulis* and taken them down south. The next year he thought he would take a few more plants, and went out stalking provided with a trowel. During his first dig he heard the stalker say in disgust to the pony man—"That scratching has begun again !"

The stalking at Hopfreben was far harder work than at Schwarzensee, but Sir Edmund, then nearly sixty, went as well as ever and seemed quite impossible to tire. He was also shooting very well, and to his great joy Robin was proving himself a good shot and an untiring walker. Both at Schwarzensee and Hopfreben the Jägers had a great opinion of Sir Edmund as a shot. They always said he was so cool and quiet at taking any decently possible chance. When he made a miss he always tried to account for it, and always said it was his own fault if the shot had been anything like a possible one. Some years later, I think at Dundonnel, he told me that he believed he could find some new way of missing a stag each season. This was really a very sound statement, with which I think everyone who has done much stalking will agree. I killed one or two very good bucks indeed at Hopfreben, and they were bucks that Sir Edmund knew all about. As old bucks keep very closely to their own beats, it was more than even betting that you could see the animal, and therefore, when you went to the big buck's ground, you knew Sir Edmund had given you the chance of getting one of the plums which he could so easily have kept for himself. That was not his idea of sport, and he used to tell the story of a stalker who asked the tenant of a forest whether the guest was to see a stag, or have a shot or kill a stag. When shooting with him

you always knew that you were meant to kill the best beast you could get. He once sent me up to kill a very well-known old buck that had lived in the same place for six or seven years. He had seen the buck more than once and knew it was as good as any on the whole shoot. When I came home with the buck he was as pleased as if he had shot it himself.

He was certainly a most excellent walker on steep ground, and on one occasion fairly walked me off my legs. We were going up to try and drive a very cunning old buck; and as it was the last day of his last season at Hopfriben, he was determined to give away no chances. As the wind was rather uncertain, we had to make a big detour to get to our places without running the wind too fine. It was a three-hours' walk and climb, but Sir Edmund did it without a halt and talked the whole way up. He arrived at the top quite fresh, and if the buck had come along at that moment he would have sat down and fired a good shot. That is my last recollection of a day in the Alps with him.

It was on our way home from Austria that I saw him really angry for the only time in all the years I knew him. At Boulogne the box containing his cameras was pitched on the steamer as if it had been a log of wood. He fairly stormed at the porters and gave them a dressing down in forcible English and French that took their breath away. I don't think anything else would have made him really angry, certainly none of the ordinary things that upset mankind.

After Sir Edmund gave up Schwarzensee he had several forests in Scotland, including Glencarron, Rothiemurchus, Achdaliu and Glencunie. I think it was during this period that he had Ben More Asynt, but I am not quite sure as I did not go there. Glencarron was a very jolly place. The stags were good, and there was also a small river with salmon in it. Of course the salmon in October were pretty red, but even then they took a fly and gave something to go for on non-stalking days. Sir Edmund

was always keen about salmon-fishing, and used to get a good deal of sport out of the small rivers. In later years, after he gave up stalking, he had various beats on the Tay, and put all his enthusiasm into the catching of salmon. I was very lucky at Glencarron and killed three very good stags. When I arrived I was told that there was a "desirable eleven-pointer" which everyone knew. Sir Edmund used to say that one or two well-known stags with pet names added enormously to the interest of a forest, as you had the excitement of looking for them every time you went out. The "desirable eleven-pointer" spent most of his time in the sanctuary, but one day, when I was sitting down smoking a pipe and spying some far-away stags, he walked past me within fifty yards, accompanied by a very good ten-pointer. Sir Edmund was rather grieved that the one named stag had made such a fool of himself before the last day of the season. It spoilt the excitement.

I think Sir Edmund was rather disappointed with Glenclunie, as the stags were mostly small. There was one great excitement, however, provided by a large herd that used to come out of Mar forest nearly every evening. They used to start feeding out from Mar about an hour before dark, and the game was to try and cut out a big stag in the very short time available. The herd contained all sorts and conditions of stags, and I never saw so many one-horns and switches. There were two or three royals and one very good ten-pointer and several fair beasts with ten and nine points. We had several attempts at these good stags, but always just failed. One night I got well in and could just see the tops of the best royal over a small hump in the ground. I waited for a little bit more to show up; but as I was surrounded by deer, I knew I should be spotted very soon, and sure enough an old hind got me. The second she barked the game was up, and I just saw the royal moving off in the middle of a crowd, but there was no chance of a shot. Loder consoled with me on my bad luck and said he

wished he could get as close to the herd as that. A night or two afterwards he was riding home, and, just as the light began to go, saw some of the herd close to the path. He jumped off his pony, snatched the rifle from the stalker and took a quick shot at a good beast, which dropped like a stone to the shot. He handed the rifle back to the stalker and walked towards the stag, but to his horror saw the animal jump up and gallop off. He could not get the rifle in time, and the light was so bad that, even if he had, I do not think he would have done much good. When he came in he was very angry with himself for being caught napping. He said that, with all his experience, he ought to have known the beast was very likely to get up, and his only consolation was that he had actually "creased" a stag in the most approved American hunter's fashion. It was some days before he got over the misfortune.

Sir Edmund had hunted in America before the great herds of bison had been exterminated, and it was most interesting to hear him talk about them. I am glad to think that I have known a man who had seen that wonderful sight and have heard the tale first-hand.

After Glenclunie Sir Edmund took Hopfreben in Tyrol for three years and then came back to Scotland once more. Amongst other places he took Forest Lodge for one season. A year or two later he took Dundonnel on a lease, and that was the last forest he had. Dundonnel was a most attractive place, though at that time the stags were not very good. Lady Loder killed one very heavy stag on the low ground, 20 stone, if I remember rightly, but the general run of stags was much smaller. There were several nice young stags which were spared, but I never heard that Sir Edmund benefited much by leaving them to grow. The fishing was good, as there were several lochs and the Gruinard River. The best of the fishing was earlier in the summer, but in August there was still a certain amount of sport to be had. I was only at Dundonnel in October, and in both years that I

was there the weather was extraordinarily fine and dry. The Gruinard was a nice river to fish and full of salmon, but I never did any good in it.

Sir Edmund's spare time was spent on colour photography, and nothing that he took up showed more clearly his determination to do a thing well or not at all. He was never quite satisfied with his work, though to the ordinary individual his results seemed perfect. There was a certain rowan-tree near the lodge which was scarlet with berries, and this tree made an excellent subject for colour photography. I should not like to say how often that tree was photographed. If the light seemed extra good or different from a previous day, another plate would be exposed in the hope of eliminating some tiny defects in previous pictures. To attain perfection in his work seemed almost an obsession, but those who have seen an exhibition of his colour photographs will agree that his striving after perfection was justified. He had mastered the technique by sheer hard work and constant repetition, and his scientific mind enabled him to select and use to the greatest advantage the best lenses and apparatus.

The stalking at Dundonnell was the last I ever had with Sir Edmund. The lease came to an end during the war, and he never took another forest. I think he felt he had no longer the energy or desire for the sport, and there was no Robin to help him to enjoy it. He had always been fond of fishing, and he took a beat on the Tay in the autumn of 1917. There is little better autumn fishing in Scotland than the Stanley Water, and Loder meant to have a real good time with the salmon. Unfortunately it was a bad autumn and the fish were not taking. That year I had fourteen days' leave in September, and Sir Edmund asked me to spend a week with him on the Tay. With only a week to spend on the river, it was long odds at that time of year that the water might be too low, but when I arrived at Stanley I found the water as good as could be, and from previous experience I felt I was in for a good time. But

the fish were hopelessly stiff, and I only had hold of two fish in six days, one of which got off. Loder could not understand what had happened and why no fish were being caught. He knew he had a first-class bit of water, that the river had a good fishing height and that there were plenty of fish up. It worried him dreadfully, and he simply would not listen to me when I told him that such things happened to everyone who fished. His theory was that he was a most indifferent fisherman and must be doing something wrong. He said he must learn to cast better, and used to watch other people and try to improve by constant practice. As with his colour photography, he could not be satisfied with mediocrity. He took the greatest care with his tackle and his keen mind was quick to appreciate the best reel, etc., and their particular points of advantage.

However, in spite of this unfortunate autumn, he was badly bitten with the salmon fever, and determined, as he said, to have one real good time with the fish before he died. He therefore took the Lower Scone water for the next two or three springs, and, I think, realised his ambition. I went up for a fortnight with him in 1919, and during that time he killed a lot of fish. He had also done very well before I joined him, killing one fish over 30 lb, and several over 20 lb.

Even then he was very upset by a blank day, and if other people were catching fish he always maintained it was his own want of skill that prevented him getting a fish. One day in particular he was very depressed. It was a cold, bright day and the water was low for the time of the year. Even the boatmen said they thought it a rotten fishing day. From my point of view it was a real good day, as I killed five fish. Sir Edmund was delighted with my good luck, but seemed to think it showed more clearly than ever that his blank day was due to lack of skill. Now, all my fish were caught harling, so any question of personal skill was eliminated, and this I duly pointed out to him. But he refused to be convinced. He knew he could not cast a long line and that his experience of fishing was limited, so there-

fore he must be to blame. It was very typical of the man and showed his anxiety to do a thing well.

It was during this time that he was at work on his list of Conifers grown at Leonardslee. The first and second proofs had been corrected by himself and then sent to my brother for further correction. The third and final proof arrived while I was staying with him at Perth. We set to work on the final revision, and he was not satisfied until we had both been through those proofs five times. They were then sent again to my brother. This incident will perhaps give an idea of the care he took with all his work and his intense desire to make anything he did as nearly perfect as possible. This trip to the Tay was the last sport that I enjoyed with him, and in many ways it was one of the pleasantest fortnights I ever spent in his company.

One other trip, though not a sporting one, stands out very clearly as a most delightful time. That was a visit in pre-war days to some Irish gardens. Needless to say, it was a strenuous time, as Sir Edmund had carefully planned to see as much as possible in the shortest possible time. We worked to a very strict time-table, going from Castlewella in the north to Fota in the South and to Valencia Island in the west. There were many gardens to see between these extreme points, and travelling in Ireland is not always so speedy as it might be. It was therefore a little difficult to keep to the time-table, and unfortunately, on one occasion, we did our best to spoil it most effectually. We left Cork one Saturday evening for Kenmare, where we were due to visit Lord Lansdowne's beautiful garden on the Sunday morning and a garden on the opposite side of the river on the same evening. We were both very tired and sleepy when we got into the train at Cork, and we slept so soundly that we passed the junction for Kenmare and finally woke up when the train reached Killarney about 10 p.m. There was no train back till Monday morning, and I felt we were hopelessly done. But Loder was far from beat, and he was determined that our programme should not be upset. He inquired for a motor and was

told that there was only one available for hire. That motor was sent for, but failed to appear. We were told that the driver was "jolly" himself and would not turn out. Again I felt we were finally done, but Loder simply ordered a car, and eventually, about 10.30, we started to drive to Kenmare. It was a bitterly cold night and I felt thoroughly mean and miserable. Loder said our road was one of the most beautiful drives in Europe, but as I could see nothing I had to take his statement on trust. I think he knew that I was not enjoying life at that moment, so he set to work to cheer me up, and never did a man do such a job in a better way. He managed to keep me thoroughly interested and amused till we arrived at Kenmare at 2.30 a.m. I can honestly say I enjoyed that drive in spite of the cold and a very tired horse. After arriving at the hotel, we spent another half-hour knocking up the servants, so that it was nearly 3.30 before we got to bed. The blankets were very thin, and I was thoroughly chilled and could not get to sleep till daylight, but at 7.30 sharp Loder hammered at my door to let me know that breakfast was at eight and that we should start at 8.45. He did not seem a bit the worse for the long drive and short sleep—and he had carried out his programme. When I said good-bye to him outside the sleeping-car at Fishguard, he suddenly said, "I wonder if we made the most of our time and saw all we could." I felt I had no doubt about it.

No cheerier or kinder companion could any man possibly have had. A good sportsman, widely read, with a scientific and accurate mind, taking an interest in everything and giving an excellent example of always doing the best work or leaving a thing alone, he did not suffer fools gladly and therefore some people found him difficult to get on with. Those who knew him best knew his real value and enjoyed the friendship that he was always so ready to extend. Whether at Leonardslee or in Scotland, or in any other place or at any other time, he was always the same. Whatever the work or sport he had in hand, one always knew that he was putting his whole mind into it. And that was the

secret of his success in so many pursuits. Very few men can hope to excel in more than one direction, but Sir Edmund made good in everything that he took up in earnest. And yet no man was more modest about his own achievements. I don't think I ever knew him praise his own work—not even the garden at Leonardslee, which was his own creation and must always rank as one of the finest gardens in England, whether regarded from the artistic point of view or merely as a collection of trees and shrubs. It was his greatest work, and he could have left no better monument behind him to keep his memory fresh in the minds of his friends.

APPENDIX

Year.	Forest.	Stags killed.	Killed by Sir E.
1894 . . .	Kintail	—	30
1895-7 . . .	Schwarzensee (Chamois)	159	57
1898 . . .	Benmore	47	29
1899 . . .	Clunie	45	21
1900 . . .	Glencarron	42	20
1901 . . .	Rothiemurchus	59	20
1902 . . .	Achdalieu	55	26
1903 . . .	Strontian	21	9
1904 . . .	Baddock	38	10
1905-7 . . .	Hopfreben (Chamois)	98	51
1908 . . .	Athole	69	21
1909 . . .	Dundonnell	45	13
1910 . . .	Auchnashellach	35	17
1911 . . .	Dundonnell	42	16
1912 . . .	"	43	19
1913 . . .	"	42	17
1914 . . .	"	18	18 ¹
1915 . . .	"	45	26
			420

¹ Only September.

It is not many men who between the ages of 49 and 66 kill their 20 stags a season stalking. Sir Edmund's average during this period of his life was $19\frac{1}{2}$ —and in his last season when 66 he killed 26 stags.

CHAPTER XII

SOMALILAND, 1896-7, AND BRITISH EAST AFRICA,¹ 1908

“ But those hardy days flew cheerily !
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.”

The Siege of Corinth.

IN November 1896 Sir Edmund Loder, my wife and I started for a winter in Somaliland. My wife and I had been there the previous winter, chiefly in the Gadabursi country, but had never crossed the waterless Haud. This we intended to do with Loder. The Horn of Africa is a peculiarly wild region and the Haud had never been crossed till 1885. Burton, Speke and Stroyan made the first attempt to penetrate into Somaliland in 1855; but though they had the support of the Bombay Government and were accompanied by a gunboat, they were set upon immediately they landed at Berbera; Stroyan was killed and Burton and Speke wounded, and they barely escaped with their lives. In 1885 Lort-Phillips, Percy Aylmer and the brothers James obtained the first laurels—crossed the Haud

¹ It is now called Kenya Colony, a name taken from a mountain. No one knows whence this name arose; it is not a native name for Mt. Kenya, and it is not a name that can be traced in any way. The Kukuyu, the local natives, have two names for it, Kirinyaga and Kirimara or Crithuri, and the Masai call it Bonya Ebor. The Wakamba call it Njaro, and the Zanzibari call it Meru. Apparently Kenya is some European corruption of the name Kirinyaga, but no improvement. Kirinyaga means “It is wonderful”; Kenya means nothing (vide *Geog. Journal*, July 1921, “Mount Kenia,” by Rev. J. W. Arthur). Peter Beckford inquired of his huntsman why he had called a hound “Lyman,” and said, “Pray what does ‘Lyman’ mean?” Beckford’s huntsman was a philosopher, and replied, “Lord bless you, sir, what does *anything* mean?”

and reached the Webbe Shebeyli, and brought back the first reliable accounts of this strange country. Later Swayne (1893) reached Imé, and after numerous journeys became the chief authority on Somaliland. When we were there the man whose reputation had gone furthest into the interior and who had most impressed the wild Somalis with respect for British authority was Captain Cox (Koggis).¹ With Colonel Ferris administering the country from Aden, Major Abud and successive able residents on the coast and the redoubtable Koggis maintaining order in the hinterland, the *pax Britannica* had spread far into the interior and British privilege and credit reached its highest point. Thus from 1890 to 1900 the coastal belt and country north of the Haud had become a happy ground for officers from India on leave and for a considerable number of European sportsmen. Not a few of these crossed the Haud at various times—but I believe the late Lady Pease was the first and last white woman to have been in distant Ogaden and to have reached the very little known country of Bourka. For sportsmen generally Ogaden and the far side of the Haud has for more than twenty years become a closed book. During these years there have been continual wars and trouble with the Mullah Mohamed Abdullah, who was a match for the British until aeroplanes arrived on the scene in 1920–1 and death removed him.

Firearms have been acquired by the natives and the big game seriously reduced. In our time, however, it was a sportsman's paradise, and amongst the Somalis the exploits of Lord Delamere with lions and elephants had made his name a great one with these sporting people and a familiar one in every karia of the Horn. Delamere still holds the record of the world as a lion-hunter, and in the year 1896–7 of which I am about to write made his historical journey with Dr. Anderson across Somaliland

¹ General Sir Percy Cox. The Somal cannot pronounce *x*—the result is rather funny. When they attempt English a box is a boggis, an oryx is an orygis, an ox is an oggis.

and into British East Africa, there to become one of the greatest of the pioneer settlers and founders of the new Colony now called Kenya.

Of all the many voyages out this one with Loder stands apart in my memory as a particularly pleasant one. Loder notes many names of our friends who by luck happened to be going to India and the East and of those whose acquaintance we made on the voyage. We made up a table on the P. & O.—Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Arnold Morley, A. Sneyd, Fitzherbert, Miss Hozier and a Miss Woodcock were of this party. In his journal he notes :

“ Find that Lord Breadalbane is an old photographer ; showed him my photos with isochromatic plates, which he has not used. Lady Breadalbane is a great gardener and has lots of Himalayan rhododendrons. . . . Went over the engines with Lord and Lady Breadalbane and A. Morley ; very fine, 10,000 horse-power ; two low-pressure cylinders, 10 lb., 74 in. ; one intermediate ; one high-pressure, 160 lb., 45 in. ; four crank. There is a remarkable absence of vibration.”

Other names he enters among the passengers. He saw something of Lord Fincastle, Lady Muriel Gore Brown and “ Colonel Watkin, the inventor of a range-finder ” ; to the latter he had been introduced by another acquaintance, General Nicholson, and he also made friends with General Nairn.

At Port Said we found our friends the Luptons on board another P. & O., the *Clyde*. At Aden we were most hospitably entertained by General and Mrs. Cuninghame at the Residency, and helped and advised in the kindest way by Colonel Ferris, Political Agent Somali Coast Protectorate. With his usual care in such matters, after remarking “ he was very kind ” in explaining the maps and telling him where he could most likely find the animals he most wanted, and giving him a special permit to obtain specimens of Pelzeln’s gazelle, which is a local species

confined to the Maritime Plains, Loder copies the permit into his diary :

“ *To T. Malcolm Jones, Esq., Assistant Political Agent, Berbera.*

“ MY DEAR MALCOLM JONES,

“ Sir Edmund Loder, who is going to shoot, wants some Plains’ Gazelle (Pelzelni), native name Dero. These are plentiful in the Reserve and I have told him he can shoot what he wants there. Please tell Adan Yousouf, the head man, so that there may be no difficulty.

“ Yours ever,

W. B. FERRIS.

“ Please give Sir Edmund Loder and Mr. Pease all the assistance you can in getting things together and making an early start.”

There is an entry whilst at Aden that reminds me of Loder’s tender feelings for those he had left at home. “ Walked in the afternoon with the Peases along Jopp’s drive and picked up shells ” ; and the next day, “ Sent off a parcel of shells to Robin and wrote him a letter.” He was doing this after we had been very busy drawing our supply of rifles and carbines for our Somalis at the Arsenal and collecting stores, and I saw tears in his eyes. I said, “ I hope there is nothing the matter,” and he gave his eyes a smudge with his hand and said “ No—I am only sending Robin the shells, and it made me think of him and home.” I do not know if those among his casual acquaintance have ever guessed at this side of Loder’s nature, but I often came across it. We went over to Berbera in the little coasting steamer, the *Falcon*, and were quite a happy party at the Residency at Berbera ; and whilst making our final preparations several sportsmen turned up, including two officers, Timmin and Marshall, with four lions, and who had just had one of their shikaris killed in a lion charge. Lord Delamere also joined us, and I remember weeks after seeing him in the interior wearing a pair of white canvas rubber-soled

shoes, the sort we called "fives shoes" at school, which Loder had thrown away with other non-essentials into a corner of his room at the Residency when we left Berbera. As an illustration of Loder's quickness: We had not been with Delamere more than a few minutes when Loder said, "*Those* are *my* shoes which I threw away at Berbera." Delamere said, "Yes, and just what I wanted." Delamere was starting, with 150 men and many camel loads, with Dr. Anderson for Lake Rudolph.

Our first camp was made December 9th, and we crossed the Golis Range at the Jerato Pass. About the Gan Libah we got some fine Greater Kudu (the Somali Greater Kudu, *Strepsiceros kudu chora*, are not equal in size to the South African *S. capensis*).

Here is his diary entry for one of these days:

"Monday, December 14th (1896).—Temp. min. 46° F. at night—felt much warmer than night before, although we are camped at the top of the pass (Jerato) on the open plain at 6,000 feet. Left camp with shikaris at 6.15. Went near place where we had seen big koodoo yesterday. As we came into one of the small ravines saw two male koodoo go out at the other end. Followed their tracks and saw one, the larger one, go into some thick bush, where he apparently stopped. . . . We went on and stalked up to the bushes where we had last seen the koodoo, and saw him going out on the other side. I fired with the Mannlicher and he fell, but I gave him another shot.

"Measurements [he does not give the horn measurements in his diary—his best Somali head 56½ in. long in curve; the latter he killed the next day, December 15th]:

	Measurements of No. 2.	
	ft. in.	ft. in.
Between nostrils to between horns	13	15
" " root of tail	6 4	7 8
" " end of tail	7 3	8 9
" " end of tail hairs	8 6	9 6
Girth at brisket	4 7	5 3½
Half-way down girth of neck		3 3
Height at shoulder (between two uprights)	4 7	5 0

"Photo'ed him with pocket Kodak—full aperture first and then with second stop. Sent for pony, which we had left on the plains, and then photo'ed again with Watson camera and Iso films. Ate lunch, grilled koodoo steak and liver and marrow bones. Packed skin and meat on pony and sent him to camp with syce and second shikari carrying head. Went on with Jama and rested for an hour and then turned southward: saw no koodoo, but soon saw alikud (klipspringer) and shot a male—and soon after another male which I also shot. We then came to the plain and tried for dero (*Gazella spekei*) and gerenuk (*Lithocranius walleri*). Fired a shot in the high wind at a dero and hit, but did not get him. As we were getting near camp at 5 p.m. I stalked and shot a male gerenuk, a long shot.

"Gerenuk measurements:

12½ in. curve of neck.

From lower lip to point of shoulder-blade front of chest, 2 ft. 5 in.

Height at shoulder, 3 ft. 5 in. Girth at brisket, 2 ft. 10 in."

Before crossing the Haud into Ogaden we spent a week with Lord Delamere and occupied ourselves in pig-sticking. The old wart-hogs on the Ooanouf plain gave us great sport and numerous croppers, though a large proportion got to ground in spite of our having a small army of earth-stoppers. Loder also shot gumburi here. Loder's biggest stallion (*Equus asinus somalicus*) measured 4 ft. 3 in. in height. He notes too on December 18th that I brought back to camp in the evening three baira antelopes,¹ one male gumburi and one ditha (*Hyæna striata*). He was most interested in the baira, as they were the first he had ever seen, and the following day I pointed out to him a hill where I had seen a good many. As these most beautiful hill gazelle were then considered difficult to obtain, he meant to make the most of his chance. He says:

"Saw three baira as we began to climb the hill. I spied and saw that one was a male with horns. It is

¹ The Baira (or Beira) *Dorcotragus melanotis*.

a most difficult hill to stalk quietly on, as it is completely covered with loose stones. We stalked the three baira, but they heard us as soon as we began to get near and I had to shoot at one from the shoulder. This dropped, and I went forward and came in sight of another which I killed, and then had a shot at the third from the shoulder. This one was very badly wounded but went on down the hill. We followed it and saw it several times still going on. In the middle of this chase we saw three more baira going up a hill face in front of us. They had evidently noticed us and were moving off fast. We waited till they were out of sight and then followed. We nearly came up with them several times, but they got us before I could shoot (as I wanted the male I had always to use the glass before taking up the rifle). In this way we walked the whole length of the hill, and in the last corrie I got a shot at what I thought was the male and thought I had missed, and fired again and again thought I had missed as I saw the bullets strike on the stones beyond—both were, however, killed dead, falling just out of my sight; the third was 200 yards off across the corrie, and I saw with my glass that this was the male with horns—I fired and apparently did not do much damage, and I fired again, when he went into a bush out of sight. We went round the bush and found him lying dead; the other two proved to be a small male with horns about an inch long and a good female. The first shot was also a good male, the second a small female and third a small male."

Thus he killed his six specimens. He gives the measurements of an adult female :

<i>Baira</i> (adult female).	Height	. 2 ft. 2 in.
Girth at brisket	1 ft. 9 in.
Eyes : red hazel or chestnut ; pupil blue-black.		

Delamere, Loder, Anderson and I must have got about a score of pigs with the spear during these four or five days, and Loder got a fair proportion of first spears; but his mounts were not as bold as ours were, either in galloping over the top of one of these ugly brutes or in facing up when a pig turned and charged.

On Christmas Day he writes :

“Went out again with Lord Delamere after pigs—had some capital runs. Dibatag, the pony lent to Pease (by Delamere), proved to be very game and fast, and he got both first spears; but I had good fun and ran my spear clean through the first pig and caught the second, a big boar in full charge, at the end of my spear and kept him off, though my pony stopped dead. . . . Had a plum pudding and champagne for dinner in the evening.”

We got several waire or waira¹ (*Proteles cristatus*) while pig-sticking—one we captured alive and sent to the coast. Having thus spent Christmas together, we filled up with all the water we could carry for our seven days' march across the waterless Haud. Among the big game shot on the Haud were several dibatags (*Ammodorcas clarkei*), one of the most singular of long-necked and long-tailed antelopes. Loder's specimen of a male measured :

Height	3 ft. 2 in.
Girth at brisket	2 ft. 2 in.
Girth at middle of neck	11½ in.
From between nostrils to between horns	6½ in.
Neck to shoulder-blades in back	1 ft. 10 in.
to root of tail	4 ft. 2 in.
to end of tail	5 ft. 4 in.
to end of hairs	5 ft. 6 in.
Length of horns 11 in. on curve. Eyes dark hazel— iris blue-black.	

On the seventh day we made Darror Pool.

New Year's Day, 1897.—Darror figures in most maps, but is nothing but a depression in the bush of some two and a half acres that holds the stagnant water of the last rainy season till the middle of January, after which it is usually dry; therefore anyone who takes this route across the Haud should get the best native information available of the condition before setting out on it, for any miscalculation as to water is a most serious thing in this country. We had some seventy camels and were sixty souls, besides

¹ Almost identical with the “Aard wolf” of South Africa.

horses, milch goats and sheep. About half-way across at a place the name of which amused Loder very much, and which he has transcribed into his diary—Beluljoogieban-i-waabaa-adoh-dahadodi—he makes a characteristic note :

“ To save the three buckets of water which forty men have to boil their rice in we gave them six sheep last night and gave the water to the five ponies. The sheep are worth about Rs. 5 each, so that the water comes out at about 1s. 8d. a gallon.”

The sixth day we had been told we should reach Darror, and the seventh day was a day of great anxiety. However, on arriving at Darror on the seventh day we found there was still a depth of some three inches of green, slimy water round which the warlike tribe of the Rer Ali Ogaden had pitched their karias. Some 400 of their camels were standing in the pool, their women washing their tobes ; and our delight at seeing the water was somewhat tempered when we realised that for many days to come we should have to drink it and cook with it. By repeated boilings and skimmings after precipitating with alum and filtering we obtained a fairly clear tasteless liquid. It is a curious fact, which Loder and I assured ourselves of, that the natives can drink the most stagnant, putrid and contaminated water without any risk of bad results. They appear to be immune from all forms of enteric, typhoid and dysentery arising from dirty water, though they may drink the filthiest for months. Whether this is acquired and hereditary immunity, or resistance developed from the healthiness of their lives and the simplicity of their diet (which in the interior is *entirely* animal) of camels' milk and occasional mutton or camel, it is difficult to say.

We worked westward through Ogaden, getting lions and rhinoceros, and reached Milmil. There were few natives about, but we were told by them that there was an Englishman in the Tug Sulul, about three days distant in the direction we were bound for, but that he had been attacked by Habasha (Abyssinians) and some of his men made prisoners.

We sent forward scouts, who returned in a few days with the information that the Englishman had gone back to the coast. We knew that it must be Greenfield, as he was the only man out in these parts. Later we had the true version, but at the time we were uneasy. Greenfield had really made our course easier, for after rescuing his men he had made peace with the Abyssinians and extracted a promise that they would show kindness to "any people of his tribe" they might meet. Included in our instructions from Colonel Ferris was one that we were carefully to avoid contact with Abyssinian posts (the Italians were at war in 1896 with Abyssinia), so we went forward. Meanwhile when camped at Gagab we saw the most wonderful meteor any of us had ever observed. I have noted that I could trace its broad track of fire, "which did not entirely fade out for something like a quarter of an hour." Loder, however, says :

"Saw a splendid meteor after dinner this evening (January 19th). It started near the Pleiades, nearly overhead, and came down within a short distance of the horizon (east). It left a bright trail which could be seen for some minutes, perhaps five or six."

On reaching the Deghabur Tug we found natives, but in a pitiable condition, having just been looted by the Habasha. Thence we marched by Sabatti Waine, an isolated hill near which Delamere had been mauled by a lion a year or two previously. One of our men who spoke English pointed out the spot to us with a grin of satisfaction, exclaiming, "*I* there when he bite him."

On reaching the hills of Horo-abdulleh beyond the Tug Fafan and after crossing the Sibi desert we found Grevy's zebra very numerous indeed, and in spite of our scheming ran up against the Abyssinians. I was out hunting one day in what we thought was entirely uninhabited country when suddenly I saw coming down a Tug in a cloud of dust some hundreds of cattle and sheep. I asked my Midgan shikari, "What does this mean?" He looked at me and said "Habasha"—and added "with loot." Then he added

with glee, " See, the Habasha have seen us and are running away," and I saw two Abyssinians with their rifles legging it through the bush. My feelings were different to my men's, who only saw an immense windfall of loot, and vistas of beef and mutton for months ahead. Failing to overtake the fugitives, we drove the cattle to camp and held a council of war. We decided to track up the Abyssinians, who no doubt would make for the base military post (at Melka Degahamadou) and report we had looted them. Much to the disappointment of our men, after having watered the cattle we sent them with an escort and one of my shikaris who spoke Harari and Amharic to Melka Degahamadou. All's well that ends well, for on Loder and my coming into camp the next afternoon we found my wife on the most friendly terms with two Abyssinian officers whom she was regaling with the best our stores afforded. Exactly what we foresaw had happened: the fugitives had reported we had looted them, but their lie was proved, for in a few hours every head of cattle and sheep arrived. The Abyssinians were very proud of their rifles; they were all armed with the 1894 Italian magazine rifle, part of the loot after the awful disaster to the Italian Army at Adowa. One of the officers had been perforated by Italian bullets at the battles of Macalle and Adowa, and gave us an interesting account of his adventures.

In the Dahato Valley we reached well-watered plains with numerous karias and herds of camels, cattle and sheep in the green grass, but it was also a sportsman's paradise. There were many elephants, rhinoceros and herds of Grevy's zebra all round, and the fly country of Bourka was uninhabited and full of game. We had killed an elephant and several rhinoceros, when we received a message by "running camel" from the authorities ordering our immediately putting ourselves in touch with Berbera, and instructing us to avoid recrossing the Haud by ordinary routes. With this most exasperating news there was another thunderbolt, namely, that I had been elected M.P. for Cleveland.

So back we marched, and after some rather alarming

experiences with the not too friendly Rer Ali—now assembled at Milmil, and who informed us “*the Turks* were at Hargaisa and at Berbera”—we made preparations for the waterless march north, off any known track. We crossed the Haud in nine days and on the last day in February struck Awbahadleh and water. The rest of our time in Somaliland was spent in the Western Golis and in pretty camps about Argan.

Any number of extracts from Loder's diaries could be given, but there is a similarity in the experiences of travellers and sportsmen which makes me hesitate in giving any further account of our adventures. It is, however, worth while noting experiences which correct the generalisation of other writers. I have more than once seen it stated that wart-hogs never charge. I have several times been viciously charged by them in Somaliland and Abyssinia and I saw Mr. Harold Hill, with a very neat shot, bowl over a wart-hog which deliberately, and from a long distance in the open Kapiti Plains near Chumbi, had charged straight for my wife.

Here is one of Loder's entries :

“ At Hagal, February 17th, 1897, saw a big koodoo at 7 a.m. Soon afterwards at the foot of a steep hill, in thick bush, we heard grunting, and at first I thought it might be a rhino, but the noise changed to a kind of low roar and the men said ‘Lion.’ It was quite close, just behind the first bush, not ten yards off and above us. I did not much like the position. It sounded as if it were a lioness with her cubs or a lion disturbed at his meal. I changed (.577) hollow-point bullet for solid and moved forward : as soon as I moved there was a crash in the bush and the animal came in sight not five yards off—it was a wart-hog ! I gave him one in the ribs as he galloped by, and immediately another one came *at us* on the left. I put a bullet through him, making a huge wound, but it did not stop him, and he came right up to my legs ; both barrels were discharged, but I gave him a good poke in the eye with the muzzle of the .577 and turned him on to Jama, who kept him off with the muzzle of the Mannlicher. Abdullah

(second shikari) got out of the way with a lively hop. Mohamed Aboukir, my syce, was leading the pony 50 yards behind and was in a small hollow; he had heard the grunts and roars, and when he saw the hogs making for him he thought they were lions and ran for his life. This made Jama and Abdullah almost die with laughing, and indeed the whole affair was most ludicrous. The hog which got in amongst us died a few yards after reaching Mohamed but the other went on some distance."

One day at Argan, on a day when Loder got a good kudu bull and a wart-hog, he describes how he got a good lioness:

"At about 3 p.m. we started a lion out of the rock not far from us, but it was out of sight in a moment. I ran up to the top of the rocky hill and saw the lion near the top of the next. Putting up 300 yards sight, I fired at it with the Mannlicher and hit it low down in the shoulder. This made it roar and jump up, biting at its fore-leg. While this performance was going on, I got 100 yards nearer and fired again. This shot produced more roars and made it spin round and round, but after settling it moved away slanting downhill: it then lay down behind the bush. I got fifty yards nearer, but the lion was now very difficult to make out without glasses, and with the rifle there was really nothing to aim at. After looking carefully with the glasses I fired a shot which made the lion sit up and then lie down again. I believed it was now dead, but fired another shot, and as it did not move went up to it and found it dead.¹

"It was a full-grown lioness:

"5 ft. 7 in. from nose to root of tail.

2 ft. 7 in. tail.

8 ft. 2 in. length.

Circ. at brisket, 3 ft. 5½ in.

Height, 36 in. Skin, 9 ft. 1 in."

We had a very rough crossing to Aden in the *Woodcock*, were again entertained with delightful hospitality at The Residency by General and Mrs. Cunningham and sailed on the P. & O. s.s. *Australia* at the end of March.

¹ Every one of the bullets had hit on the shoulder at ranges from 300 to 150 yards.—A. E. P.

Loder's cabin companions were Captain Wyllis (2nd Lancers) and a Campbell, and General Sir W. Lockhart was on board; amongst other acquaintances he mentions Elliot, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Pottinger and Sir W. McNeal.

During our trip we shot twenty-nine varieties of Somali "big game"; this includes the smaller animals on the following list. Considering the amount of marching we did, Loder's bag must be counted a very excellent one.

Nineteen members of the order of Ungulata have been ascribed to Somaliland, but five of these, giraffe, topi, waterbuck, bushbuck and Kirk's dik-dik, hardly belong to Somaliland proper, and as far as I know have only been obtained on the confines; of the fourteen proper to Somaliland Loder obtained thirteen.

I have added some of Loder's measurements, as they are useful records for naturalists and taxidermists:

Loder's Somali Bag (those only got by Pease are added to complete varieties):

—	Somali name.	No. killed by Loder.
<i>Felidæ.</i>		
1. Lion (<i>F. leo</i>)	Libah	1
2. Leopard (<i>F. pardus</i>)	Shabel	1
<i>Cynælurus.</i>		
3. Cheetah (<i>C. jubatus</i>)	Harimud (Pease)	
<i>Proteles.</i>		
4. Waire or Aard Wolf (<i>P. cristatus</i>) .	Waire	1
<i>Hyænidæ.</i>		
5. Ditha, Striped Hyæna (<i>H. striata</i>)	Ditha (Pease)	
6. Waraba, Spotted Hyæna (<i>H. crocuta</i>)	Waraba	1
<i>Canidæ.</i>		
7. Grey Jackal (<i>C. variegatus</i>)	Dawa'o	1
8. Black-backed Jackal (<i>C. mesomelas</i>)	Dawa'o (Pease)	
9. Maritime Plain Fox (<i>C. famelicus</i> ?)	Dawa'o	1
<i>Otocyon.</i>		
10. Goli-waraba (<i>O. megalotis</i>)	Goli-waraba (Pease)	

—	Somali name.	No. killed by Loder.
<i>Lycaon.</i> 11. Yeyi, Somali Wild Dog (<i>L. pictus somalicus</i>)	Yeyi	4
<i>Bubalis.</i> 12. Swayne's Hartbeest (<i>B. swaynei</i>)	Sieg	1
<i>Oreotragus.</i> 13. Somali Klipspringer (<i>O. somalicus</i>)	Alikud	4
<i>Dorcotragus.</i> 14. Baira (<i>D. melanotis</i>)	Baira or Baireer	6
<i>Madoqua.</i> 15. Phillips's Dik-Dik, Golass (<i>M. [Rhynchotragus] phillipsi</i>) 16. Günther's Dik-Dik, Guzli (<i>M. guentheri</i>)	Sakaro Golass Sakaro Guzli	3 7
<i>Gazella.</i> 17. Dero, Speke's Gazelle (<i>G. spekei</i>) . 18. Dero, Pelzeln's Gazelle (<i>G. pelzelni</i>) 19. Aoul (<i>G. soemmerringi</i>)	Dhero Dhero Aoul	5 4 11
<i>Lithocranius.</i> 20. Gerenuk (<i>L. walleri</i>)	Gerenuk	13
<i>Ammodorcas.</i> 21. Dibatag (<i>A. clarkei</i>)	Dibatag	1
<i>Oryx.</i> 22. Beisa Oryx (<i>O. beisa</i>)	Beit	15
<i>Strepsiceros.</i> 23. Greater Kudu (<i>S. kudu</i>) 24. Lesser Kudu (<i>S. imberbis</i>)	Godir Waine Godir-Arreho or Aderyo	5 1
<i>Phacochærus.</i> 25. Wart hog (<i>P. æthiopicus</i>) (exclusive of pig-sticking)	Dofar	5
<i>Equidæ.</i> 26. Gumburi, Somali Wild Ass (<i>E. asinus somalicus</i>) 27. Faro, Grevy's Zebra (<i>E. grevyi</i>) .	Gumburi Faro	3 8
<i>Rhinoceros.</i> 28. Black Rhinoceros (<i>R. bicornis</i>) .	Weyil	2
<i>Elephas.</i> 29. Elephant (<i>E. africanus orleansi</i>) .	Marodi	1
		105

Loder's Bag: 105 head in 25 varieties.

The above list excludes such animals as baboon, various mongooses, hyraxes and other small animals which we obtained.

At the end of 1907 Loder started on his last big-game trip in Africa. During his time there he was not actually on safari for much more than two months; for part of this time he was on safari with Mr. Gerard Gurney, north of the Athi, Donya Sabuk. Both Loder and Gurney made my place on the Kapiti Plains (Kilima Theki) their headquarters between their trips, shooting and collecting in the vicinity. Later I went on safari with Sir Edmund north of the railway at Simba and in the country lying between my home in the Machakos District and this lower and hotter country. Towards the end of his time he made a couple of short trips on his own; on the last he went north to Mohoroni to get Jackson's hartebeest, roan antelope, oribi and topi.

He and Gurney seem to have come across a great number of rhinoceros in the weeks they were together—I think more than seventy are mentioned in Loder's diary. He shot five or six, the number being a trifle outside the number allowed on his licence; but several were shot in self-defence, and having exceeded his number he worried a great deal about it. One day he and Gurney counted twenty rhinos. He performed the feat of photographing at thirty-five yards and then killing a rhino that charged him.

We went out on the *Adolph Woermann*. The German boats being subsidised had run off the British and Austrian Lloyd liners of the best class and the Germans did you better and cheaper every way than the other boats. We made a good many acquaintances. There were some forty English passengers for Mombasa alone—George Barker of Alexandria, Caves, Corys, Crossleys, Pellys, Cunliffe, Dalziel, Hall, Harrises, Hendersons, Kindersley, Lea, Morris, McCaw, McClure, Moore, Hon. R. A. Pelham, the Hon. Audley and Mrs. Blyth, are amongst the names he has noted. Audley Blyth and his wife were also going

for big game. Some of these we met afterwards, but Audley Blyth we never saw again as he came to a tragic end on safari. At Aden his brother Gerald, who was making his way from India to Uganda, joined him, and they travelled on the boat to Mombasa and from there up the railway as far as Nairobi together. Loder made many new friends in B.E.A. and met very old ones, such as the Hon. F. G. Jackson,¹ and enjoyed meeting also many naturalists, sportsmen and interesting people among those often to be found at Nairobi and in this hospitable country. The Hon. John Wilson entertained us at Kilindini, and wherever Loder went at Nairobi or among settlers he was welcomed.

I do not propose to give an account of his sport in B.E.A. or much from his diaries. He did little there in comparison with what many others have done, and was neither there long enough nor went far enough to make his experiences worth while relating at length. Yet the bag he made in 1908 speaks to his having made good use of his time. He was now nearly 60 years old. Few men of this age would go out on safari, were they as active and keen, who had deer-stalking and other interests at home, and fewer still would make a bag like the following in two months. It must be remembered his was made in spite of three weeks or more being occupied in trying to get a bull giraffe for his museum. He had extraordinarily bad luck, as well as having been directed to by no means the best country for giraffe. Had I known in time how anxious he was to get a giraffe, he could easily have got his bull near my place, as we never shot giraffe, and when Roosevelt was with us the following year he and his son Kermit got several very fine ones. There seems to be a kind of law in shooting, that what you set your heart on getting you shall nearly break your heart in obtaining.

When I was with Edward North Buxton in Somaliland in good Lesser Kudu country he worked for weeks before

¹ Sometime Acting Governor of B.E.A. and afterwards Governor of Uganda.

he got a chance or a shot at one. I myself have set my heart on a good buffalo and a good roan, and though I have killed more than eighty varieties of big game I have never got either. Out of hundreds of roan and thousands of buffalo I have seen, I have knocked down one or two and lost them, but shall die without a head of either. Loder saw plenty of giraffe, but for weeks they were nearly always cows; whenever he did get near one it was always a cow or a poor-sized bull. In his diary he writes on March 3rd :

“ Started out from camp after giraffe again; went eastwards for three hours, and near the big hill [Mwasangombi] saw twenty eland and soon after giraffe. We went after them. They were always on the move, but we kept on trying various stalks and sometimes crawling; the soil too hot for one's hands. After three hours' very hard work in a burning sun they got something and moved off quickly. The truth is that the giraffe's eyes are better than mine or my men's.”

However, in the end he got a fair bull about 18 feet in height—the one bull in a herd of twenty, but even then he says he could not get nearer than 350 yards and took his .256 Mannlicher :

“ as I was sure I could place a bullet well and it had to be done quickly. I heard the shot strike, and running on I saw him going slower than the rest and put in another. Soon after he stood still with his neck outstretched, and then we saw him fall.”

When I told him we could get one easier with horses on the plains he shook his head; he wished to stalk and kill one unaided by horse or others.

I was camped with him during these arduous days. The neighbourhood of Simba is a hot region and it was often over 90° in the shade in the afternoons, yet he left camp at dawn and often returned after dark having worked hard all day. I never considered him a very lucky sportsman. There are some who get magnificent

trophies and rare specimens by good fortune and with a minimum of effort, but Loder was not one of these. His success was due to clean shooting, careful selection of his heads, and by persevering, strenuous hard work due to his eager nature and indomitable courage in the face of difficulties.

It is worth recording perhaps that Gurney, whilst with us, got the best wildebeest head I ever saw in B.E.A. and that I obtained the biggest wildebeest bull I ever saw there, but with old, worn and thin horns, not a good head considering the size and age of the beast. His height was 56 in. (14 hh.) and he girthed between elbows 5 ft. 10 in.

On one occasion Loder had a very narrow escape from being stung to death by bees—a swarm attacked two mules of his and he went to the rescue.

“I got the syce,” he says, “to cut the rope of the one tied up near the tents, but I had to go down myself and cut the rope of the one near the stream. I was badly stung on my head and forehead and lost my spectacles and knife, but I cut the rope and kicked the mule to get it to move, but it seemed to have lost its power; we got it into camp at last, and I am afraid it may die.”

It died at midnight, and Loder himself was ill for a day or two, but kept on working and shooting.

“*March 6th.*—Met Knowles at Jackson’s, who gave me a photo of his record buffalo head.

“*April 14th.*—On the German boat returning Graf Casimir Zichy showed me his photos; his friend Graf Nicolaus Keglevich had shown me his some days ago.”

At Aden he bought a pair of Bushbuck horns $18\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and Beisa oryx horns $35\frac{3}{4}$ in. long from the Somalis.

We all sailed together from Mombasa in April on the very comfortable, cool, clean and well-ordered German D.O.A. s.s. *Markgraf*. During a particularly nice voyage we picked up a varied store of information from our acquaintances among the passengers, who included Mr.

C. W. Hobley, an official of B.E.A., and the Hon. Galbraith Cole, who is amongst the earlier settlers and who was a most pleasant addition to our table. The well-known Colonel Jim (J. J.) Harrison was also on board; Count Casimir Zichy, Herr I. Schilling and Count Nicolaus Keglevich were amongst the Austrian and German sportsmen and travellers. But our strangest companions were twelve hippos out of fourteen which had been shipped at Kilwa on a voyage to Hagenbeck's at Hamburg. They were fed chiefly on enormous buckets full of condensed milk; they were hosepipied with fresh water in their great mouths and exteriorly with salt water. We buried four at sea during the voyage and landed two at Port Said for the Cairo Zoo. In my own diary I write :

“The noise they make when I am in my bunk with my eyes shut makes me feel at home—as if I was camped again on the shores of Lake Zwai, on the banks of the Hawash, or once again on our Nugger among the Nuers of the Bahr el Ghazal.”

We had, besides, monkeys, parrots and camels and 200 sheep.

Loder arrived at Leonardslee on April 30th.

LODER'S BAG IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA, 1908

Giraffe (<i>Giraffa camelopardalis</i>)	.	.	1
Impala (<i>Apyceros melampus</i>)	.	.	8
Bohor Reed Buck (<i>Cervicapra bohor</i>)	.	.	7
Waterbuck (<i>Cobus ellipsiprymnus</i>)	.	.	7
„ (<i>Cobus defassa</i>)	.	.	1
Thomson's Gazelle (<i>Gazella thomsoni</i>)	.	.	6
Rhinoceros (<i>R. bicornis</i>)	.	.	5
Hartebeest (Kongoni) (<i>Bubalis cokei</i>)	.	.	5
„ (<i>Bubalis jacksoni</i>)	.	.	4
Grant's Antelope (<i>Gazella grantii</i>)	.	.	3
Wart-hogs (<i>Phacochærus æthiopicus</i>)	.	.	3
Chanler's Reed Buck (<i>Cervicapra chanleri</i>)	.	.	3
Zebra (<i>Equus burchelli grantii</i>)	.	.	2
Duikers (varieties not specified)	.	.	2

Oribi (<i>Ourebia kenyæ</i>)	1
Eland (<i>Taurotragus oryx</i>)	1
Wildebeest (<i>Connochates taurinus albo-</i> <i>jubatus</i>)	1
Topi (<i>Damaliscus jumela</i>)	1
Spotted Hyæna (<i>H. crocuta</i>)	1

 62 head

19 varieties.

APPENDIX

The measurements on the next page are from Loder's notes and were made not always from the best specimens, but as a guide to setting up his own trophies.

The British East African mammals have often been measured; the Somaliland ones less frequently.

	Length of horns on curve.	Height at shoulder.	Girth at brisket.	Length nose to between horns (tip to)	Length to end of tail.	Length to end of vertebrae.	Length to end of tail hairs.	Girth half-way down neck.	Length of neck (under) (over).	Eyes and other remarks.
	in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	
<i>Somali Animals:</i>										
Greater Kudu (good male)	56½	5 0	5 3½	15	7 8	8 9	9 1	3 3	—	Dark brown, iris dark blue.
Lesser Kudu (fair male)	not given	3 10	—	1 11½	6 0	7 2½	—	—	—	Weight clean, 15 stone 11 lb., heart, liver and lungs (71 lb.) extra.
Oryx Beisa (good male)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Gorouk (good male)	not given	3 5	2 10	1 8½	4 8½	5 5½	5 7½	12½	—	
Gorouk (fair male)	11	3 3	2 6	—	—	—	—	15½	2 7	From behind jawbone to front point of shoulder-blade.
Aoul (Samerugi) (good male)	17	2 11	2 8	8½	4 3	—	—	—	—	From between horns to shoulder-blades in back; eyes dark hazel; iris blue-black.
Dibatag (good male)	11	3 2	2 2	6½	4 2	5 4	5 6	11½	1 10	Eyes red hazel or chestnut; iris blue-black.
Baira (good female)	no horns	2 2	1 9½	—	—	—	—	—	—	Neck measured 6 in. from shoulder.
Wild Ass (good male)	—	4 3	4 10	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Grevy's Zebra (good male)	—	5 0	5 5	—	—	—	—	3 0	—	
Elephant (fair bull)	—	9 9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Rhinoceros (good Somali)	not given	5 4½	7 10	—	—	10 3	—	5 10	—	Fore-leg not being quite straight, neck measured at base—? (length of rhino from back horn to slit of tail, 8 ft. 6 in.).
Lioness (good)	—	3 0	3 5½	—	5 7	8 2	—	—	—	
Leopard (small variety, adult)	—	1 11	2 7	—	3 4	5 5	—	—	—	
B.E.A.	—	5 2	7 4	—	—	12 3	—	5 0	—	Round base of neck. Tail length to end of bone, 2 ft. 1 in.; weight without any liver, heart, entrails or windpipe, clean, 1,140 lb.
Eland (good)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
N. Africa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Arui (very good ram)	28½	3 8½	3 10½	15½	—	—	—	—	2 5½	Tail 10 in. with hair 16 in. Nose to end of bone of tail, 81½ in. (Another arui weighed 12 stone clean.)
Reem	—	2 4	2 1½	—	—	—	—	—	—	Reem weighed 34 lb. (whole ?).
Admi	13	2 7½	2 8½	—	—	—	—	—	—	Admi weighed 52 lb. (clean), p. 251.

CHAPTER XIII

BY LORD COTTESLOE

SIR EDMUND LODER AS A MARKSMAN

EDMUND LODER, being a sportsman and full of interest in the scientific as well as in the practical aspect of all his pursuits, took the greatest pleasure and interest in the rifle and its capabilities. Indeed, his interest extended beyond this, for the first time that I visited Leonardslee he was making trials with the sixteenth-century cross-bow, having two or three specimens to which he had after many trials succeeded in fitting strings strong enough for the purpose. Short arrows, or bolts, had to be made for them; they were carefully tried, and it was disappointing to find that a range little exceeding 200 yards was all that could be obtained with them. He was accustomed to fire at the Running Deer target at Wimbledon, and set up for his own practice a similar range and target at Leonardslee, in which he took much pleasure. His interest in the accuracy and effectiveness of the weapons he used led to his taking part in the sporting rifle competitions at Wimbledon in 1885 and subsequent years.

The records of the National Rifle Association show that for fourteen years from 1885 he was prominent both with the double and single sporting rifle. With the exception of 1897, when he was prevented from attending the Bisley meeting,¹ his name appears prominently in one or both of these series year after year. His most conspicuously successful time with the sporting rifle was in the years 1893-6 inclusive. In the Martin Smith prize for

¹ I infer this, but do not know it; his name appears in no prize list this year.

accuracy at 100 yards, he was in these years twice first, once second and once third with the double rifle, and twice second and once third with the single rifle, the latter weapon attracting many more competitors than the former. In competitions at the Running Deer and Running Man targets he was specially successful in 1891-8, taking first place at the deer with the single rifle in 1891 and 1892 and second in 1893 and 1894. In the two latter years he was first in the Running Man competitions, and in 1895 and 1896 he was third. In 1895 Lady Loder gave a Cup for the best aggregate of scores in the Sporting Rifle competitions at Bisley, and he himself won it without difficulty, tying for first place in three of the events, and making an aggregate score in the five competitions at Running Man and Deer and the Martin Smith target of 163 points out of a possible 185.

His skill stood him in good stead on many occasions in the field and not least during the years when he rented a shooting in the Tyrol. The vital parts of a chamois offer a very small mark, not many inches square, and the stalker (for Edmund Loder took greater pleasure in stalking than driving his chamois) often finds difficulty in approaching much nearer than 200 yards. Hence the sport affords room for every refinement of accuracy practicable in the field, such as the use of an aperture backsight, which he adopted long before it was commonly used in this country. In practical rifle matters he was ever progressive. He early understood the virtues of the aperture sight for sporting purposes, and constantly used it. He was no stranger to the telescopic sight. He was one of the first—perhaps actually the first—in this country to discover the virtues of the .256 Mannlicher rifle for stalking stags and chamois, this rifle having a higher velocity and a flatter trajectory and giving greater accuracy than any rifle of the period when it first made its appearance as a military rifle. The fore-end being suitably cut away and sporting sights fitted, and the nose of the bullet filed away till a small portion of the

lead core was exposed, the conversion of the military arm and ammunition into one suitable for stalking was easily affected. Its killing power on suitable game was much beyond that of any other rifle of the time.¹ The flat trajectory added 50 per cent. to the range at which a stag could be killed with certainty. The great velocity (2,450 feet per second) caused the small compound bullet to break up and give a paralysing shock much beyond that of the soft lead "mushrooming" bullet of the old .450 or .400 Express.²

The high standard of marksmanship of Edmund Loder and of some of his guests who enjoyed the benefit of his experience in these matters was well shown in a match fired at Schwartzensee in 1897 against a team of the Jägers employed on the Estate; the latter were very good shots, but they and their weapons were quite outclassed. [The team was, I think, Sir E. G. Loder, Hon. T. F. Fremantle, J. S. Oxley, W. A. Baillie-Grohman and myself. (Four .256 Mannlichers and one Mauser.)—NOTE BY A.E.P.]

The Match Rifle, which since the early days of the National Rifle Association has done so much to test inventions and to improve the accuracy of the military rifle, naturally offered a great attraction to a mind so interested as Edmund Loder's in the scientific aspect of the weapons of sport. In each of the twenty-six years from 1885 to 1911 he competed with it at the meetings of the English Eight Club. In 1903 he was third in the main competition, winning the Bronze Jewel, and in 1901 he was fourth. Nor did fortune specially smile on his assiduity in shooting for the same twenty-six years at the meeting of the Cambridge University Long-range

¹ The long and heavy military pull had to be got rid of, and the late Daniel Fraser of Leith Street, Edinburgh, was able by an ingenious and simpler intercepting safety device which he invented to transform the pull into as perfect a one as we had in the beautiful old Express rifles.—ALFRED PEASE.

² Lord Cottesloe as early as February 1898 worked out the following Trajectory Tables, which exhibit the advantages in the trajectory of the .256 rifle over the .303 rifle—this being but one of the many superior qualities of this weapon over any other.—ALFRED PEASE.

TRAJECTORY TABLES

Of .303 and .256 Rifles, to 500 yards, showing the height of the bullet above or below the line of aim when elevation is given for any even distance of 50 yards.

The measurements are given to the nearest $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch. Those in heavy type are *minus* quantities, i.e. the bullet is below the line of aim. N.B.—No allowance has been made for height of foresight above centre of bore.

.303 RIFLE, 215 GR. BULLET, MUZZLE VELOCITY 2,000 F.S.

Elevation given for	0	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500
Height of bullet at 50	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
	1.1	—	1.2	2.5	3.9	5.5	7.2	9.0	10.9	1 0.9	1 3.0
100	4.6	2.4	—	2.6	5.5	8.6	11.9	1 3.5	1 7.3	1 11.4	2 3.6
150	10.9	7.5	3.9	—	4.3	9.0	1 2.0	1 7.3	2 0	2 7.1	3 1.5
200	1 8.2	1 3.8	11.0	5.7	—	6.2	1 0.9	1 8.0	2 3.6	2 11.7	3 8.3
250	2 9.0	2 3.5	1 9.5	1 2.9	2 7.8	—	8.3	1 5.3	2 2.8	3 0.9	3 11.6
300	4 1.7	3 7.0	2 11.8	2 3.9	1 7.3	10.0	—	10.7	1 10.1	2 10.3	3 11.1
350	5 10.4	5 2.7	4 6.3	3 9.1	2 11.0	2 0.2	1 0.5	—	1 1.3	2 3.5	3 6.5
400	7 11.7	7 2.8	6 5.3	5 6.7	4 7.3	3 6.9	2 5.5	1 3.2	—	1 4.2	2 9.3
450	10 5.9	9 7.9	8 9.1	7 9.3	6 8.4	5 6.4	4 3.4	2 11.3	1 6.2	—	1 7.3
500	13 5.3	12 6.2	11 6.2	10 5.1	9 2.7	7 11.2	6 6.5	5 0.7	3 5.6	1 9.4	—
Angle used	2'.1225	4'.41	6'.9225	9'.66	12'.6225	15'.81	19'.2225	22'.86	26'.7225	30'.81	

.256 RIFLE, 156 GR. BULLET, MUZZLE VELOCITY 2,350 F.S.

Elevation given for	0	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500
Height of bullet at 50	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
	.8	—	.9	1.9	3.0	4.2	5.5	6.9	8.4	10.1	11.8
100	3.5	1.8	—	2.0	4.2	6.6	9.2	1 0	1 3.1	1 6.3	1 9.8
150	8.2	5.7	3.0	—	3.3	6.9	10.8	1 3.1	1 7.6	2 0.5	2 5.7
200	1 3.3	11.9	8.4	4.4	—	4.8	10.1	1 3.7	1 9.8	2 4.3	2 11.2
250	2 1.1	1 8.9	1 4.5	11.5	6.0	—	6.5	1 1.6	1 9.2	2 5.3	3 2.0
300	3 2.0	2 9.0	2 3.6	1 9.7	1 3.1	7.9	—	8.5	1 5.6	2 3.3	3 1.7
350	4 6.2	4 0.4	3 6.1	2 11.2	2 3.5	1 7.1	9.9	—	10.6	1 10.0	2 10.1
400	6 2.1	5 7.4	5 0.3	4 4.3	3 7.6	2 9.9	1 11.5	1 0.1	—	1 1.0	2 2.8
450	8 2.0	7 6.5	6 10.5	6 1.5	5 3.6	4 4.8	3 5.0	2 4.3	1 2.6	—	1 3.5
500	10 6.2	9 9.8	9 0.9	8 2.9	7 3.9	6 3.9	5 2.8	4 0.7	2 9.5	1 5.3	—
Angle used	1'.6	3'.3	5'.2	7'.3	9'.6	12'.1	14'.8	17'.7	20'.8	24'.1	

Club; ¹ he was third in 1892, and on other occasions fourth, fifth and (twice) sixth, but was never fortunate enough to win the Cup, which, given for the top score in two days' shooting at 900, 1,000 and 1,100 yards, is a specially coveted trophy. That meeting, which has a social side quite different to that of other competitions, gave a special opportunity for his personality to be known and appreciated among his fellow-marksmen. In the long-range competitions at Bisley he competed constantly with varying success during the same years, with the exception of 1897, his name appearing in the prize lists some forty times. He attained the summit of his ambition in being included in the team for the Elcho Shield. This occurred on two occasions. In 1900, when he shot for the first time, he made top score for England, with 198 points out of a possible 225. It was a year of low scoring, and Ireland won the Shield with 1,537 points, England making 1,518 points and Scotland being third with 1,505. After an unlucky start at 800 yards, he made the top score in his team at both 900 and 1,000 yards. In 1905 he was again in the English team, and made 199 points, 5th score in the team. The Scotch made 1,607 points and the English 1,602; Ireland was last of the three teams. That the special satisfaction of winning some of the most important of the individual prizes shot for at Bisley was denied him is hard to explain, for he was on occasion capable of making brilliant series of bull's-eyes. It was no doubt in a great degree due to mere ill fortune. But a contributory factor may have been his very keenness, which in spite of itself ill brooked the long-drawn-out monotony of effort entailed in so many of the competitions. It was more than once a source of regret to his friends that he failed to pull off some important event after a brilliant endeavour. But

¹ Two or three years before the war, Sir E. Loder, hearing that the undergraduates of Cambridge University were in a difficulty about providing themselves with match rifles for use in the Inter-University Long-range Match for the Humphry Cup and for other long-range shooting, very generously presented a full set of four match rifles to their Club.

there is, in fact, no ground for criticising such a really fine record of long-range shooting, only just failing to attain the very highest successes, by one whose cheery presence and hearty laugh, whose acute interest in all that pertains to the sport of shooting, and whose many-sided knowledge on other topics were an element much valued, and after 1911 greatly missed, by his fellow-competitors.

FOOTNOTE BY A. E. P.

PRIZES WON IN RIFLE COMPETITIONS BY SIR EDMUND LODER AT WIMBLEDON AND BISLEY—INCLUDING THOSE WON IN TEAM SHOOTING.

1885. Henry Martin Smith (1)	1894. Martin Smith (10) Holland & Holland (a rifle) Colt Hillhouse Duke of Cambridge
1886. Arthur Martin Smith (2) Secretary of State	1895. Martin Smith (11) Albert Colt Hillhouse Daniel Fraser Lady Loder's Cup
1887. Martin Smith (3) Secretary of State Association Ladies' Prize St. Leger Perriet et Fils Brownlow	1896. Martin Smith Albert Jeffrey Bass Dogle Aggregate
1888. Martin Smith (4) Perriet et Fils Holland & Holland (a rifle) A. K. Evering Extra Prize	1897. ? Absent
1889. Martin Smith (5) Perriet et Fils	1898. Martin Smith Brownlow Elkington
1890. Henry Martin Smith (6) Secretary of State Extra Prize M. B. L. Evering	1899. Martin Smith
1891. Martin Smith (7) St. Leger Colt (a rifle)	1900. Elcho Shield Bass Eandco
1892. Martin Smith (8) Colt (a rifle)	1901. Eandco
1893. Martin Smith (9) Ladies' Prize Holland & Holland Colt Hillhouse	1902. Eandco
	1903. Eandco
	1904. Eandco
	1905. Elcho Shield Eandco Bass

CHAPTER XIV

BY J. G. MILLAIS

RHODODENDRONS AT LEONARDSLEE

AT least twenty-five years ago, Sir E. Loder, following the lead of J. H. Mangles, perceived that if rhododendrons were to be improved as garden plants some new strain must be introduced to create hybrids that would in future become good flowering shrubs. This theory he put into practice by acquiring a fine collection of the Himalayan species and a few of the best Chinese then known and crossing them together, as well as using them as pollen-parents on the best of the *Caucasicum arboreum catawbiense* hybrids already in existence.

It has already been proved that the intercrossing of hybrids usually results in failure, so he was careful to avoid this error, and what mattered most in eventual success was that he spared no pains to obtain exceptional examples of the various species from which to breed. For instance, in the case of *R. Loderi*, without doubt the finest hybrid rhododendron ever raised and one that as a hardy shrub is never likely to be surpassed, he used a remarkable *R. Fortunei* as well as an exceptional *R. Griffithianum*. To prove the success of his experiment it may be mentioned that at least five other workers have produced the same hybrid, commonly known as *R. kewense*, but with indifferent results.

It takes many years before a man's work can be seen or judged, because the majority of hybrids, especially those from Himalayan parents, do not flower until they have reached from 6 to 15 years of age. In fact some of the Loderis already over 20 years of age have not flowered

yet. Nevertheless at least fifteen or twenty of Sir E. Loder's hybrids have flowered out of some 200 yet to bloom, and the majority of these are exceptional rhododendrons, which are great additions to our gardens. It must be stated, however, that most of the Leonardslee hybrids are early flowering and not suitable to all gardens, and that they require some cultivation and careful placing in semi-shady and sheltered situations. It remains now for other hybridisers to create a race of late-flowering hybrids, mid-June to August; these we shall await with interest, as it will give us a series of fine shrubs extending over a long period.

Mr. J. C. Williams, Mr. Magor in Cornwall and Mr. L. de Rothschild have already done some good work in this respect, using the finest forms of *R. auriculatum*, *R. Fortunei* (Hupeh form), *R. decorum*, *R. maximum*, *R. discolor*, *R. Ungerni* and some of the old American-Indian hybrids. The four species with which Sir E. Loder achieved most success, using them both as seed or pollen parents, were *R. Griffithianum* and *R. arboreum*, blood-red (Kermisimum variety), *R. Thomsoni* and *R. Fortunei*. With *R. caucasicum*, a lovely and very hardy species, he worked but little except through species on hybrids, and omitted the already overworked American species except in the case of the very best hybrids, and even these he used but sparingly.

The Leonardslee hybrids which have now flowered will be chiefly successful in gardens of medium temperature and good shelter. In most cases they flourish best when planted in a mixture of peat and sand with a plentiful mixture of good, rich, friable loam. In later years Sir E. Loder was much prejudiced against the use of leaf-mould, a point on which, I think, most gardeners would not agree. When used in the house leaf-mould is apt to go mouldy, owing to improper drainage, but used with discretion in the open garden I have only seen beneficial results. After all rhododendrons when they grow large and shelter their own roots are

always creating their own food, which is leaf-mould or peat formed by natural vegetable decomposition. The following are some of the best Leonardslee hybrids which have already flowered. I have tried to keep them somewhat in their order of merit.

R. Loderi.—This magnificent hybrid, in the estimation of the best judges the finest hybrid rhododendron ever raised, was bred from an exceptionally fine sweet-scented *R. Fortunei* and a very large flowered *R. Griffithianum* that existed in Mr. Fred. Godman's green-house at South Lodge. The cross was made in 1901, and the first seedlings flowered in 1907 and afterwards in succession until 1921. Twice *R. Griffithianum* was the male parent and once *R. Fortunei*, but it was when *R. Fortunei* was the seed-bearer that the greatest success was achieved, quite 80 per cent. being the large-flowered true *R. Loderi*. In the case where *R. Fortunei* was the male parent only 12 per cent. of the seedlings were good.

R. Loderi at 20 years old has formed a large, well-habited round shrub up to 14 ft. high, and there seems no reason why in time it should not reach 30 ft. in height. The leaves are about 8 in. long, 4 in. wide, the new growth forming beautiful crimson bracts. It usually makes its growth a little later than *R. kewense*, a plant of similar parentage, and so escapes the destructive spring frosts.

The flowers are of extraordinary size, substance and beauty, usually over 6 in. across (two in 1920 had flowers over 7 in.), sometimes rich pink, but more often pink turning to waxy white. Many examples from *R. Griffithianum* and others have pure waxy-white flowers, of which the varieties "White Diamond" and "Sir Joseph Hooker" are the best. Out of the whole batch of seedlings two only have exhibited lovely cream flowers. The whole truss of from 7 to 10 flowers measures as much as 31 in. round.

Not only have we size, substance, scent and colour in this wonderful hybrid, but, what is rare in such a category of superlatives, we have charm and refinement.

Many large flowers are apt to be coarse, but this is not the case with *R. Loderi*, which in my garden stands out in quality high above all its compeers. Sir Edmund named many of the best varieties, and all of the following present slight individual characteristics of colour and form: "White Diamond," "Pink Diamond," "Sir Joseph Hooker," "Gamechick," "Patience," "King George," "Queen Mary," "Pink Coral." One I have recently named as "Maximus," as it had not previously flowered and exhibited flowers over 7 in. across. Besides these exceptional plants there are still in the garden at Leonardslee many which are equally good and deserve a name. The variety most generally admired is "King George," and I have seen one truss with no fewer than 12 flowers.

R. Gauntletti and *R. Loderi*.—Spurred by the success of *R. Loderi*, Sir Edmund made many crosses from it, but so far none have flowered except this cross. Up to date (1922) only three examples have flowered, but these have proved to be something exceptional. The habit and leaves as well as the flowers take after both parents but with a strong tendency to *R. Loderi* and all its waxiness and refinement combined with greater hardihood. The flowers and leaf growth come later in the season, all great assets for gardens of colder temperature. The flowers unfold pink, but turn white after a week's development. About May 25th this hybrid with perhaps the best forms of *R. decorum* and *R. Griffithianum* are the finest white rhododendrons to be seen, and in time we shall see them in front of even the superb *R. Loderi* white.

Sir Edmund made a number of crosses between *R. Loderi* and other species and hybrids, but they are all small up to date and unlikely to flower for many years. Of these the raiser thought highly of *R. Loderi* and *R. arboreum* (blood red) and *R. Loderi* ("Pink Coral") and *R. arboreum* (blood red). The latter has all the characters of both parents and possesses fine leaves. If

it proves to be a red Loderi, as there is every reason to hope, it may be a wonderful plant.

R. decorum and *R. Griffithianum*.—A very large number of crosses were made at Leonardslee with *R. Griffithianum*, both as pollen and seed plant. A few have flowered, but none are so good as the above-mentioned cross. At one time it was considered that *R. decorum* gave no good hybrids, but Sir Edmund has proved that his judgment was too hasty, for crossing this species (sparingly) he has made some fine hybrids worthy of a place in the most select company. Some twenty plants of the above-named white have now flowered and prove to be a high-class waxy-white (almost cream) rhododendron. The flowers possess a very thick corolla of large size which remains in beauty for a long period. There is little scent and the leaf habit is not very good, but as a flowering shrub it will take high rank in the future.

R. "May Queen" (*R. decorum* and *R. Standishi*).—A hybrid with very large flowers, habit poor and without much vigour. The flowers, however, are very large and beautiful; the style and anthers are a lovely rich pink. Only one plant exists of this hybrid.

R. Fortunei and *R. Thomsoni*.—This may be described as a glorified *R. Luscombei* or *R. Luscombeanum*. In every way, colour, size of leaves and flowers, and habit, it is far superior to the old plant and *R. Luscombeanum splendens*. The large, rich, satin-rose flowers develop in April and make a charming colour scheme with the other *R. Thomsoni* hybrids and early examples of *R. Loderi*, *R. caucasicum* hybrids and magnolias. Many good judges consider this to be Sir Edmund's second best plant, and its beauty and vigour far surpass the hybrid made by Mr. Luscombe. The reverse cross *R. Thomsoni* and *R. Fortunei* was also created, but as yet it has not flowered nor does it appear to be so virile a hybrid.

R. Thomsoni and *R. Otto Forster*.—One of the mysteries of hybridisation is the variation of seedlings. In this case quite 50 per cent. are useless plants with pale, early pink

flowers without character or beauty; 30 per cent. more have nice, waxy, pink flowers, 18 per cent. good rose-pink and perhaps 3 per cent. magnificent deep crimson flowers of great substance and beauty.

Although about 18 years old no good examples appeared until the spring of 1921, when three examples flowered, showing splendid crimson red trusses. With the sun shining through them on a spring evening the effect of this fine-flowered plant is glorious, far surpassing any of the other red hybrids in bloom in April. Its habit and thick glossy leaves are also very attractive. In time this red variety should be in every good garden. R. Otto Forster (*R. arborescens* and *R. Griffithianum*), one of the parents, is a difficult plant to grow, being fickle and requiring frequent moisture. In the case of this hybrid it is one of the easiest to cultivate, and remained in the best of health without being given water during the great drought of 1921.

R. Thomsoni and *R. decorum*.—A very charming rhododendron with rich rose-pink flowers very similar to *R. Fortunei* and *R. Thomsoni*, but not quite as good. Habit and leaves rather poor. First flowered in 1920.

R. Thomsoni and R. Ascot brilliant.—A neat, well-habited plant of even, upright growth with fine trusses of red flowers midway between both parents. Some examples have flowers almost black-crimson. Stands drought far better than either parent and makes a noble show about April 15th. The best varieties, such as "Torch," "The Flame" and "Firefly," are almost as brilliant as *R. Thomsoni* with a better habit. A plant with a future.

R. barbatum and *R. Thomsoni*.—A similar cross to that of R. Shilsoni, but without the poor constitution of that plant. In this case the plant is perfectly hardy. The flower trusses of those that have bloomed are not so large as R. Shilsoni, but the colour is as good. These hybrids are exceptionally vigorous and good-natured in almost any soil, and should be planted where the beautiful but fitful *R. Shilsoni* does not succeed. Like the parents, however, it requires a fair amount of shelter from hot sun.

R. Luscombe's Scarlet and *R. Thomsoni*.—Flowers a good glowing scarlet, and habit upright and tree-like like the seed parent.

R. Mangles' Scarlet and *R. Thomsoni*.—Flowers similar to the preceding, but habit more like *R. Thomsoni*.

R. Gauntletti and *R. Griffithianum*.—A good pinkish white with more substance than *R. Gauntletti*, a fast grower, very floriferous and hardy.

R. Combe Royal and *R. Griffithianum*.—A tall rather leggy grower with large drooping leaves. Flowers in large trusses midway between both parents.

R. arboreum album and *R. Griffithianum*.—The majority of these seedlings are not so good as the same hybrid raised by J. C. Williams, but so far two examples have exhibited their character in flowers which are large, waxy and pure white.

R. Griffithianum and *R. campylocarpum*.—This hybrid is similar in appearance to those raised by Smith of Pen-jerrick and Mr. J. C. Williams. Up to date only three have flowered, and these showed trusses of pink externally and cream in the interior of the corolla. In Cornwall, Smith's hybrid is greatly admired by many good judges. The Leonardslee plants may be considered as very similar. They resist drought well and are fairly hardy. I have known them to make two growths in one season.

R. Campbelli and *R. Otto Forster*.—A fine pink for April with robust and glossy dark-green leaves. It is a plant that does not flower until some 10 or 12 years of age, but will when mature make an attractive specimen. The influence of *R. campanulatum* coming through the mother is predominant.

R. Campbelli and *R. Windsori*.—Here the influence of the male parent (*R. arboreum* strain) is evident, but the flowers are good pink and campanulate like the seed parent. It does not flower until of considerable age.

R. Methven's hybrid and *R. barbatum*.—In this case the influence of *R. barbatum* is very strong, whilst the *R. Thomsoni* strain combined with *R. catawbiense* flori-

ferousness make the plant a regular bloomer in April. It is very hardy, with small rich red trusses, and stands drought and poor soil better than its parents.

R. arboreum album and *R. campylocarpum*.—This is a very interesting hybrid partaking equally of the parental characters. In 12 years it has reached 12 ft. in height, being cone-shaped like *R. arboreum* and with the rounded leaves of *R. campylocarpum*. About 15 examples have flowered, of which the majority take after the tree rhododendron in the shape of the truss, but with a nice cream tinge of colour. Two have been a pure cream, and one magnificent example came in April 1921 with splendid cream-yellow flowers. This fine example remains at Leonardslee, and it is to be hoped that other examples which are still to flower may prove as good. In its best form a remarkable rhododendron, and one that in the future will be coveted by experts.

R. Campbelli and *R. barbatum*.—A robust grower with leaves shorter and more rounded than *R. barbatum*. A plant of high class.

Sir Edmund Loder's brother Gerald presented a very beautiful silver-gilt Challenge Cup¹ to the Royal Horticultural Society in 1921, in memory of Sir Edmund Loder, for the encouragement of the cultivation of rhododendrons (including azaleas). The award is to be made annually by a Committee of seven, four appointed by the R.H.S. and three by the Rhododendron Society.

The first award of the Cup (for the year 1921) was to Sir Isaac Bayley Balfour, K.B.E., F.R.S., Regius Professor at Edinburgh.² In 1922 the award went to Mr. J. C. Williams.

¹ From an ancient Irish design.

² Sir Isaac died in November 1922.

CHAPTER XV

THE MUSEUM AT LEONARDSLEE

I AM able in this chapter to present to my readers a description of Sir Edmund Loder's Museum, which contains the results of his constant collecting during some fifty years. The description is by a personal friend of Sir Edmund's, Mr. W. P. Pycraft of the British Museum of Natural History, and was written for this memoir.

The following pages may not appeal to all readers, but they will to those who had the same kind of interest in natural history that Loder had, and it seemed impossible to complete any memoir of Sir Edmund without devoting some attention to one of the great achievements of his life.

The Museum at Leonardslee is considered by so great an authority as Mr. J. G. Millais to be in some of its features the most wonderful private collection in the United Kingdom. As regards that section of it which is devoted to typical heads and horns of wild animals it is probably the best collection ever put together by a single man. To Mr. Pycraft's description I have added, merely to demonstrate the *quality* of the big-game trophies, a list of some 170 of the Leonardslee specimens found in Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game* (1914, 7th edition). I have added a few particularly notable specimens not found in Rowland Ward's book. Twenty-seven of those on my list are "records." Rowland Ward's lists are very valuable, far the best of their kind and most useful to sportsmen. No doubt there are specimens in private hands, in private and public museums as good and better than some of the "records" in the book. In my own observation the

majority of sportsmen, more especially overseas and in the Colonies and Protectorates, neither measure nor weigh their trophies. I have seen wonderful heads in Africa in the possession of white men who never gave a thought to measurements and many who never heard of a book of records. Again, in giving records of length of horn, it is giving only *one* record of one particular point of excellence—a head must be judged also by form, beauty and strength. There are, as Mr. Millais has somewhere pointed out, other attributes which cannot be given in a book of records, e.g. in the case of deer, the roughness, quality of pearling of a horn, length and up-turn of brow-antlers, true symmetry, heavy and graceful tops and crowns. Loder's "record" wapiti is not a beautiful head nor is it his best wapiti head. Rowland Ward's book is our standard work and can teach the sportsman more than any other one as to what he can achieve, or at least what he should aim at procuring. It may be an incentive to some to reprehensible slaughter in order to "get up" on the list, but it should satisfy a collector to obtain a beautiful and fine specimen of any species. Loder several times said to me, "Of course I am pleased to get a record head, and to buy one if I come across one, but the great thing is to have a fine typical example."

NOTES BY MR. PYCRAFT

The Museum was always a source of joy to Sir Edmund. But though it was a sportsman's Museum before anything else, yet its contents show that his interests were by no means confined to "big-game" animals.

This much leaps to the eyes the moment one steps into the spacious outer room: for while the walls are bristling with horns and antlers, and skulls and horns of rhinoceros and the skulls and teeth of hippopotamus and other trophies of the chase are distributed over the floor, it is patent that this Museum was intended to subserve the dual interests

of the sportsman and the man of science. Hence the wall-cases filled with skulls and skeletons, many of them disarticulated for convenience of study; and hence the remains of recent and fossil man; some fine skeletons and skulls of the great anthropoid apes, and a series of skeletons and skulls of all the more important groups of the mammalia, down to the primitive but highly specialised *Ornithorhynchus*. These, in themselves, bear witness to the fact that the range of vision of the founder was far-reaching. For Sir Edmund, indeed, collecting was not an end in itself, but a means to an end. This was to get together a goodly number of typical specimens to serve as standards of comparison with extremes in point of size and weight, as well as of variations of form, and to supplement these by specimens throwing light on the thorny problems of evolution.

The contents of this Museum can best be appreciated if they are surveyed systematically. And this survey should begin with the skulls to the left of the entrance, representing those remarkable antelopes the hartebeests and their allies. The ringed and lyrate horns of the bontebok (118) and the now almost extinct blesbok (120), the topi (118) and the sassaby (121), in the right-hand corner, should be compared with the strangely twisted weapons of the hartebeests to the left, wherein the horns are set, as it were, upon a pillar of bone rising from the top of the skull. This feature is specially well marked in Jackson's hartebeest (111), Swayne's hartebeest (108) and the West African hartebeest (106). Though none of these are record heads, that of the korrigum, or Senegal hartebeest (116), stands fourth on the list of heads in collections in this country.

The horns of the brindled and white-tailed gnus (122) in their way are quite as remarkable as those of the hartebeest. Unfortunately there are no examples in the collection of the early stages of growth of the horns of the white-tailed gnu (125), known also as the gnu, or

“wildebeest”¹: for these are represented only by short, vertical spikes. The horns of this specimen (125) should be specially noted, since they are the longest yet recorded.

Over the doorway are examples of the chiru (185), one of the most interesting animals of Tibet, as well as among the most cherished trophies of the sportsman. Other examples (85) will be seen in the centre of the wall to the right of the doorway. These should be compared with those of its near ally the saiga antelope (184), one of the most remarkable of all the Central Asian antelopes on account of the strange inflation of the nose, which forms a kind of short trunk. The purpose of this peculiar modification of the nasal chamber has so far proved an insoluble problem, for it is found in many other animals quite unrelated, and living in totally different environments. The horns of this animal, it will be noted, are conspicuous for their white appearance. Ages ago, it is worth noting—in Pleistocene times to be quite precise—the saiga antelope was to be found as far west as England.

Below and to the left are specimens of Loder's gazelle (199), a species rediscovered by Sir Edmund many years ago, in 1894, as well as the record example of a distinct race (199) inhabiting the sand-dunes of the Algerian and Tunisian Sahara, and the deserts of N.W. Kordofan and Egypt. Other examples of Loder's gazelle will be found in the centre of the right-hand wall (199, A and B). Near the doorway are some fine heads of sable and roan antelope, oryx and addax (218-28); and these are succeeded by bushbuck, waterbuck, lechwe and kob antelopes. Among the last named, very appropriately, will be found the record specimen of Loder's kob or puku, though unfortunately the locality from which it was obtained is unrecorded. Reed-buck, the beautiful Soemmerring's and Grant's gazelles (206) occupying the centre of this wall, the spring-buck, and the graceful palla (181) are also to be noted, as well as heads of the curious little four-horned antelope (140).

¹ The Gnu or Black Wildebeest, v. p. 325 for measurements.

The massive eland and the rare bongo are well represented. The last-named, indeed, is worth careful study, for it is seldom seen in collections, and this particular specimen only just falls short of proving a record head. In examining these horns comparison should be made with the singularly beautiful spiral weapons of the koodoos and their near relations the nyala and the situtunga (238). As touching the eland, it is to be noted that not only does the Museum boast some fine examples of the Sudan and Senegal races of the giant eland—coveted of the sportsman, though rarely seen in museums or private collections—but also of the record specimen of the even more precious Congo race (*Taurotragus derbianus congolanicus*). The animal from which this head was taken was shot by Sir Henry Stanley, and presented to Sir Edmund by his friend Mr. J. G. Millais.

This beautiful series of antelope horns ends with a number of extremely good examples of chamois (249) and prong-horn (104), the last-named being remarkable for the fact that it is the only hollow-horned ruminant which sheds its horns. Only the horny sheath, however, is cast off, unlike the deer, wherein the whole antler is shed.

Among big-game trophies markhor and ibex, and the big-horn sheep and their allies, and that remarkable animal the Rocky Mountain goat have always held a high place among sportsmen. And of these animals Sir Edmund brought together a fine series which will be found on the right-hand wall and the wall adjacent. The remarkable differences in size and form which the horns of these animals present is illustrated in a very striking manner in this collection. While the impression of these heads is still fresh in the mind three most remarkable heads of the domesticated goat, hanging immediately over the doorway of the inner room, should be inspected. The finest of these (286), from Daghestan, is the largest known of its kind. It seems incredible that so small an animal could support so huge a burden. The other two specimens, one from Angora, the other from Daghestan,

are also considerably larger than any other specimens in this country.

Though wild oxen are not so well represented here as are other hollow-horned ruminants, yet some striking examples will be found over the door of the African buffalo, the Indian anoa, the gaur, the yak and the European and American bison.

The deer differ in one striking particular from the "Cavicorn" ruminants and this concerns their horns or "antlers." These are always branched, in some species excessively so. Furthermore these weapons are shed and renewed every year, a fact which seems almost incredible when one contemplates the huge size which they attain in some species. In the deer, again, the horns are to be regarded as answering to the "horn-core" of the hollow-horned ruminants, for they have no outer sheath as in those animals, save when they are "in velvet"—the term used to describe the antlers during growth, when they are invested by a short, hairy covering, recalling "velvet pile," which protects a close network of blood-vessels, whose function it is to build up the horn. When this is complete the velvet peels off, giving the animal, for a time, a very dishevelled appearance. The only example of such horns "in velvet" among the fine series in this collection is that of a Scotch red deer (65), and this is a malformed specimen.

To appreciate the great range in the fashion of the branching of the antlers which obtains among the different species of this group, comparison should be made between the heads of the familiar red deer (15) and their variants in the heads of the Eastern red deer (29) and wapiti (36). And these should be compared, on the one hand, with the barasingha (64), Schomburgk's deer (65), Eld's deer (66), sambar (49), Père-David's deer or milou (76), the American white-tailed deer (79) and the mule and marsh deer (82-84); and on the other with the fallow deer (75), Irish deer or "Irish elk" (1,000), the caribou (2 A) and the moose (12). Such a broad general survey

cannot fail to impress one. For these different types are all variants of a single theme. But more than this, each one of these types varies, within limits, in every individual of every species. This is perhaps nowhere more strikingly apparent than among the caribou and the moose. These facts more than justify what may seem, to some, the unnecessary duplication of the heads on this wall. But this criticism would not be justified, for each particular head has earned its place there.

To some, "record" heads, or heads in the neighbourhood of records, are alone interesting. This standard of "fitness" is a mistaken one, as a glance at this imposing array will show: for many which are lacking in inches, or in fractions of an inch, often present characters of far greater importance than can be found in mere measurements. The heads of the sambar afford an interesting illustration of this view.

In the centre of this room is a magnificent mounted skeleton (the most complete in existence) of the Irish deer or "Irish elk," or as Mr. J. G. Millais calls it, a gigantic fallow deer, which well shows the enlargement of the neck vertebræ necessary to enable its astonishing load to be carried. Yet, even with such adjustment, it is possible that the extinction of this wonderful animal was brought about by the excessive weight and enormous span of the antlers, which must seriously have hampered flight from wolves during winter or perhaps man with his trained wolves. A still finer pair of antlers, by the way, hangs in one of the rooms of the house.

The various forms of wild swine, regarded as trophies, are chiefly esteemed for their tusks, which present striking diversity of form. This becomes immediately apparent when the skulls of such species as the hippopotamus, wart-hog, and babirusa are compared. The strangely curled upper tusks of the last-named species are even more remarkable than is apparent on an inspection of the skull, for they leave the mouth not, as in all other members of the tribe, by passing out beneath the upper lip,

but by piercing the skin on either side of the base of the snout. The molars of the wart-hog, it is by no means generally known, disclose a very singular mode of reduction with advancing age. In the "milk" dentition there are seven pairs of "grinders." In the succeeding permanent set the first two pairs of pre-molars are wanting, and as age advances all the grinders save the last pair are gradually shed, and these survivors are of enormous size. The skull on the left-hand wall (347) should be examined in this light.

Though the rhinoceroses are in no way related to the swine, it will be convenient to discuss them here. Both the huge Indian and the African black and white rhinoceroses are represented by some fine skulls and horns; and the Museum also contains a very perfect example of the now almost extinct Sumatran rhinoceros.

That the largest of all the big-game animals, the elephant, finds a place here goes without saying. One of the most conspicuous objects in the large room is the mounted head of the African elephant, while in the inner room are two enormous tusks of this animal, weighing respectively 184 lb. and 150 lb. The longest tusk measured 9.5 ft. A bisected skull of the Indian elephant in one of the glass cases shows the enormous development of bony air-chambers above the brain-case. This bony mesh-work affords a light but excessively strong support for the greatly expanded outer surface, or roof, of the skull, which has been immensely enlarged, to provide attachment for the powerful muscles necessary to support the burden of the great masses of ivory forming the tusks.

The Wall-cases

Though mention has already been made of the glazed cases which run round the wall of this room, it would be well now to examine their contents a little more carefully, though without attempting a minute analysis.

On the top shelf of Case No. 1, on the right-hand side

of the room, will be found some human skulls of living races, and casts of the roof of the skulls of the famous Pithecanthropus and Neanderthal man. About the interest of these fossils there can be no dispute. The former represents the earliest known and extremely ape-like man, found, with other portions of the skeleton, in a river-bed in Java some thirty years ago. The latter is one of the earliest types of the genus *Homo*: a very primitive man, whose blood, according to some authorities, courses through at least some living races of mankind. The first discovered skull came to light in a cavern in the Neanderthal, near Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1857. His race it was who fashioned the rude flint implements found in the cavern of Le Moustier, Dordogne, France, and hence Neanderthal Man is commonly referred to as "Moustierian man." With these remains are placed skulls of the gorilla, chimpanzee and orang, while in the case on the opposite side of the room will be found complete skeletons of these creatures, which, from their many points of resemblance to the human race, have given rise to such bitter controversy. The relative lengths of the arms of these three skeletons should be specially noted, as also should the structure of the feet and hands, when it will be noticed that in the orang they are much more adapted for climbing than in the other two species, which can progress much more easily upon the ground.

Case C contains skeletons of flightless birds, representing the ostrich tribe, wherein the wings show successive and progressive degrees of degeneration; and the penguin, wherein the wing has become transformed into a swimming organ, or "paddle" comparable to that of the whales and turtles, on the one hand, and the extinct sea-dragons such as the ichthyosaurus and the plesiosaurus.

A fine collection of bears' skulls occupies Case D, including a huge skull of the great cave-bear (*Ursus spelæus*). It is apparently the largest in any collection in this

country. Here also are skulls of the camel, various horses, the quaint manatee, the dugong and the tapir.

Case A contains a skeleton of the Rocky Mountain goat, and skulls of giraffe and elephants, in section to show the great air-sinuses of the roof of the skull, already alluded to; and the skull of a walrus which constitutes a record in regard to the length of the tusks, which measure over a yard.

Mounted Specimens

Nearly all the mounted specimens are to be found within the annexe to the large room, where by means of blinds they may be shielded from the light. But for this precaution all would soon fade to a uniform drab. An exception is made in the case of the Rocky Mountain goat, which being white is in no need of special protection. Two of these animals in a glass case form a conspicuous ornament to the outer room, and in examining them special note should be made of the bare patch at the base of the horns, for these are scent-distributing glands.

But to return to the inner room. This contains a collection of mounted specimens such as must set the pulses of the sportsman beating the moment he enters! For here are heads of rhino, buffalo, bison and antelopes of many species. There are also some magnificent heads of wapiti, Eastern red deer and moose. The great variation in the palmation of the moose horns is well shown here.

The floor is chiefly occupied by specimens of the larger big-game animals shot by Sir Edmund, with the exception of a few West African and some South African such as the zebra, wild ass, kudu, topi, blesbok, the graceful palla antelope, and the singular, long-necked Waller's gazelle, the Barbary sheep, and wild boar. Here too are the wonderful elephant tusks already mentioned, and above the door the no less wonderful heads of the goats of Daghestan.

This room, like the larger outer room, contains food for reflection on many themes. Foremost among them,

perhaps, that of evolution ; and the factors which moulded, like a potter's wheel, the diverse shapes, weapons and coloration of the creatures here brought together. These were problems which always fascinated Sir Edmund, and they were largely responsible for the existence of this Muscum.

In this room are a moose from Alaska with 70 in. span and very fine palms, a Siberian roc with a head very near perfection, though not a record as to points or inches, and a West African hartebeest which holds the record with $37\frac{1}{2}$ in.

SPECIMENS IN LODER'S COLLECTION FROM ROWLAND WARD'S *Records of Big Game* (7th ed., 1914)

	Length on outside curve.	Circumference between bez and trcz.	Wildest inside.		Outside spread.	Points.
	in.	in.	in.	in.		
British Red Deer (<i>C. claphus scoticus</i>) :						
Auchnasheen	36½	—	—	—	—	—
Kintail	33½	—	27	—	—	12
Whittlebury Park Stag	38½	5	27½	32½	—	12 (6 × 6)
Carpathian Stag (<i>C. e. germanicus</i>) :						
Hungary	51	7½	39	50	14	14
Germany	48	6½	41½	51½	20	20
Hungary	45½	7½	42½	49	17	17
Carpathians	44½	7½	28½	44½	20	20
Germany	40	5½	36½	44½	13	13
Eastern Red Deer (Maral) (<i>C. e. maral</i>) :						
Caucasus	47½	5½	36½	41½	11	11
African Red Deer (<i>C. e. barbarus</i>)* :						
N. Africa	38½	5½	28	36	11	11
Barasingha (<i>C. cashmirianus</i>) :						
Kashmir	47	6½	36½	—	10	10
Shou (<i>C. wallichii</i>) : Tibetan frontier	52½	7	38	—	10	10
Wapiti (<i>C. canadensis typicus</i>)* :	64½	8	45	52	13	13
Montana	57	7½	49½	61	17	17
Baikal Wapiti (<i>C. canadensis sibiricus</i> or <i>asiaticus</i>) :			tip to tip			
Upper Yenisei Valley	45	6	51½	—	12	12
Manchurian Wapiti (<i>C. e. xanthopygus</i> or <i>bedfordi</i>) :						
Upper Yenisei Valley	40½	6½	33½	35½	13	13
Sika Deer (<i>Cervus sica typicus</i>), Japanese Deer : Japan	25½	4½	tip to tip	—	8	8
Dybowsky's Sika (<i>Cervus hortulorum</i>) :			tip to tip	—		
N.E. Manchuria	31½	5½	27½	—	8	8

Swamp Deer (<i>C. duvauceli</i>):					
India	37 $\frac{3}{8}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	13
Schomburgk's Deer (<i>C. schomburgki</i>):					
Siam	32 $\frac{1}{8}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	29	—	23
Siam	28	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{5}{8}$	—	16
The Thamin (<i>C. eldi</i>):					
Siam	39 $\frac{5}{8}$	5	36 $\frac{5}{8}$	—	20
Siam	—	—	—	—	—
Sambar (<i>C. unicorn typicus</i>): None of his entered					
Malay Sambar (<i>C. unicorn equinus</i>):					
Borneo	30 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{5}{8}$	—	14
Formosan Sambar (<i>C. unicorn swinhoei</i>):					
Formosa	17	4	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	6
Luzon Sambar (<i>C. unicorn philippinus</i>)*:					
Luzon	21	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	6
Javan Rusa (<i>C. hippelaphus typicus</i>):					
Java	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	12	—	6
Moluccan Rusa (<i>C. hippelaphus moluccensis</i>)*:	36 $\frac{1}{8}$	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	6
Chital (<i>Cervus axis</i>)	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	8
Hog-deer (<i>C. porcinus</i>):					
Burma	21 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
Mesopotamian Fallow Deer (<i>D. mesopotamica</i>):					
Luristan Mts.	20 $\frac{1}{4}$	5	14	—	11
Giant Irish "Elk" (<i>Dama gigantea</i>) (extinct):					
Spread, tip to tip, 9 ft. 5 in.; length of both antlers					
across skull, 12 ft. 10 in.; circumference above					
burr, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (record); width of palm, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.;					
points, 28 (record).	—	—	—	—	—
Père David's Deer (<i>Elaphurus davidianus</i>): Extinct					
apparently except in Woburn Park:					
Near Pekin	32 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 $\frac{3}{8}$	13 $\frac{5}{8}$	—	16

* A "Record head," i.e. first place on Rowland Ward's list of records.

SPECIMENS IN LODER'S COLLECTION

FROM ROWLAND WARD'S *Records of Big Game*—continued

	—	Length on outside curve.	Circumference between bez and trez.	Tip to tip.	Points.
Muntjac (<i>Cervulus muntjac</i>):					
Singapore	in. 9½	in. 4½	in. 5	—
Reeve's Muntjac (<i>Cervulus reevesi</i>)*:				
? locality	4½	2¾	—	—
American Caribou (<i>Rangifer tarandus</i>)*:				
Hudson's Bay	62	5½	40	38
Hudson's Bay	51¾	4½	40½	31
Siberian Caribou (<i>R. x. sibiricus</i>):				
Bought at Tashkend	39	5¾	26½	17
Roebuck (<i>Capreolus caprea</i>):				
Ross-shire	10	2½	4½	—
Manchurian Roebuck (<i>Capreolus bedfordi</i>):				
South of Minusinsk	9½	3	7½	—
Asiatic Roebuck (<i>Capreolus pygargus</i>):				
Siberia.	15½	5½	8	—
American Elk (<i>Alces machilis americanus</i> or <i>gigas</i>):				
Alaska: Greatest width, 71½ in.; length to longest tine, 49 in.;				
circumference above burr, 8⅝ in.; breadth of palm, 16 in.;				
points 20 × 20 = 40.	—	—	—	—
European Elk (<i>Alces machilis typicus</i>)*:				
Greatest width, 49 in.; length to longest tine, 38½ in..	—	—	—	—

Mexican White-tailed Deer (<i>Mazama virginiana lichtensteini</i>) :				
Costa Rica	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	6
American White-tailed Deer (since 7th edition.)	30	—	—	—
Mule Deer (<i>Mazama hemionus</i>) :				
N. America	27	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	11
Marsh Deer (<i>Mazama dichotoma</i>) :				
Argentina	22 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{1}{8}$	26	10
Pampas Deer (<i>Mazama bezoartica</i>) :	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	3	11	6
Wood-Brocket (<i>Mazama memhrivaga</i>) :				
Trinidad	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	2	—
Musk Deer (<i>Moschus moschiferus</i>) :				
Kashmir : 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in length of tusk (exposed from gun).	—	—	—	—
Hartebeest	—	—	—	—
Western Hartebeest (<i>Bubalis major</i>) * (since 7th edition).	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
Tora (<i>Bubalis tora typica</i>) :				
Sudan	20 $\frac{7}{8}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Swayne's (<i>B. tora swaynei</i>) :				
Somaliland (17)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	19	—
Camu (<i>B. cama</i>) :				
S. Africa	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Korrigum (<i>Damaliscus corrigan typicus</i>) :				
Lake Chad	25 $\frac{5}{8}$	10	8	—
Topi (<i>D. c. jimela</i>) :				
East Africa	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Blesbok (<i>D. albifrons</i>) :				
S. Africa	18 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Sassaby (<i>D. lunatus</i>) :				
S. Africa	15 $\frac{5}{8}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	—
Wildebceest (<i>Connochates taurinus albojubatus</i>) :				
E. Africa	24	—	16 $\frac{5}{8}$	—
Black Wildebceest (<i>Connochates gnu</i>) * :				
Orange River Colony	26 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	—

* A "Record head."

	Horn. Length on front.	Locality:
	in.	
Blue Duiker (<i>Cephalophus monticola</i>) .	2	Pondoland.
Yellow-backed Duiker (<i>C. sylvicultor</i>) .	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Gabun.
Harvey's Duiker (<i>C. harveyi</i>) *	4 $\frac{1}{16}$	Kikuyu Forest.
Baira (<i>Dorcotragus melanotis</i>) .	4	Somaliland.
Salts Dik-Dik (<i>Modagua saltiana</i>) .	3	Abyssinia.
Swayne's Dik-Dik (<i>M. swaynei</i>) .	3	Somaliland.
Livingstone's Suni (<i>Neotragus livingstonianus</i>) .	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	Zambesia.
Steinbok (<i>Rhaphiceros campestris</i>) .	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	S. Africa.
Waterbuck (<i>Cobus ellipsiprymnus</i>) .	31 $\frac{1}{4}$	S. Africa.
Defassa (<i>C. defassa</i>) .	—	—
Lechwe (<i>C. lechwe</i>) .	30 $\frac{2}{5}$	N.W. Rhodesia.
The Kob (<i>C. kob</i>) .	20	Lake Chad.
Uganda Kob (<i>C. kob thomasi</i>) *	24 $\frac{1}{4}$	circ. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$.
Loder's Puku (<i>C. kob. loderi</i>) .	21	—
Rooi Rhebok (<i>Redunca fulvorufula chanleri</i>) .	6 $\frac{5}{8}$	—
Bohor Reed Buck (<i>R. redunca bohor</i>) .	10	Abyssinia.
Dibatag (<i>Ammodorcas clarkei</i>) .	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	Somaliland.
Impala (<i>Epyceros melampus typicus</i>) .	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	E. Africa.
Impala (<i>E. melampus petersi</i>) .	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	Angola.
Saiga (<i>Saiga tatarica</i>) .	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	Volga Steppe.
Chiru (<i>Pantholops hodgsoni</i>) .	25	Chang-chenmo.
Black Buck (<i>Antilope cervicapra</i>) .	26 $\frac{3}{16}$	India.
Tibetan Gazelle (<i>Gazella picticaudata</i>) *	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ladak.
Mongolian Gazelle (<i>G. gutturosa</i>) *	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	Altai.
Saikik Gazelle (<i>G. yarkandensis</i>) *	17	E. Turkestan.
Chinkara (<i>G. bennetti</i>) .	13 $\frac{1}{4}$ & 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	India.
Admi Gazelle (<i>G. cuvieri</i>) *	14 $\frac{2}{3}$	Algeria.
Dorcas Gazelle (<i>G. dorcas</i>) *	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Speke's Gazelle (<i>G. spekei</i>) .	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Somaliland.
Pelzel's Gazelle (<i>G. pelzelni</i>) .	14	Somaliland.
Rime Gazelle (<i>G. loderi</i>) .	15 $\frac{7}{8}$	Tunisian Sahara.
Rime Gazelle (<i>G. loderi</i>) .	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	Algerian Sahara.
Rime Gazelle (<i>G. loderi</i>) .	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tunisian Sahara.
Grant's Gazelle (Tana race), <i>G. granti petersi</i> , B.E.A. .	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	Voi.
Soemmerring's Gazelle (<i>G. soemmerringi</i>) .	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	Somaliland.
Springbuck (<i>Antidorcas euchore</i>) .	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	S. Africa.
Gerenuk (<i>Lithocranius walleri</i>) .	16	Somaliland.
Sable Antelope (<i>Hippotragus niger</i>) .	56	Angola.
Sable Antelope (<i>H. niger</i>) .	45 $\frac{3}{4}$	B. Cent. Africa.
Roan Antelope (<i>H. equinus</i>) .	31 $\frac{3}{4}$	S.A.
Gemsbuck (<i>Oryx gazella</i>) .	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	S.A.
Beisa Oryx (<i>O. beisa</i>) .	35 $\frac{3}{4}$	Somaliland.
Beisa Oryx (<i>O. beisa callotis</i>) .	29	E. Africa.
Arabian Oryx (<i>O. leucoryx</i>) *	23 $\frac{3}{4}$	Arabia.
Addax (<i>Addax nasomaculatus</i>) *	30 $\frac{3}{16}$	Sahara.
Four-horned Antelope (<i>Tetraceros quadricornis</i>) .	4 $\frac{3}{8}$ f. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ h.	India.

* A "Record head."

	Horn. Length on front.	Locality.
Nilgai (<i>Boselaphus tragocamelus</i>) *	9 $\frac{15}{16}$	India.
Bushbuck (<i>Tragelaphus scriptus</i>)	18 $\frac{3}{4}$	Locality unrecorded.
Bushbuck (<i>T. s. decula</i>)	11	Abyssinia.
Sititunga (<i>T. spekei selousi</i>)	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	Barotsiland.
Sititunga (<i>T. s. gratus</i>)	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	Gabun.
Greater Kudu (<i>Strepsiceros capensis</i>)	57 $\frac{1}{4}$	S. Africa.
Greater Kudu (<i>S. c. chora</i>)	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	Somaliland.
Lesser Kudu (<i>S. imberbis</i>)	32 $\frac{1}{4}$	Somaliland.
Bongo (<i>Boöceros euryceros isaaci</i>)	30 $\frac{1}{4}$	Man Forest, B.E.A.
Lord Derby's Eland (<i>Taurotragus derbianus</i>)	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	Locality unrecorded.
Sudan Giant Eland (<i>T. d. gigas</i>)	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bahr el Ghazal.
Congo Eland (<i>T. d. congolanicus</i>) *	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	Stanley Falls.
Chamois (<i>Rupicapra tragus</i>)	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tyrol.
Goral (<i>Nemorhædus goral griseus</i>)	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	Chaniba.
Japanese Serow (<i>Capricornis crispus</i>)	7	Japan.
Serow (<i>C. sumatrensis</i>)	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Lo ality unrecorded.
Takin (<i>Budorcas taxicolor</i>)	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	Abor country.
Rocky Mountain Goat (<i>Oreamnus americanus</i>)	9 $\frac{5}{8}$	Cassiar.
Musk Ox (<i>Ovibos moschatus</i>)	24	Arctic America.
Nilgiri Ibex (<i>Hemitragus hylocrius</i>)	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nilgherries.
Pir Panjal Markhor (<i>Capra falconeri</i>) †	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pir Panjal.
Astor Markhor (<i>C. falconeri</i>)	50	Astor.
Cabul Markhor (<i>C. falconeri</i>)	33	Afghanistan.
Steinbok (<i>C. ibex</i>) *	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	Styria.
Nubian Ibex (<i>C. nubiana</i>)	38	Upper Egypt.
Arabian Ibex (<i>C. n. mensesi</i>)	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	Arabia.
Pasang (<i>C. hircus ægragus</i>)	43	Taurus range.
Sind Pasang (<i>C. h. blythi</i>)	46 $\frac{3}{4}$	Sind.
Daghestan Goat	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	Daghestan.
Spanish Ibex (<i>C. pyrenaica</i>)	27 $\frac{3}{4}$	Central Spain.
N. Western Tur (<i>C. severtzowi din-niki</i>)	30 $\frac{5}{8}$	N.W. Caucasus.
Pallas's Tur (<i>C. caucasica cylindricornis</i>)	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	E. Caucasus.
Arui (<i>Amotragus lervia</i>)	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	Algeria.
Bighorn (<i>Ovis canadensis typica</i>)	40 $\frac{1}{2}$ & 39 $\frac{1}{2}$	America.
Kamchatkan Bighorn (<i>O. c. nivicola</i>)	32 $\frac{3}{4}$	Kamchatka.
Tibetan Argali (<i>O. ammon hodgsoni</i>)	50 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pangong Lake.
Alatau Argali (<i>O. a. karelini</i>)	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	Alatau Mts.
Bokharan Argali (<i>O. a. nigrimontana</i>)	33	Bokhara.
Marco Polo's Argali (<i>O. a. poli</i>)	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tagdumbash.
M. Polo Argali (<i>O. a. poli</i>) (2nd)	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tagdumbash.
Urial (<i>O. vignei</i>)	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ladak.
Afghau Urial (<i>O. v. cycloceros</i>)	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	Waziristan.
Cyprian Mouflon (<i>O. orientalis typica</i>)	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	Cyprus.
Mouflon (<i>O. musimon</i>)	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	Sardinia.
African Buffalo (<i>Bos caffer</i>)	50	Bechuanaland.
Width of palm	11	
Indian Buffalo (<i>B. bubalis</i>)	60	Locality unrecorded.

* A "Record head."

† The Astor Markhor is *C. f. typica*.
 The Pir Panjal „ *C. f. cashmiriensis*.
 The Cabul „ *C. f. megaceros*.

—	Horn. Length on front.	Locality.
	in.	
The Anoa (<i>B. depressicornis</i>) . . .	10	Celebes.
European Bison (<i>B. bonasus</i>) . . .	16 $\frac{3}{4}$	Lithuania.
American Bison (<i>B. bison</i>) . . .	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	Colorado.
	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	Colorado.
Yak (<i>B. grunniens</i>)	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tibet.
Indian "Bison" (<i>B. gaurus</i>)	38	Locality unrecorded.
Bantin (<i>B. sondaicus</i>)	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	Java.
Hippo Tusks: Canine	31 $\frac{3}{8}$	} Locality unrecorded.
Incisor	20 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Algerian Wild Boar (<i>Sus scrofa</i>), tusk outside curve	8 $\frac{5}{8}$	Algeria.
Wart-hog (<i>Phacochoerus æthiopicus</i>), length exposed	15 $\frac{5}{8}$	S. Africa.
Rhino (<i>Rhinoceros bicornis</i>)	37	Uganda.
	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	
White Rhino (<i>R. simus</i>)	40 $\frac{3}{4}$	S. Africa.
	40 $\frac{1}{2}$	S. Africa.

* Approaching record or an exceptionally fine specimen.

African Elephant: Length of tusk, 9 ft. 5 in.; greatest circumference, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; weight, 184 lb.

Siberian Elephant (extinct): 11 ft. outside curve; 20 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.; 173 lb.

Lion Skull: Length, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; width, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; cleaned weight dry, 4 lb.; South Africa.

Tiger Skull: Length, 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; width, 9 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.; cleaned weight dry, 4 lb. 12oz.; Duars.

Leopard Skull: weighing 1 lb. 12 oz.

* Walrus: (1) Tusk, 32 in. long and *record* circumference, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; * (2) 36 $\frac{5}{8}$ in. since 7th edition.

* Cave Bear of Europe: Basal length of skull from back to front, 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. (Alaska record 20 $\frac{1}{2}$).

Record Cave Bear: Width across zygomatic arches, 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. (record of all bear skulls).

CHAPTER XVI

ROBIN LODER

“HE was an excellent and gallant officer, and we all deeply deplore his death. In addition to the gallantry he displayed in action, his work at all times was of a first-class order, and he was untiring in carrying it out. He was a general favourite, and will be greatly missed. I feel I have lost a personal friend.”

THESE words were not taken from a message to his parents or family, when Captain Robin Loder died of his wounds, but from the letter of one General to another—that is why I have selected them from the number of expressions of affection and admiration that are to be read in letters of those whom he served under and with. These speak of his gallantry too, of his splendid work unassumingly done, of his cheerfulness and of pride in him and the 4th Sussex.

The domestic side of a man's life is the base on which its happiness depends, and one great omission in this memoir of my friend is the absence of any description of the home life at Leonardslee. To those who had the happiness of intimacy with it, there is no need to refer to it; for others I am powerless to give any idea of what it was; nor can I offer any account worthy of those pleasant years in which Sir Edmund's and Lady Loder's lives were filled with those joys and those hopes which grew up with their children. Love claims that past and holds it safe; all that it was and will be is theirs and does not belong to us. Yet as their boy Robin inherited many of his father's natural gifts and was heir to his

place as head of the family, I cannot but feel that this volume would be very incomplete without some account of him, whose short life brought such pleasure and light during thirty years into the home at Leonardslee and whose passing out of sight, in spite of the glory of the passing and the nobleness of his death, was the greatest sorrow Sir Edmund ever had to face. Moreover, Robin left a little son, and I think of him and the day when he may pick up this book.

Robert Egerton Loder, whom none of us ever knew by any other name than Robin, was born in London on March 10th, 1887, at 3 Grosvenor Gardens. He was christened at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on April 18th, his sponsors being his uncles Wilfrid Loder and William Egerton Hubbard and his aunt Adela Stewart. Though born in London his parents lived then at Floore. He never knew, however, any other home but Leonardslee, for the family left Floore for Leonardslee in August 1889.

I remember him very well as a quiet little boy, a reserved child, but with a very uncommon happy independence about him. He seemed more gentle than most boys and less responsive to the things which usually attract children. He was always happy and sweet-tempered, and, though it is a strange thing to say about a boy, and sounds uncanny, he was never naughty nor even mischievous. Still more strange, he loved his lessons and especially arithmetic. He early showed a clever brain and great perseverance and in many ways he was different to other little people; for instance, it was remarked that he took as much pleasure in putting his playthings away as neatly as possible as in playing with them.

His mother told me that at a very early age he came to her saying, "I have nothing to do, could you give me some sums?" His little son, Sir Giles, shows the same aptitude; for being told on his 6th birthday (November 10th, 1920) that he would have no lessons that day,

he looked quite crestfallen and said, "Why should I have a disappointment on my birthday?"

Robin inherited his father's and grandfather's love of gardening, and when a little boy was found crying bitterly because he had by mistake thrown away his fuchsia cuttings. He also inherited his father's shyness, and there is a charming photograph of him turning away with his hands before his face. He believed that if he did not look at the camera it could not take his photograph. He had some characteristics which distinguished him from Sir Edmund: he never took to riding nor to cricket, and till he was 18 or 19 years old did not show the slightest wish to shoot. This was stranger still, but I never heard his father attempt to force Robin's tastes in any direction, and I used to see him helping his boy to do the things he was keen about, and showing him how to use a lathe and to make things in his workshop.

But though it was long before Robin took to a rifle or a gun, he very much enjoyed the times in Scotland on the deer forests. The first time he went was to Benmore in 1898. This year was a marked one in the Loder family's Scotch annals, for there entered the family circle a collie named "Ross," which played a very important part in their lives, and was indeed the pride of Leonardslee for thirteen years and Sir Edmund's inseparable companion. It would never do to leave Ross out in any account of either Sir Edmund or Robin. It was the proprietor of the hotel at Inveran who in 1898 gave Ross to Robin. I have never seen a more beautiful specimen of the breed than Ross, and no more sagacious collie ever breathed; he was beautiful in every way, with perfect manners and temper. Sir Edmund's daughter Patience says of Ross:

"For many years our dear old collie Ross went with my father stalking, and if he wounded a stag Ross was always trusted to chase it; and he seemed to understand his job, for he never made a sound till he brought his stag to bay in a burn—then he would bark from pleasure and excitement. Ross's exploits and accomplishments

were many, and varied from hunting a stag to sitting up on his hind-legs and holding a biscuit on his nose for my mother's Borzoi 'Masha' to take! We were all devoted to him and he was father's closest companion for many years."

When unwatched Ross would succumb to temptation, and he and Masha would go out poaching together and were a very deadly combination against rabbits. Ross would find the rabbits and "set" them in the grass or bracken, and Masha would dash in and, even if she missed her snatch, make short work of the course and the rabbit. Masha, like most poachers, was a thief, and it was never safe to leave her a minute in the dining-room. In an attempt to cure her the skin of a potato was filled with mustard and left where she could easily steal it. She stole it all right, but turned the tables on her punishers by carrying the potato to the drawing-room and letting the mustard ooze out over and into the bear-skin hearth-rug, and then looked up with the plain question in her eyes and attitude, "Do you expect me to eat this?" I have been on the forest with Ross; he was a most useful deer-hound, and there is a photograph of a pretty picture of him sitting on the body of a stag, which he brought to bay in a burn, held up till it died and stayed by the body of which he had charge in this way till the keeper came.

In 1899 the Loders were at Clunie Lodge, twenty-five miles from Invermorrison, and at the very end of the season Lady Loder had a very terrible accident, whilst out deer-stalking. She fell over a precipitous rocky brae and was very nearly killed. The man who got down to her did not expect to find her alive, and years passed before she recovered from the effects of her injuries. Robin was at school when this happened, and it was not till the Christmas holidays that his mother described to him how nearly she had been killed; but she had to stop and change the subject, as the boy's eyes filled with tears.

On the occasion of this accident Sir Edmund asked the keepers what they did in the way of first aid on reaching Lady Loder. One of them answered, "I looked at my watch." Sir Edmund pressed for an explanation of this apparently unnecessary action, and got it: "In case I should be asked at the inquest." Robin had the tender heart of his father, and it has shown itself again in the little Giles his son. For in 1919 and 1920 Robin's widow was lent Clunie Lodge during the summer by Robin's great friend Mr. Charles Williams. His mother told Giles one day if he came a little farther he could see "where Grannie fell down the mountain"; but he absolutely refused, saying he could not bear to see it, and whenever the accident was referred to he would say "Please do not speak of it."

Robin began to shoot about 1906, but of that anon.

In 1897 after Easter Robin went to school to Mr. Hawtrey at St. Michael's, Westgate-on-Sea, and was there till he went to Eton for the summer term of 1900. He took middle fourth at Eton. This was a slight disappointment to his parents and they were anxious to hear the result of "trials." Robin wired "passed fairly." The subject was not mentioned further at the time. When the first days of his first holidays from Eton had passed, he was questioned again—he then "confessed" he had been *first* in trials and had taken a double remove! It was rather like Robin, when the reason was extracted for withholding this gratifying news, that "he had not been listening when the list was being read out" till a dozen or so of the names had been read, and then hearing other names and not his own he was beginning to be anxious, when a boy told him he had "passed all right"—hence the cautious telegram.

At Eton he was in Mr. Ford's House for a year. The reports of his first term were accompanied by letters from Dr. Alington and Mr. Ford, the present (1922) head masters of Eton and Harrow. All his reports with letters have been bound and are books to be proud of. When

Mr. Ford gave up his House, Robin went to Mr. Stone's. He was "sent up for good" eleven times, principally for mathematics, and his last two terms in sixth form. In July 1905 he passed in six subjects in the Higher Oxford and Cambridge Examinations. The following year he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, for three years and studied Mechanical Science and took an Honours Degree (2nd class). Whilst at Cambridge he formed a very close friendship with Charlie Williams, the son of his father's friend J. C. Williams of Caerhays. They had known each other at Eton, and after their Cambridge days they went off together on a shooting trip to New Zealand in 1911 and returned home across America.

On August 9th, 1913, he married Miss Muriel Hoare, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rolls Hoare of Horsham.

I have already said that it was some time before sport had any attraction for Robin Loder; but at last the red deer awoke his hereditary instincts and he took to the hill as a duck to water. He enjoyed walking and climbing all day and never seemed to tire. He killed his first beast on September 18th, 1906, and became a good stalker and a good shot. Robin's initiation to the sport took place at Hopfreben, and this was the manner of it: He loved the mountains and had a good head for them, and the jägers liked going with him, for they could take him anywhere—he was so safe and sure. The mountains of this famous chamois ground are particularly steep and precipitous, and Robin and his father often complained they could not take a nap after lunch—to roll over in your sleep was to roll over a precipice, and even to nod was not without its risk! Robin had been persuaded to fire a few shots at a target so as to take his mother's place in a chamois drive "if necessary"; and it so happened late one afternoon one of the jägers came in to say that a starker buck was in sight from the house—but he must be reached within an hour or light would fail. The Frau

Baronin could not get there in an hour, so Robin was persuaded at last to try his hand. He was watched with glasses, and the onlookers saw the chamois roll over before the sound of the shot reached them. Robin returned with his buck, which weighed $41\frac{1}{2}$ kilos.¹ His father had up to that date killed 99 chamois at Hopfreben but none so heavy as this.

The following I take from his sister's reminiscences of Hopfreben and Scotland:

"As a change from Scotland we went to Hopfreben in the Tyrol for chamois-shooting. It was a very lovely place; the house was built like a Swiss chalet and had a veranda running all round and a very overhanging roof. Inside it was luxurious to a degree—a grand piano (it was always a mystery how it ever got up the very steep and narrow drive to the house) and a more enormous arm-chair than I have ever seen in any house! The most interesting people there were Frau Hurtel, the house-keeper, and 'Alban' her St. Bernard dog. She was devoted to father from the first moment, as his was the German she could easily understand. The hours we kept there were early, the stalking party starting out at 3.30 a.m. and coming back about 7 p.m.

"Frau Hurtel always met father in the hall on his return, with a glass of whisky and milk, and insisted on taking off his heavy nailed boots with the long *eisen* in the heels; but whether this was pure devotion or only out of consideration for the carpets, we never knew. Then came an awful day when Alban was very ill (over-feeding and no exercise) and Brücker, the jäger, said he must be shot. 'No one but the Herr Baron should do it, then,' said Frau Hurtel. The Herr Baron declined, as he had no shot gun, but said he would see that Brücker understood how to do it quite painlessly. The hour chosen was when we were all at dinner, and just as Frau Hurtel was handing me the potatoes the shot rang out; she dropped the dish and fled for comfort to her kitchen! Poor soul, by the next year she had another 'Alban' exactly like the last and who probably shared his prede-

¹ 88 lb. About 45 kilos is, I believe, the record "clean" weight for Austrian chamois.—A. E. P.

cessor's fate, as during the winter he lived entirely in the kitchen and ate all day !

"The hills were very steep, and this terrified some of the party—father and Robin hardly noticed them. Both had excellent heads for heights—even the stalkers acknowledge that ; they always said they could take ' der kleiner Baron ' where they would not dream of taking another Englishman."

On August 4th, 1914, Robin Loder was with his regiment, the 4th Sussex, on the way to Salisbury Plain when war was declared. On mobilisation they were sent to the War Station at Newhaven till May 1915—then once more he was at Cambridge for three days when *en route* for Bedford. The regiment remained at Bedford till July. On July 17th they sailed from Devonport and eventually landed at Suvla Bay. At this time Robin was machine-gun officer. He was seconded as Brigade Machine-gun Officer on September 3rd, and was in the Gallipoli Peninsula till the evacuation. He stood the hardships of this awful campaign and was one of three out of twenty-nine officers who was never in hospital. Even during the blizzard and the privations of the evacuation he took no harm.

Then the 53rd Division was sent to Egypt, and on May 1st, 1916, Robin was seconded as Staff-Captain. In this year General Sir Archibald Murray, K.C.B., mentioned him in dispatches for his distinguished services between June 1st and September 30th (1916). He was again mentioned in dispatches. Then his regiment moved up towards Gaza, and on March 26th, in the Battle of Gaza, he was fatally wounded. Three days later he gave up his young life in the hospital at Khan Yunis. He was reburied on May 13th, 1919, at Deir el Belah, between Kasa and Gaza ; his body lies in Grave 72, Plot C. "He was one of the bravest soldiers ever seen." A great friend of mine who was killed in the first battle of Ypres believed that there was a special place hereafter for those who die for their country. There is a special place too for them

in our lives and hearts, in which, though they be dead, they still speak to us.

And now all I can say to father and son as I come to my last chapter is “Auf wiedersehen.”

I give a complete letter from Edmund Loder about Robin. It is dated April 10 (1917) from Leonardslee :

“DEAR ALFRED,

“If anything could lessen my sorrow it would be a letter like yours written from the heart. The boy was everything to me: he entered into so many pursuits with keenness and worked hand in hand with me in all our little schemings in the garden, woods and lathe-room.

“We were just good pals and partners; he was to me a dear friend, an able colleague and a charming companion as well as a loving son.

“Nothing could have been further from his character than fighting and soldiering; but yet from a sense of duty he joined the Territorials some years before the War, and since that time he does his work with energy and efficiency. He has been on the Staff of 5 or 6 Generals in Gallipoli and in Egypt, and besides being mentioned in despatches, they have all spoken very highly of his conduct.

“I try and comfort myself by thinking of his 30 years of blameless life well lived, and of his work well done, but I shall always miss him terribly.

“I remain,

Yours aff^y,

E. G. LODER.”

CHAPTER XVII

“HE PASSETH ON ALSO”

“*Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor : neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, praeter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*”¹

HORACE.

SOME time before the outbreak of the Great War, Sir Edmund wrote to me saying that he was troubled with his heart and asking me whom I had consulted about mine in London. I told him he could with confidence go to Sir James Mackenzie. He wrote again to me and gave me the opinion and results of the diagnosis—how that his was an incurable case and that he would have to go slow and avoid worry and physical exertion. Some men would dramatically tell their friends after such an interview that they had been sentenced to death. Doctors do not sentence us—we are sentenced to death the moment we commence our sentence to live. The physician may postpone at times the fulfilment of the sentence and help us through the journey in the Valley of the Shadow. Loder as usual measured up the facts, and in his philosophic way recognised them and made the best of the

¹ Sir Herbert Maxwell quoted these most appropriate lines in an article on Sir E. G. Loder in 1920. I have attempted to render at least their meaning into English verse :

“ His gentle wife, his home, his lands,
All that he cherished here must now be left.
The trees he owned and tended with his hands
Through this short life—of all but one bereft—
Only a Cypress spreads
In silent gloom
That shadow which man dreads
Across his tomb.”

limits fixed to his activities. Like most of us who grow old, doubtless the realisation that his life was behind him came upon him not altogether suddenly, but in its fullness when his mind and his heart were still very young. It comes to us sooner or later one day as a shock that of nearly all we hoped to see and do all has been seen and is done. When I got Loder's letter I pictured him going home and quietly making up his mind that he had reached the evening of his day, and that with care he might have some years of happiness in his home; he would still be able to do many things he loved to do, and was but limited in the direction of physical exertion.

The war came—a trial for the sound hearts of those whose dear ones were in the thick of the fight. Anxious days and nights made up slowly the tale of weeks and months and years. Then came to him too the dreaded and desolating news.

Some three or four months before going to Scotland and the Tay and within five months of his death he wrote me the following letter. I give it in full for several reasons: it is characteristic, it is touching in the pathos of its simplicity, he gauges his strength as accurately as a man can; moreover, in this memoir, as yet, there is but a single letter of his given in full. To me a letter like this from him told me all, and more definitely than a long one could have conveyed:

“LEONARDSLEE, HORSHAM, SUSSEX,
November 24th, 1919.

“DEAR ALFRED,

“I have been reading your book about Christopher;¹ it is very interesting and touching.

“I ought to have been able to have done something similar about our dear Robin.

“I keep fairly well, but my heart trouble does not get any less and is not likely to do so.

¹ My son, who was killed in 1918 in the war. In a previous letter he says almost the same thing as in these first two sentences, but adds to the second “but I had not the heart to do it.”

"It takes the form of breathlessness with very slight exertion, so that I can do very little.

"I have got a beat on the Tay for next March, but hardly know whether I shall manage it. The fishing is mostly harling from a boat: I certainly could not do a day's casting. If you ever come south give us a chance of seeing you.

"I remain

Your aff.

E. G. LODER."

In March 1920 he went to the Tay, as he had done for several years, for the only form of sport that was still within the limits of his strength, salmon fishing and harling from a boat. But even this was now too much for him. He became ill, and accompanied by a nurse he arrived once more at Leonardslee. He walked into the house and went straight into his little room near the entrance hall to see his letters, exactly in the same old way. Lady Loder suggested to him that after his long journey he had better leave his pile of papers and correspondence and come upstairs. He "supposed he had better"—and in his own room and in his own home he passed the last weeks of his life. He suffered discomfort but not much actual pain, and then without a struggle on Wednesday night, April 14th, 1920, the wonderful light went out of those eyes, the clever nervous hands had done all they had to do and he left the body behind him which had served him so well for more than seventy years. On April 19th, without pomp but in the company of many mourners, his body was carried in a moss-lined farm wagon drawn by four horses to the old parish church at Lower Beeding. On the coffin rested a full-length cross of the beautiful rhododendrons "Glory of Leonardslee"; lovely blooms of the same plant were massed beneath the memorial window to his boy Robin. The service at his burial included the Foresters' Ritual, and as the congregation followed the body out of the church the organ gave forth Spohr's "Blest are the departed."

So his body was laid in the flower-decked grave with this inscription on the coffin :

EDMUND GILES LODER, 2ND BARONET

BORN AUGUST 7TH, 1849. DIED APRIL 14TH, 1920.

JESU MERCY

I end this memoir with the words of his daughter :

“ The garden was really his greatest interest, and during those terrible years of war, especially when the blow fell which broke his heart, it was to his garden he went for comfort ; and found it, I think, and strength as well to take up his life again and to face the world like so many fathers who had given their best.

“ ‘ He made the rhododendron,’ a friend said once. Certainly the one named after him is very lovely with a beauty all its own. Apart from its size and the texture of its flowers, it grows as if it loved living there ; it is at home, and is content and grateful and gives of its best. The great plant of ‘ Pink Coral ’ which grows against some dark trees has flowered this year (1920) as never before, and with the sun shining behind it and lighting up each individual truss, and turning each flower into exquisite loveliness, one instinctively thinks of the brain and perseverance which went to the making of so much beauty.

“ Father had a peculiar grasp of any subject in which he was interested and an extraordinary memory—no detail ever escaped him, and his interests ranged from astronomy and colour photography and from collecting conifers to jade. He had also the fine qualities of a great nature, absolute loyalty to his friends and generosity to his enemies, and in addition to this a friend said of him ‘ a boy’s keen fresh English heart.’

“ ‘ What more is wanted ? He was indeed one
Who dying leaves as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.’

“ I wonder whether the Garden he now walks in is much fairer than the beloved one here which he made so

beautiful; and I like to think of him gardening still—privileged to add even to the glories of Paradise.”

In Lower Beeding churchyard there is a grey granite cross with a bronze crucifix attached, and below these words :

THE PEACE OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED
BE WITH EDMUND GILES LODER
BORN AUGUST 7, 1849.
DIED APRIL 14, 1920.

A stone table has been erected in the prettiest part of Leonardslee garden with the inscription :

TO THE MEMORY OF EDMUND GILES LODER, WHO MADE
AND LOVED THESE GARDENS.

FINIS

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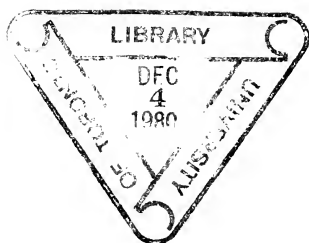
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